

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

EDITED WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728 — 1774

GOLDSMITH was of English descent but was born and brought up in Ireland. After a boyhood that gave no promise of distinction he went to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar—that is, a kind of “poor scholar” who was lodged and educated (and partly boarded) free, and had to wear a distinctive costume and to wait upon the other students. He took the lowest place in the examination for entrance to the University, and the lowest place in the degree examination when he graduated in 1749. Being unfortunate in having a tutor who could not in the least understand him, and being himself much more inclined to have a festive time than to do justice to his somewhat uncongenial work, he had no very pleasant career at college, besides being very hard put to it for money—as indeed he was, chiefly through his own improvidence, throughout his life.

After he left college, his anxious and very tolerant relatives patiently tried to establish him in one profession after another. Much to his own relief, he was refused ordination as a clergyman. He became a private tutor, but soon gave

up the work. Next he was sent to Dublin, with fifty pounds furnished by his uncle Contarine, to seek entrance to the legal profession; but he gambled away the money, and returned home once more. Again his uncle provided him with money, and he set out for Edinburgh to study medicine. He did stay there for some time, making friends who stood by him all his life, for he was a lovable friend and a most entertaining companion; but eventually, getting tired of Edinburgh, he proceeded to the Continent, ostensibly to carry on there his medical studies. He obtained a medical degree somewhere, and thereafter wandered over Europe, no doubt somewhat after the fashion described in Chapter XX of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. This pedestrian tour, which lasted many months, gave him a certain knowledge of the scenery and the life of various countries, which knowledge meant much for the development of his mind and was afterwards used in his poem *The Traveller* and in certain prose works.

He now betook himself to London, and set about making a living. In varying succession he tried medicine, schoolmastering, and literary work, finding his true sphere, and eventually quite a satisfactory income, in the last. He supported himself chiefly as a "bookseller's hack" and a contributor to, or editor of, various periodicals—a very common form of literary production since the success of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Much of his work was mere "pot-

boiling ;” but very early he showed that he was the possessor of a style well-nigh incomparable in its ease and grace, and even his least spontaneous writing had its charm. The day of patronage was past, and the publishers now held the reins in matters of literature. They cannot be said to have treated Goldsmith unfairly ; and, besides, he soon had the powerful backing of the great Dr. Johnson, who, so early as 1763, remarked, “ Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an author,” and who never failed to befriend him and insist upon his unique genius. Goldsmith habitually wasted money on festivities and elaborate dress : had he lived moderately he would soon have been very comfortable, for, besides the booksellers, the literary leaders of the time, and the great public, early recognised his gifts.

Many of the varied essays which he contributed to periodicals are of interest still, for their literary charm, their whimsical humour, and the independence and common-sense of many of his judgments.!! The same sort of interest attaches to larger works, like the *Enquiry into the present state of polite learning in Europe*, and the *Citizen of the World*, the *History of England*, the *histories of Greece and of Rome*, the *History of Animated Nature*, and so on. For the writing of the *Enquiry* and the various histories, Goldsmith had scarcely the faintest qualification, except what is suggested in Johnson’s famous words,—“ Sir, he (Goldsmith) has the art of

compiling, and of saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner."

All this was hack-work, but from time to time Goldsmith gave himself to work of a higher order, upon which he lingered long and spent infinite pains. "No one" remarks Raleigh, "ever drew a firmer line between the works he wrote to last and the compilations that his necessities extorted from him."¹ His poems, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, are permanent treasures. Indeed, he would fain have spent his life upon poetry. He writes to his brother Henry, "Poetry is a much more agreeable species of composition than prose, and could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet." *The Vicar* is another of the works to which he gave his whole heart; and his two plays, *The Good-natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, are masterpieces in comedy (particularly the latter), distinguished not merely by their brilliance and naturalness of dialogue and by their irresistible humour, but also by Goldsmith's resolute refusal, in spite of the taste of the day, and the constant demands of theatrical managers, to be "sentimental." These plays were by far the most remunerative work that Goldsmith produced.

During the last years of his life he was a very popular and highly-feted member of literary society. Further, Macaulay calculates that during the last seven years of his life he earned

¹ *The English Novel*, Chap. VII.

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an annual income equivalent to £300, more than enough to maintain him in the greatest comfort. Yet he was always anticipating, and living beyond, his income; he was constantly in debt : and he died in miserable financial anxiety, probably owing about two thousand pounds.

Goldsmith's very failings may be said to have "leaned to virtue's side." His improvidence often took the form of the most impulsive generosity ; his extreme sensitiveness was a continual torment to him, but implied also the most delicate responsiveness, and unfailing sympathy with others ; his vanities were, in a man so lovable, the most pardonable form of frailty. As for his literary genius, once again we may quote his friend Dr. Johnson, in another famous saying : " Goldsmith was a man who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do." And the great Doctor (in spite of his limitations, one of the soundest critics that ever lived) has silenced criticism with these final words. " He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered : he was a very great man."

THE RISE OF PROSE FICTION IN ENGLAND.

Prose fiction has always come late (when indeed it has come at all) in the history of a nation's literature, and for this there are certain obvious reasons. Narration in verse is early, both in the ballad and in the epical form. In those

early stages when the bulk of the people could not read, and before the wide dissemination of manuscripts or books was possible, narrative literature consisted of the songs and recitations of the minstrel; and verse-forms both assisted his memory and charmed his audience. But prose fiction not merely comes later than verse-narration, but later, also, than other forms of prose work, such as history, biography, and the philosophic or argumentative treatise. It demands, for its full development, a highly-finished style, suited not merely for vivid narrative but also for the subtle and detailed analysis of character. Only the most flexible prose, adaptable to the most varied uses, will do for the "novel," and such a prose is always a very late development, and may be later than the very finest developments of verse. To verse belong certain traditional "aids," such as rhythm, rhyme and alliteration; and its units, the foot, the line, the stanza, have a definiteness that guides and restricts development. But prose lacks these formative limitations. It has infinite rhythmic possibilities, but its rhythms are much more elusive and more difficult to modulate than those of verse. Early prose-writers seek much after rhythm, and often succeed in producing wonderfully beautiful effects; but they do so at the expense of coherence and regularity, and prose has to go through a long disciplinary process before it becomes a uniformly effective instrument. Further, early writers of prose are much

under the dominance of verse ; and this is bad for their prose, since the virtues of the two types of expression are essentially different. The Elizabethan prose-writers, for example, suffered much in this way. It has been remarked that "the prose of the Elizabethan time (all of which, it may safely be said, bears the mark of the sovereignty of poetry) approximated to poetry either in the elaborated figurative method of its treatment, or in the rhythmical balance of its form, or in both."¹ Thus Lyly's *Euphues*, which Professor Raleigh calls "the first original prose novel written in English" is also called by him a "prose poem." It marks the transition from verse-narrative to prose-narrative, and the artificialities that encumber its style are partly the result of the verse-influence and partly of Lyly's desperate attempt to compensate in prose, by elaborate rhetorical devices, for the absence of the charms of verse. The virtues *native* to prose had not yet been discerned.

One reason for the lateness of that special branch of prose fiction called "the novel" is the reflectiveness, the self-consciousness, which it implies. Any literary (perhaps any artistic) form tends to move gradually from consideration of the external to consideration of inward things. Literary progress "has always been from the expression of the external form, from the consideration of the external characteristics

¹ Raleigh, *The English Novel*, Ch. 2.

...to the expression of the abstract thought beneath the external form, to the consideration of the internal character which finds embodiment in the external characteristics."¹ Thus prose-fiction advances "from the depiction of far-off occurrences and adventures to the narration and representation of contemporaneous, immediate, domestic occurrences; and, finally, to the presentation of conflicts of the mind and soul beneath the external manifestations."² As we shall see, the word "novel" always implies a deliberate study of human character and motive. A mere narrative of events is not a novel, however admirable a story it may be. Thus the novel has to wait for a highly introspective time

The drama is the great rival of the novel, and there are so many points in favour of the former that the latter cannot come into being during an age of the flourishing of drama. Apart from the fact that authors write for a living and that the dramatic form is almost invariably the more remunerative, drama makes a more direct and vivid appeal, and can be understood (as in the Elizabethan days) even by those who do not, or cannot, read. The novel demands a wide public, consisting of people who have enough money to buy books and enough culture to read them with delight. Now even

¹ F. H. Stoddard, *Evolution of the English Novel*, p. 13.

² *Ibid.*

in the age of Queen Anne, not merely the writers, but the reading public, were practically confined to London. Between London and the provinces an almost incredible gulf was fixed. The roads were nearly impassable, the country people made very few pilgrimages to the great city, there were few libraries, and even the best-educated of the provincials read but little and had the utmost difficulty in procuring books.¹ But by the middle of the century communications were improved, and at the same time the fostering of literature was passing from the hands of patrons to those of enterprising booksellers, whose interest lay in selling their wares as widely as possible.² Editions of plays were freely circulated in the provinces, where people had few theatrical opportunities; but plays are not, on the whole, reading fare, and readers throughout England warmly welcomed the novel when, at this psychological moment, it came. It was just at this time that the other conditions, also, were fulfilled. Through the labours of Dryden and his contemporaries, an adequate prose style had been achieved; the age was one of reflection, and was prepared for the analytical study of human nature; and, as we shall see, the development of various slighter but related forms had prepared the way for the novel.

¹ See Leslie Stephen's *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century*, Chap. II.

² *Ibid.* Chap. III.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

It must not, of course, be imagined that there was no prose-fiction in English before the eighteenth century. We have already referred to the work of *Lylly*; and many of his contemporaries and predecessors produced (chiefly as translators) both romances and short stories in English prose. Mr. Arundell Esdaile published not long ago a catalogue of *English Tales and Romances from 1475 to 1740*, and this catalogue occupies 325 pages. But among all these there is not one that can *strictly* be called a *novel*, for Professor Raleigh's phrase, quoted above, for *Euphues*, suggests its tendency rather than its achievement. Of the novel we demand both length and ordered structure, and a dominant interest in character. We must here make the difficult yet vital distinction between *novel* and *romance*. Professor Saintsbury warns us against the attempt to make a definite cleavage between these two;¹ and it is true both that romance contained the germ of, and ultimately developed into, the novel, and that, since that development, many a work has been at the same time both novel and romance. There are some of the *Waverley Novels*, for instance, as to the fitter term for which it is very difficult to decide. Thus no perfectly applicable distinction is possible. Yet there are innumerable works that are indubitably romances, and innumerable others that indubit-

ably are not romances but novels, and one must form a general idea of the difference ; just as from generation to generation, and in spite of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's laughter,¹ we hazard, in our class-rooms, new definitions of "the classical" and "the romantic" in poetry. A difference not strictly definable is sometimes of the greatest importance. Professor Saintsbury² himself speaks of the romance as "the story of incident" and of the novel as "the story of character and motive," and that takes us a certain distance. In 1785 Clara Reeve³ stated the matter rather well. She says :—

† The novel is a picture of real life and manners, and of the times in which it is written. The romance, in lofty and elevated language, describes what never happened nor is likely to happen. The novel gives a familiar relation of such things as pass every day before our eyes, such as may happen to our friend or to ourselves ; and the perfection of it is to represent every scene in so easy and natural a manner and to make them appear so probable as to deceive us into a persuasion (at least while we are reading) that all is real,⁴ until we are affected

¹ See an essay in his *Studies in Literature*.

² *The English Novel*, p 8.

³ Quoted in Cross's *Development of the English Novel*, Introduction.

⁴ Compare Coleridge's remarks, with reference to *The Ancient Mariner*, on the "suspension of disbelief for the moment."

by the joys or distresses of the persons in the story as if they were our own."

This is as near to a true distinction as we are likely to get, though it must be admitted that we use the words more loosely than she would have us. If the language of romance is not always "lofty and elevated," at all events it tends towards affectation, and is frequently a bad imitation of the language of the period represented. And if the novel does not always represent the life that is familiar to us, yet its tendency is towards the familiar, and away from the remoteness, in time and place and atmosphere, of romance.

We need not trace the origins, and the early development, of English prose fiction. The great bulk of the early work was romance, and was concerned with chivalry and strange adventure. Such romances were common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as also was that other "ancestor of the modern novel," the *novella* or short story in the Italian manner. Seventeenth century prose-fiction took the form of the "heroic romance,"—a very feeble and artificial form. Towards the close of the century, however, we have the stories of Mrs. Aphra Behn, which were a crude yet bold and significant experiment in real novel-writing. In language and treatment she failed to get rid of the tradition of the "heroic romance;" but she did attempt a certain artistic concentration, and she did succeed in bringing prose-fiction

into closer contact with real contemporary life. But it was neither the seventeenth-century romancers nor Aphra Behn that really prepared the way for the novel of the next century. "The influence that the century exercised on the growth of prose-fiction, the foundations it laid for the coming novel, are to be sought...in the followers of other branches of literature, often remote enough from fiction, in satirists and allegorists, newspaper scribes and biographers, writers of travel and adventure, and fashionable comic playwrights"¹

Certain new forms in particular definitely prepared the way. The "character," for example, became a favourite type of literature in the seventeenth century. It was a brief sketch of some type of contemporary character conceived in detail (more or less after the original fashion of the Greek Theophrastus²), and among the chief producers of essays of this type were Earle, Bishop Hall and Samuel Butler. This analytical study of human nature obviously led directly towards the novel. Biography, and particularly autobiography, flourished; and the *Journal* of Fox and the *Diary* of Pepys and that of Evelyn are also of this nature. Such works, by virtue of the narration and description they contain, and their vivid representation of many

¹ Raleigh, *The English Novel*, end of Chap. IV.

² The volume entitled *English Literature and the Classics* contains a particularly brilliant essay by G. S. Gordon on Theophrastus and his English imitators.

sides of contemporary life, as well as in the personal element that pervades them, helped to make the way plain for the novel. Again, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, though an allegory, is an extraordinarily vivid narration and no mean study of human nature; while Bunyan, unembarrassed by any sort of learning or affectation, wrote a style whose simplicity, vigour and picturesqueness made much difference to the prose-writers who succeeded him. Moreover Bunyan's work, though allegory, is also fiction, and full of invented scenes, incidents and dialogues.

Later, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, we have the periodical essay in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* of Steele and Addison. Many of these essays, and particularly those that have to do with Sir Roger de Coverley, are very closely related to the novel. They do not, of course, fulfil its requirements as to construction: the connection is of the slenderest, and there is no "plot" at all. But they are written, as Professor Raleigh says, "from the standpoint of a great novelist," and they "abound in material which might well have been wrought into a great novel."¹ Contemporary life and character are portrayed vividly, without exaggeration, and with the humour that is an indispensable part of a novelist's equipment; there is the most lifelike dialogue; and throughout one is

¹ Raleigh, *The English Novel*, Chap. V.

conscious, as in any good novel, of the pervasive personality of the author, interpreting and commenting in accordance with his view of life and of his time. And the ease and familiarity of the style remove us further and further from the day of the elaborate and portentous romance.

Again, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, even if we forget the satiric allegory, and consider the book simply as a fictitious narrative, is romance rather than novel and romance to the point of deliberate absurdity. But Swift's manner is as serious and candid as if he were telling the most ordinary story, and the details have an extraordinary quality of realism. Of much greater importance for the novel was Defoe, though even he was not quite a novelist. The great point about him is that he "was the first Englishman to compose, on the great scale, prose fiction which should possess an interest of story."¹ Defoe is a writer of stories which, from the first page to the last, absorb one, defying improbability and crudeness of workmanship by a unique quality of *convincingness*. This is chiefly because of his "circumstantiality"—the extraordinary amount of realistic detail which finds place so naturally as simply to forbid disbelief. For the rest, Defoe is nothing of a novelist. He builds no plot, and he cannot conceive character. His descriptions and his dialogues, while curiously convincing, have no real subtlety of excel-

¹ Saintsbury, *The Peace of the Augustans*, p. 108.

lence. It is simply as a story-teller that he continues to be read both by adults and by children, and it is his story-telling virtue that gives him his great importance as a predecessor of the great novelists whose work we are now to consider.

Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne are, in Saintsbury's phrase, "the four constructors" of the novel. —Richardson's *Pamela* (1740) may be called the first genuine novel in English. It is considerably inferior to Richardson's later novels, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*; but in historical importance it has no rival.—All Richardson's novels are exceedingly long and wearisome. *Pamela*, being less elaborate, is less wearisome than the other two, of which even Professor Saintsbury declares that nothing would induce him to read them through again. Moreover, all three are written in the "epistolary" form (that is, the story is told through the medium of letters by the characters), and this destroys continuity and gives an impression of unnaturalness. But these books are studies of normal and contemporary life; there is minute (indeed, too minute) analysis of thought, feeling and motive: there is considerable variety of scene; and dialogue takes a very prominent place. As for dialogue, Richardson had not acquired the art (which he might have learnt from the brilliant comedies of the immediately

¹ The Peace of the Augustans, p. 113.

preceding time) of cutting it down artistically and retaining only salient speech. What Diderot hails in him as a merit is really a failing—the recording of conversations *in full*, just as they might have occurred, and as if we overheard them. Richardson's books sold with the greatest rapidity: he had provided for that new public exactly what it desired, and in particular, being sentimentally inclined, it revelled in his meticulous studies of "feeling."

Fielding, by far the greatest of the four, began, in *Joseph Andrews* (1742), by parodying Richardson, whose sentimentality and everlasting seriousness he despised. But he soon forgot his parodic purpose, and lost himself in the rollicking delight of his story. Fielding was not interested, like Richardson, in the minutiae of human nature; he was far too healthy and vigorous to be sentimental; and all the varied aspects of life and character were delight to him. No novelist has ever had so wide a stage, peopled with such a variety of men and women, of town and of country, of the highest and the lowest station, of every degree of virtue. His humour is effortless and inexhaustible, and there is no limit to his invention. He was, further, a much greater artist than Richardson. He was a deliberate craftsman in plot-construction, and this is shown not merely in the plots themselves (that of *Tom Jones* has been acclaimed by some of the greatest critics as well-nigh perfect), but also in the curious parenthetical passages in which he com-

ments on things in general and incidentally on his art.

Smollett, whose best novels are *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, was a most amusing story teller, and little more. lacking the finer qualities of both Fielding and Richardson. He is no artist, and has little conception of character, but he has an infinite fund of rather coarse humour, a most fertile invention, and an almost unrivalled faculty of narration. Smollett was full of "the joy of life," and communicates it in abundant measure to his readers. The novel of rough-and-tumble adventure, when produced by a person whose vitality amounts to genius, and who possesses in such measure the narrator's gift, has its own place in literature.

Sterne's genius is so eccentric, and his work is so whimsically compounded of opposites, that an attempt at a brief summary of his characteristics would simply mislead the reader. He stands by himself, away from the beaten track; and his imitators attempted only a partial imitation, and failed in that. Goldsmith quite failed to appreciate Sterne, called him "a dull fellow" and was influenced by him only into opposition to his sentimentality. Nor indeed was he influenced by Smollett though he wrote some excellent essays for Smollett's *British Magazine*, and valued his novels highly. The tracing of the development of the novel down to Fielding sufficient to provide a setting for *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

ITS PRODUCTION AND PUBLICATION.

We have several accounts of the circumstances in which *The Vicar of Wakefield* was published, but unfortunately they are so contradictory that the truth is hard to reach. First, there is Johnson's story, as given by Boswell, who declares that he gives the narrative from Johnson's "own exact narration"; and it may fairly be assumed that this account, so far as it goes, is correct:—

"I (Johnson) received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Mad-ira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his

landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Boswell elsewhere records the following additional statements of Johnson, which were made in a conversation at Sir Joshua Reynolds' house (these too are likely to be accurate) :—

"His *Vicar of Wakefield* I myself did not think would have had much success. It was written and sold to a bookseller before his *Traveller*; but published after; so little expectation had the bookseller from it. Had it been sold after the *Traveller*, he might have had twice as much money for it, though sixty guineas was no mean price." (There is no contradiction between "guineas" and "pounds" since at that time they were more or less interchangeable terms).

Mrs. Piozzi (formerly Mrs. Thrale), in her *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, gives a somewhat different account.—"I have forgotten the year, but it could scarcely, I think, be later than 1765 or 1766, that he was called abruptly from our house after dinner, and, returning in about three hours, said he had been with an enraged author, whose landlady pressed him for payment within doors, while the bailiffs beset him without; that he was drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel which, when finished, was to be his whole fortune; but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out of doors to offer it for sale. Mr. Johnson therefore sent away the bottle and went to the bookseller, recommending the

performance, and desiring some immediate relief; which, when he brought back to the writer, he called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch and pass their time in merriment."

Another writer of reminiscences, Cooke, gives yet another account, essentially different:—"The Doctor (Goldsmith)," he says, "soon after his acquaintance with Newbery...removed to lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, where he finished his *Vicar of Wakefield*...on which his friend Newbery advanced him twenty guineas: 'a sum,' says the Doctor, 'I was so little used to receive in a lump, that I felt myself under the embarrassment of Captain Brazen in the play,¹ "whether I should build a privateer or a play-house with the money."'

Finally, it is recorded, in an unchallengable document, that on October 28th, 1762, Goldsmith sold to Benjamin Collins, printer, of Salisbury, for the sum of twenty guineas, a one-third share of a new book entitled *The Vicar of Wakefield*. And when the book was published in 1766, it was thus imprinted,—
"Salisbury: Printed by B. Collins; For F. Newbery, in Pater-Noster-Row."—The accounts of Hawkins and Cumberland may be neglected, because of their obvious inaccuracy.

That Mrs. Piozzi's account is not entirely accurate is clear. She was not acquainted with

¹ Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, Act V., Sc. 3.

Johnson till 1765. Now Johnson states that the *Vicar* was sold before the *Traveller* was published, which was in 1764. It looks, therefore, as if she had been told the story by Johnson at a later date, and as if the associating of it with his being called away from her house was due to a fault in her memory. This somewhat invalidates her whole narrative. Her description, for instance, of Goldsmith's merry invitation to "the woman of the house," while it accords with Goldsmith's character, can hardly stand against Johnson's statement carefully recorded by Boswell.

Cooke's account fits well with the document about the sale of a third-share to the Salisbury printer, inasmuch as it states that Newbery advanced twenty guineas,—which would be another "third-share." Further, it mentions Wine Office Court as the scene, and Goldsmith left his lodgings there at the end of 1762. Thus this account might naturally refer to a time shortly before or after the date at which Goldsmith sold the "third-share" to Collins.

The difficulty is this—that Johnson speaks definitely of sixty pounds (or guineas) as the price, declares that he brought this sum to Goldsmith, and says nothing about Collins or about "shares." Now that Collins did pay for a third-share in 1762 is undeniable. If the transaction with Collins was prior to the incident of Johnson's narrative, it may be that Collins had not yet paid his twenty guineas,

and that Newbery (who must have been the bookseller referred to by Johnson) paid the whole amount of sixty guineas—his own share and the other two shares also, including that of Collins, who would afterwards recoup him. On the other hand, it is possible that the incident was prior to the Collins contract, and that Newbery simply paid the whole amount, out of deference to Johnson, relied upon afterwards disposing of two of the shares, and did eventually dispose of one of them to Collins. It has been suggested that Newbery, while agreeing that the total price should be sixty guineas, merely advanced, on this occasion, his own share, twenty guineas; but this definitely conflicts with Johnson's statement. As for Cooke's statement that Newbery advanced only twenty guineas, this may well be due to confusion between what Newbery *actually paid* and what he paid *as his own share*.

If our solution is correct, the date of the incident cannot be later than 1762, whereas the novel was not published till 1766. This, however, presents no difficulty: Johnson himself says that it was not published till some time after payment. One cannot be certain how nearly the book was *finished* by 1762. Johnson's narrative, as we have noted, suggests that it was *quite* finished, and Mrs. Piozzi's that it was not. A good deal of it at any rate must have been written; for otherwise the contract with Collins, not to speak of

Newbery's payment, could not have been made. But it certainly had not attained the form in which it was published, for the ballad of "Edwin and Angelina" was not written earlier than 1764. Goldsmith may have both added to and revised the work between sale and publication. He certainly modified it slightly *after* the publication of the first edition, in which the reiteration, for example, of Mr. Burchell's "fudge" does not appear. But the book contains so many discrepancies, which a little attention could have removed, that revision whether before or after publication must have been of the slightest. Goldsmith was a great "reviser" of his best work, but chiefly with reference to style.¹

Five editions were published in Goldsmith's life-time, but they were not large; it was not till after its author's death that the book attained its full popularity. It has been translated into many languages, and has attained a world-wide popularity. Among the greatest of those who have treasured it was Goethe, who, in 1830, wrote thus to a friend:—"It is not to be described, the effect which Goldsmith's *Vicar* had upon me just at the critical moment of mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent view of all

¹ A discussion of the whole problem will be found in Austin Dobson's *Goldsmith* ("Great Writers" Series) pp. 110—117.

infirmities and faults, that meekness under all calamities, that equanimity under all changes and chances, and the whole train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear, proved my best education; and in the end, these are the thoughts and feelings which have reclaimed us from all the errors of life."

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE WORK.

Before we speak of those qualities which drew from Goethe such an appreciation, we must deal with certain real, and certain imputed, faults in the novel. I

To begin with, the story does not turn out to be the sort of thing which the early chapters lead one to expect. Goldsmith begins as if he were going to give us a quiet and simple narrative of domestic life, varied by few excitements, but so touched by him—with such sympathy and humour and with so exquisite a grace of style—as to exceed far in interest those ranting and adventurous novels of Smollett, for example, of which Goldsmith himself was an eager reader. But Goldsmith, proof against the error of his time in drama, could not resist the tendency of its fiction-writers to produce excitement by tales of violent seduction and the like. Lecky,¹ refer-

¹ *History of European Morals*, Vol. II, p. 346.

ring to the fiction of this period, speaks of "the character of the seducer, who pursues his career simply as a kind of sport," and laments the fact that "such a character" was "the popular ideal of a considerable section of literature." Goldsmith, of course, does not take the side of Mr. Thornhill, but he does conceive that the doings of this gentleman add to the attractions of the book, whereas they are wholly incongruous, and very far removed from that sphere of fiction in which Goldsmith was a master. And indeed his whole attempt to "make a story" is a failure. We do not want the peace of the Vicar's family to be disturbed: we should never tire of such company, however monotonous their fortunes. Practically the whole value of the book lies in its domestic scenes and in the personality of the Vicar, the narrator of the story. BLEMISHES.

There are other elements in *The Vicar of Wakefield* that are far from appropriate in a "domestic novel." The long disquisition in Chapter XIX has its own interest, particularly as an exposition of Goldsmith's political views, but is quite out of place in a novel of this kind, and the same may be said of the treatise upon crime and punishment in Chapter XXVII. Chapter XXIX consists of a sermon, which, as a matter of fact, we should be sorry to miss; but "the sermon" is scarcely a fitting ingredient of "the novel." It must be admitted, however, that all three of these passages are

"in character": the Vicar is a preacher, and loves to preach, whether on religious, political or social matters, and whether to an audience or on paper.

It may be noted that not merely the seducer and his doings but also the various disquisitions we have mentioned were among the elements thrust upon Goldsmith by the taste and practice of his time. "Some years before Oliver Goldsmith wrote his charming narrative," says W. L. Cross,¹ "the subject-matter available to the story-teller had become pretty well understood. There was the sentimental young lady, the villain, and the abduction; that was, in the commercial and professional view, Richardson's contribution to the novel. There was the intrigue, the adventure, the singular character, and the kind-hearted gentleman; that was Fielding's contribution. There were English seamen and scenes at sea; that was Smollett's contribution."² There must be some sermonising, some ridicule of prevailing vices and affectations, or an attack upon those who make or administer the laws of the realm... Goldsmith took his material from the common storehouse and transfused it with his own spirit. He works

¹ *The Development of the English Novel*, pp. 78-79.

² In thus speaking of the "contributions" of Richardson, Fielding and Smollett, Mr. Cross is, of course, thinking only of imitable *subject-matter*, not of the characteristics of their genius.

into his story a weighty essay on the penal code and prison discipline, anticipating public opinion by a full half-century; he delivers an oration on liberty and patriotism, declaring that he would die for his king; he preaches a sermon on hope for the wretched, pervaded with the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. He has his sweet young women with romantic names, his graceful villain, his magnanimous country gentleman, and his eccentric country parson." As for singularity, this element is sufficiently embodied in the masquerading Sir William Thornhill.—The feeling, on the part of fiction-writers of the time that the novel *required* such ingredients as these, is, to Professor Saintsbury, an indication that the novel had not yet quite found "its proper path." The true purpose of the novel is "to interest and absorb by the artistic recreation of real and ordinary life," and these novelists do attempt this, but do not seem to consider it sufficient. The novel of the time either "has some second purpose" or "shows signs of mistrust and misgiving as to the sufficiency of such an appeal, and supplements it by the old tricks of the drama in 'revolution and discovery;' by incident more or less out of the ordinary course; by satire, political, social, or personal; by philosophical disquisition; by fantastic imagination—by this, that, and the other of the fatal auxiliaries who always undo their unwise employers."

¹ Saintsbury, *The English Novel*, pp. 148-9.

It is obvious from what has been said how far this weakness is illustrated in *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

Then there are the obvious, and even ludicrous, faults in plot-building. Goldsmith, having freely introduced exciting complications, is at his wit's end 'how to extricate his characters, at the end, from the toils in which he has wound them. In this matter he has no skill whatever, nor has he taken much trouble about it. One after another, the members of the Vicar's family had been brought into situations apparently the most hopeless, and Goldsmith seems to have done this without the slightest consideration as to how they were to be delivered—for delivered, of course, they must be, since from the beginning he was resolved upon an idyllic ending. All must be well with this pious family, after the extraordinary vicissitudes of their fortunes. The careful plot-builder (who alone, of course, has any business to attempt this sort of intricacy of plot) has already planned the denouement, the final unravelling of the threads, before he begins the tangle: when he places a person in a perplexing situation, he knows just how he is going to get him out. There have been great exceptions to this rule,—but in the case of men whose inventive skill was enormously greater than that of Goldsmith. Our author, on the other hand, involves his people, with the utmost recklessness, in all sorts of difficulty, and when he com-

to the final chapters suddenly sets himself to the herculean task of delivering them all at once. The result is such a sequence of ludicrous improbabilities as is to be found, perhaps, in no other reputable novel. Particularly absurd is the part played by Mr. Jenkinson, who has been called the "*deus ex machina*" of the piece. The transformation of this person from sharper to disinterested friend is singular enough; but not so surprising as the discovery that he has been a creature of the Squire (on whose ruin he has suddenly become intent), is intimately acquainted with Baxter, and is able to find the latter immediately, having mysteriously become aware, though in prison, of "the very place of his retreat this moment." To the distressed Goldsmith this Jenkinson was a veritable friend in need—the prime solver of his extrication-difficulties; and the most comically incredible of the tasks he finds for him is the "bringing a wife" to the Squire (Chapter XXXI, line 378). Surely no one but Goldsmith would suddenly have sprung upon us, and expected us to believe, the account which Jenkinson gives of his actions and motives in lines 416—431 of that chapter. Very convenient, too, but not particularly convincing, is the sudden turning of Mr. Thornhill's butler against his master.

For one convenient "accident" Goldsmith evidently feels it incumbent upon him to make a sort of apology (in Chapter XXXI, lines 185—194)—the appearance, at precisely the ap-

propriate moment, of Miss Arabella Wilmot. Goldsmith, having narrated the "chapter of accidents" that brought her to the prison, remarks, in somewhat uneasy self-justification, "How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be idle, the labour, the shower must fall, the wind must fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply," upon which William Black very fittingly remarks,— "Certainly, if our supply of food and clothing depended on such accidents as happened to make the Vicar's family happy all at once, there would be a good deal of shivering and starvation in the world." Apart from the strange coincidence of Miss Wilmot's appearance in the prison, the presence of herself and her father in the town—"on the way to her aunt's"—is surprising enough, and, from the author's point of view, satisfactory in the highest degree, for thus not merely her presence in the concluding scenes but her father's presence, and thus an immediate marriage, can be secured.

All this, however, matters little, nay it adds an amusement quite foreign to the author's intentions. Had Goldsmith planned his novel with the greatest care, he would have been wearying himself with uncongenial work, making a sort of hackwork of what to him was a relief from hackwork, nor had he the gift of making a plot

¹ *Goldsmith, E.M.L., Chap. XI.*

at once intricate and coherent. "We may doubt," says one critic, writing upon this novel, "If greater pains would have sensibly improved it. For its fame depends, not on the intrigue, still less on the cutting of the knot, but on character and manners."¹

Similarly the careful revision which some think Goldsmith intended to perform, and which he certainly did not perform, while it might have removed some of the many improbabilities and inconsistencies that appear in the book, would not have added to its essential merits. These blemishes are, for the most part, pointed out in the notes: but some of them may be mentioned here. (1) The reasons for the Vicar's leaving Wakefield to take a much less highly remunerated post elsewhere are not made clear, and the reference, in Chapter XIV, lines 62-63, to "my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me" is puzzling, since we have been told nothing of these matters. (2) The Vicar, an intimate friend of Mr. Wilmot, must have known already that he was "courting a fourth wife," and that the principles of "strict monogamy" could hardly commend themselves to him; yet in Chapter II these facts seem to be a surprising discovery. (3) It is strange that Sir William Thornhill was not recognised by the peasantry of the very district in which his own estates were situated.

¹ J. H. Millar, *The Mid-Eighteenth Century*, p. 164.

He did "chiefly reside in town" (Chap. III, line 161, but the country people must have known him by sight. (4) It is incredible that Sir William Thornhill should have been ignorant of his nephew's character, and of the life he was leading; and since that nephew was entirely dependent upon him, he could never have allowed such conduct. When he discovered his designs upon Olivia and Sophia, he would have interfered directly instead of employing the indirect means of the letter. (5) Sir William Thornhill must have been older than his brother, Mr. Thornhill's father, since the eldest son inherits the estate. But Sir William had "scarce attained the age of thirty" (Chapter III, line 221). It is impossible therefore that he should have had a nephew of the age of the Squire. (6) In Chapter XXI, line 85, the Vicar's father is said to have died with Lord Falkland, which would make the Vicar at least 117 years old. (7) One cannot understand why, in Chapter XXVIII, Moses has opened a letter addressed to his father. Further, he declares that in the letter the promise of a lieutenancy is referred to, whereas the letter contains no such reference. (8) Surely the Vicar's wealthy friends, such as Mr. Flam-borough and Farmer Williams, would not have left him unsuccoured in prison. (9) In Chapter XIX, line ~~245~~, we are told that George Primrose has been absent for "nearly three years," but the narrative of events at home shows that the period must have been very much shorter.

(10) Mr. MacMillan asks, "How does the Vicar know that the supposed Mr. Burchell is telling his own story in Chapter III?" But it is not implied that he knew this; see note on Chapter VI, line 75.

Too much has sometimes been made of the supposed "moral flaws" in the book. Let the reader question himself, on finishing *The Vicar of Wakefield*, as to his impression of its moral tone, and he will certainly find that he has been reading one of the very healthiest works of fiction. Some of the "moral" objections that have been raised are simply childish, and others betray ignorance of the temper of the time. A writer in the *National Review* of July 1890 applies to the novel these words,—“a book so radically coarse, so utterly and hopelessly immoral.” Mr. MacMillan refers, in the following words, to the principal charges brought by this writer.—

“1. The Vicar’s children are described as being all equally ‘simple and inoffensive,’ yet in Chapter III Olivia and Sophia, with their mother, exult in the prospect of captivating Mr. Thornhill, who was notorious as a seducer all round the country.

“2. In Chapter VII Olivia is much amused at Mr. Thornhill’s coarse joke at the expense of Miss Wilmot, who had been engaged to her brother.

“3. In Chapter IX Mrs. Primrose countenances Mr. Thornhill’s audacious proposal that

the gentlemen should sit in the ladies' laps.

"4. In order to entrap Mr. Thornhill various questionable devices are resorted to by the Primrose family, the worst being the employment of honest Farmer Williams as a decoy-duck.

"5. In Chapter XXIV, her mother, with execrable taste gets Olivia to sing a song referring to her own disgrace.

"6. In the same chapter the Vicar's wife and children, tearing Mr. Thornhill's threats, advocate compliance with their oppressor on any terms, and even pray that his visits may be admitted once more.

"7. In Chapter XXXI a burst of pleasure fills the whole apartment and happiness expands on every face, when it is discovered that Olivia is really the wife of the vicious and despicable Squire."

All these charges amount to very little. There is never anything really objectionable in the behaviour of Olivia or Sophia, and it must be remembered that these instances of it are not mentioned with approval by the Vicar, and indeed the manner of narration is usually sufficient comment. The treatment of Farmer Williams cannot quite be defended, but of that, again, the Vicar disapproves. It is a feminine expedient, and is left at that. And indeed, Olivia's position was very difficult. If the Squire did not seek her hand, Farmer Williams would be a quite suitable match, and she could

scarcely discourage him ; and his rivalry with the Squire was, after all, his own concern. The incident of Olivia's song certainly is a blemish. Mrs. Primrose's was a somewhat coarse nature, but even she would hardly have asked Olivia to sing that song. This, then, is an error of taste on Goldsmith's part, but one does not see how the incident merits the epithets of the writer in the *National Review*. Again, when the Vicar is threatened with imprisonment, which will mean ruin to both health and fortunes, his family become desperate, and one can well excuse their feeling (they were not so lofty in character or so sternly self-disciplined as he) that *anything* would be better than this. Finally, the discovery that Olivia was really married, even to so vicious a character, did mean much to herself and her family—the saving of her reputation.

Other “moral” objections might be made, some of them more valid than these.¹ The Vicar is scarcely blameless in tempting his poor relatives by the loan of “a riding-coat,” etc. ; but see note on the passage (Chapter I, line 49). In Chapter XXVIII, lines 55—61, the Vicar declares that, were his own daughter removed, he would positively wish for the marriage of Mr. Thornhill with Miss Wilmot, since this would “prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries.” Here he gives little thought to

¹ The present editor has not access to the number referred to of the *National Review* and does not know whether the following points are mentioned there.

Miss Wilmot's happiness; but this is due simply to his considering morality of much greater importance than happiness. Again, in Chapter XXXI, Jenkinson is considered as a reformed character, and is warmly approved; yet we see in lines 426—431, how, in spite of his hypocritical "to my shame I confess it," he is very pleased with the memory of his preparations for blackmail in his unregenerate days. Sir William's jocular treatment of Sophia in the same chapter, lines 501—524, is in execrable taste,—and is not in character.

But all these things, comparatively speaking, are trifles, and have little effect upon the tone of the book. This tone is produced by the kindly and elevated personality of the Vicar, which pervades the book, and, through that, by the personality of Goldsmith himself. 2

We pass from the consideration of the faults, real or imagined, of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, to think of those qualities that have secured its fame. Its "story" is the least important element, besides being open to the criticisms mentioned above; but no one could call it dull. Its incidents may often be inappropriate and unwelcome, but they certainly are "interesting." And indeed the very want of a deliberate plot-scheme lends a certain naturalness to the events. Professor Raleigh speaks of Goldsmith's "happy Irish inconsequence," and remarks,—“It is part of Goldsmith's charm that all he writes seems to come by chance; his events happen, as in

life.”¹ Further, there is one purpose that is served by all these otherwise unplanned incidents. They test, and bring into relief, the Vicar’s character, strong and tranquil in misfortune, and equally calm in un hoped-for prosperity. This is the single justification of these misfortunes, that they exhibit the Vicar as a modern Job, the good man unshaken by adversity. Professor Saintsbury declares² that the novel is superior to Goldsmith’s plays “because it combines an approach to tragedy with comedy,” while they “are comic merely.” We cannot agree as to this, and have suggested above that, on the whole, the novel would be better, and more characteristic of its author, without this tragic element; but it has this noble use.

The rather crude and violent incidents interrupt the idyllic narrative of the home-life of the Vicar’s family, but a number of exquisite home-scenes remain, and reveal the idealising touch of Goldsmith, the poet. . “There is more poetry,” says Frederic Harrison, “in *The Vicar of Wakefield* than in *The Deserted Village*,” and he finds the very essence of poetry in “the idyllic grace of the Vicar’s home.”³ This idealising effect is produced partly by an exquisite sympathy with quiet and humble life in its truth

¹ Raleigh, *The English Novel*, Chap. VII.

² *The Peace of the Augustans*, p. 209.

³ Essay on *The Eighteenth Century*, in *The Choice of Books and Other Literary Pieces*.

and simplicity, and partly by a grace of style closely akin to poetry. It is mainly in these scenes that we find the most delicate and varied "prose-poetry"—an unsatisfactory term, which is much amended by Mr. Harrison's words in the same passage,—“We want some word to express the imaginative power at work in prose, saturating it with the fragrance of proportion and form, shedding over the whole that indeclinable charm of subtle suggestion which belongs to rare thoughts clothed in perfect words.”

The main interest of the novel is that of character, and while all the principal personages have life and individuality the Vicar himself has more "personality" than all the rest put together. The persons reveal themselves in what they do, but much more in what they say; and there is something of the method of character-contrast in the differentiation between Olivia and Sophia. The Vicar is the narrator of the story, and thus every sentence adds to the revelation of himself. The method of narration of a story by one of the characters is very common in fiction, and in the hands of a master it is admirably adapted for unconsciously-ironic self-revelation. That is to say, the narrator not merely tells his story, and not merely tells what he *thinks* of the other characters and of himself, but also, by many little unconscious touches, "gives himself away"—reveals characteristics of his own of which he is himself

blissfully unconscious. A famous example of this method is Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*, where the narrator is a vicious character and the irony of his unconscious self-revelation is sternly serious. But the Vicar has no vices, and the irony here is of the gentlest and pleasantest, and refers only to those little weaknesses which simply add charm to his character. Dialogue is a means of character-revelation which is much employed in the book—dialogue of the most natural and charming kind. "The dialogue," says Professor Saintsbury, "is unsurpassable." Dialogue is, of course, primarily a dramatic instrument, and Saintsbury goes on to remark that much of this novel is drama, and takes as an example "the 'Fudge' scene between Mr. Burchell and the town ladies."¹ Such scenes are as vivid and convincing as any stage-presentation could be, and every word spoken is in character. Not merely the sentiments and ideas but even the language is appropriate to the speaker. Mrs. Primrose uses the language of the imperfectly educated "country lady" of the day, more expert in "pickling, preserving, and cookery" than in the niceties of language; while her better educated daughters speak correctly, and her son Moses, trained by his father in the classics and in disputation, speaks with portentous gravity. Mr. Thornhill's speech reveals

¹ Saintsbury, *The English Novel*, p. 148.

his education, and also his vulgarity, while in his uncle's language, as Mr. Burchell, there is a refinement corresponding to his nature, and when he is revealed as Sir William Thornhill an added dignity is at once observable, in his language as well as in his bearing. The children really speak as children (a thing achieved, by few authors), and the "low" characters speak as Goldsmith himself had heard such people speak.

On the character of the Vicar many pages might be written, but not to the advantage of the student, the main part of whose study of the book lies in gaining closer and closer acquaintance with its hero. He lives in his own words. The moral strength that is impregnable against temptation to condone the wickedness of others; the piety that is his very life and not merely the stock-in-trade of the preacher: the faith that, though it wavers so humanly at moments of terrible stress, never fails to reassert itself and strengthen him in endurance; the overflowing generosity that makes him always so kind to others, so appreciative of any semblance of generosity in them, and so pathetically ready to trust them; the little vanities and weaknesses that make him the more lovable—his pride in his championship of "strict monogamism," in his powers of disputation, in his daughters' beauty—his irresistible love of "holding forth" and of pointing a moral; the quaint humour which appears not only

in his comments upon people and events; but in his attitude towards the members of his family and in his quiet way of getting them to do as he wishes without directly opposing them—such characteristics are continually illustrated throughout his narrative, and the student must fill in for himself the details of the picture. It may be an idealised picture, but it contains nothing of caricature. The ironical touches are gentle and sympathetic, for Goldsmith loved this creature of his imagination, who, indeed, corresponded in many points with Goldsmith's own father, the Vicar of Lissoy.

Nor is there need to dwell at great length upon the other characters. They are clear and lifelike, but they are not subtly drawn. Saintsbury doubts Goldsmith's ability "to draw an entire character," and while the portrait of the Vicar seems to refute the suggestion, it is applicable so far as the other characters are concerned. None of them has much individuality: they are simply "sorts of people." The Squire is the entirely heartless and unprincipled seducer, until, with some inconsistency, it is suggested at the end that after all he may make a suitable husband for Olivia. The Vicar's daughters are differentiated in his account of them in Chapter I, and this distinction is maintained in their behaviour:

for instance in their comments on the Squire in Chapter V), but they remain simply two different types of girl—Olivia vivacious, impulsive, somewhat lacking both in judgment and in self-control, and Sophia quieter and more serious, slower and surer in forming opinions. Mrs. Primrose's picture is much fuller and more vivid, but she too represents a class—that of the "country lady," not too well educated, an admirable housewife, amiable and kindly and in some degree religious, but not very fine in sensibility or lofty in principle, sternly insistent on traditional codes of behaviour, full of the desire to appear "genteel" in the eyes of the world, keen above all things on getting her daughters handsomely married. There is a good deal of interest and charm in the character of Sir William Thornhill, particularly as Mr. Burchell. When he is revealed as the famous Sir William his dignity (no doubt quite against Goldsmith's intention) savours somewhat of pomposity and condescension. His behaviour towards Sophia in Chapter XXXI has been already commented upon: it is not like him, and may be taken as a slip on Goldsmith's part. But as Mr. Burchell, Sir William is a delightful person, kindly and familiar, yet never losing his dignity, showing in speech and behaviour a refinement that only Mrs. Primrose cannot perceive, perfectly serene and courteous even under unmerited abuse. One notes in him the kindness that had spoiled his

youth by making him unable to resist an appeal for charity. He is whimsical and amusing—a most cheerful companion, besides being prompt and fearless in action; and his culture and ability in dispute rather surprised the Vicar, who expected that “a money borrower” would hardly dare stand up against his own unrivalled powers of disputation. Goldsmith was interested in this character, chiefly because of its eccentricity and the playing of the “Mr. Burchell” part, and thus he sketched it in some detail. The “town ladies” are drawn with much humour, their vulgarity ever peeping through their attempts at fashionable speech. Jenkinson is an artist in roguery, and, in spite of Goldsmith, one is convinced that he remains a rogue to the end. Even the jailer is made distinct by his surprising humanity—surprising, not because one imagines jailers an inhuman race, but because we might have expected Goldsmith, the violent assailant of the cruelty of the prison system, to give a very different picture of him. This, however, is very characteristic of Goldsmith. He loved humanity and thought highly of it. Every character in the book is conceived in a kindly and generous spirit, nor was there in Goldsmith’s nature a touch of cynicism.

In his humour Goldsmith stands apart from all the other writers of his day. On the one hand, it has nothing in common with “the fiercer satirical spirit that runs riot in many of the novels of the time:”¹ while on the other

¹ Raleigh, *The English Novel*, Chap. VII.

it in no wise depends on mere trickery of words. "To him there is no humour in the dash, the asterisk, the wink, the riddle; his sentences always have their logic and their rhythm."¹ Nor is there ever a touch of profanity or ribaldry in his pages. His humour, often droll and whimsical, is always broad-based upon sympathy and the most intimate understanding of humanity. The book is rich in scenes of pure comedy—the whole story of Moses' visit to the fair, from the ceremonious send-off to the ludicrously triumphant return; that of the venture in horse-selling of his father, equally ill-equipped with worldly wisdom, and deluded by one to whom cheating is a subtle and pleasing art; that of the picture, in which Mrs. Primrose appears as Venus (a sufficient tax upon the painter's skill) dressed in modern English garb and receiving a theological document from the hands of a modern clergyman,—and so on. Amid the fun there is always the character-touch to give colour and significance to the picture, and one's laughter is never separate from sympathy. But the choicest humour of the book is to be found in the doings and words of the Vicar himself, in his droll expedients for keeping things right at home, in his whimsical but penetrating comments, as well as in the many passages in which, unwittingly, he reveals the little peculiarities of his own nature. One particularly pleasing habit of the Vicar is that of laughing at himself, and this he inherits from his creator. Goldsmith had a reputation

¹ Cross, *Development of the English Novel*, p. 80.

for extreme dulness and stupidity in conversation, and at the same time for excessive vanity, and William Black argues, rather convincingly, that this reputation was largely due to the stupidity of his friends, who could not understand, for example, that when Goldsmith spoke in a pompous tone of self-approval, he might be doing it in fun—parodying Dr. Johnson, perhaps, and whimsically laughing at himself. When, in the town of Lille, Goldsmith was standing with two ladies at the hotel-window, and the passers-by paid much attention to the ladies, Goldsmith turned angry away, with the remark that elsewhere he also had his admirers. This story has actually been told *against* Goldsmith! “What surgical instrument,” asks Mr. Black, “was needed to get this harmless little joke into any sane person’s head?” And he remarks, “The fact is this, that Goldsmith was possessed of a very subtle quality of humour, which is at all times rare, but which is perhaps more frequently to be found in Irishmen than among other folks. It consists in the satire of the pretence and pomposities of others by means of a sort of exaggerated and playful self-depreciation.”¹ And of course “exaggerated and playful” self-approval serves just the same end. Professor Raleigh makes a precisely similar comment. “Rather than have nothing to laugh at, he would fain laugh at himself—a habit that persons of purely Saxon descent sometimes fail to comprehend.”² This

¹ *Goldsmith*, E. M. L., Chap. VI.

² *The English Novel*, Chap. VII.

habit, then, he imparts to his Vicar, who speaks with just this sort of droll irony when, in Chapter II, he says of his tracts, "as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy *few*;" nor is it without a smile at his own devices that he speak of the "several very useful purposes" of the anticipatory epitaph upon his wife,¹ and tells, with relish, how he "approached his chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident overturned" his daughters' face-washes.² He is immensely delighted by his little pieces of play-acting, when for instance, in Chapter IV, he orders his son to "call our coach," or, in Chapter X, torments his wife by pretending to misunderstand what she is driving at. At the end of Chapter XIV, after his discovery of the trick played on him at the fair,—“No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.” He does not hesitate to “give himself away” to his readers, and shares their amusement at this guilty little trick of his planning. He can even think smilingly of his own common-sense, “I was tired of being always wise” (Chapter X). These are examples of faint and delicate irony of the conscious kind—we have already noted the Vicar's unconscious ironies.

¹ Chap. II.

² Chap. VI.

The novel contains, however, examples of irony of a deeper and more serious kind. That irony which depends on the contrast between things as they are and things as they should be is found throughout the diatribe against prison-conditions in Chapter XXVII. There is ironic bitterness in the suggestion that the true purpose of law is reformation rather than severity, and that crime cannot be eradicated by making punishments *familiar*; and in the statement that "the multitude of laws produce new vices." Again, irony of the tragic kind is to be found in several passages (commented upon in the notes) where the greatest and securest happiness immediately precedes disaster.¹

An essential element in a novel is the expression of its author's personality. As we have noted, the spirit of Goldsmith, genial, generous, subtly sympathetic, instinct with a humour that knows no bitterness, has entered into the Vicar himself.² Goldsmith is constantly seen *within* the Vicar, and only occasionally, as we have seen, *behind* him, when the Vicar's weaknesses are to be suggested. Goldsmith's religious attitude, too, is seen in the meditative consolation of the sermon in prison; his political opinions are revealed in Chapter XIX; his vigorous ideas as to prison reform are expressed in Chapter XXVII. Much has been made, too,

¹ See Chapters XVII, XXII, XXIV, XXVIII.

² Let no student, reading this, indulge in such statements as "The Vicar is a picture of Goldsmith himself"—a much-favoured kind of sentence. The differences are great and obvious.

of George Primrose's narrative in Chapter XX, in which Goldsmith has certainly drawn largely upon his own experiences. He too had been unhappy as "usher" in a school; had wandered over the continent, supporting himself, perhaps, by much the same devices as are there described; had "hailed the *antiqua mater* of Grub-street with reverence," and suffered at her hands. He shared George's feeling about the pride of "a true poet," and had been obliged to neglect fame and "write for bread." Perhaps he had waited in the ante-room of the ungrammatical great-man. He certainly knew what it was to spend his last half-guinea. He had been tutor to "a gentleman" and had not enjoyed it.-- The most interesting part of the chapter, anthropologically, is the description of the continental wanderings; but it is impossible to say how far the correspondence goes, for Goldsmith's narrative, elsewhere, of his own journey has a suspicious look of imagination about it: he was not a very strict devotee of the truth.

Of great interest are the indications, in this book, of Goldsmith's *literary* opinions. Upon these we must not lay too much emphasis. "People," says Professor Saintsbury, "have even tried to make him out a critic, which is the very thing he is not; and, from the very nature of almost all his faults and even some of his merits, could not have been. He was now too good-natured and now too much under the influence of half-innocent and wholly childish fits of jealousy to possess the critical *ethos*;"¹ he

Nature, attitude of mind.

was always too careless and (it must be said) generally too ignorant to possess the critic's equipment."¹ He certainly was no very reliable critic, and a great artist seldom is. But his was a particularly interesting time in the history of literature, and his views are scarcely to be neglected: they were taken seriously by the greatest of contemporary men of letters, including Dr. Johnson himself.

The general literary tendencies of the period must be studied elsewhere.² Goldsmith, both in his literary practice and in his critical theory, stands midway between the strict "classicists," whose chief was Dr. Johnson, and those other writers of the latter part of the eighteenth century who were already showing signs of the "revolt" against the "classical" or "neoclassical" conceptions. Thus there are two sides to Goldsmith's view. On the one hand, as classicist, he pours contempt upon blank verse, which he calls an "erroneous innovation," and considers Pope's heroic couplets the ideal form of verse. In his *Life of Parnell* he definitely takes this point of view. "He appears to me," he says of Parnell, "to be the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients...His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He found it at that period in which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement; and ever

¹ *The Peace of the Augustans*, p. 208.

² For the student who is just beginning the study of English literature Mr. W. H. Hudson's *Outline History of English Literature* is perhaps the best book to start with.

since his time, it has been gradually debasing. It is, indeed, amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it into pristine barbarity." It has indeed been remarked,—“The most curious point about him (Goldsmith) is his bigoted literary conservatism, which he carried to far greater lengths than Johnson. He despised the old ballads; hated the Shakespearean revival; pooh-poohed the Elizabethans; and honestly thought that Dryden and Otway were our greatest dramatists.”¹ But here comes the inconsistency to which we have referred. While his dislike of Shakespeare and the other Elizabethan dramatists was a fixed principle with him, he was tempted to imitate those despised old ballads, for, in spite of their crudity when judged by the standard of Pope’s language and verse, Goldsmith discerned in them a strength, a truth, a passion, that was lacking in the work of his Augustan favourites. In the notes upon his ballad in Chapter VIII we have suggested how far his imitation was successful, and how far it was doomed to failure by that “other side” of his view. It is interesting that Mr. Burchell should be made to criticise both the classical poet Ovid and Goldsmith’s classicist contemporary, Gray, and that on the ground of their “loading all their lines with epithet.” It shows how the directness, the definiteness, of the old ballads, and the total absence of affecta-

¹ J. H. Millar, *The Mid-Eighteenth Century*, p. 163.

tion in them, appealed to Goldsmith. And not without significance are the Vicar's remarks, after the singing of the "elegy" in Chapter XVII. He prefers "the most vulgar ballad of them all" to "the fine modern odes" (no doubt Gray was in Goldsmith's mind); and the last sentence of his speech applies precisely to Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.

And indeed, Goldsmith did much for that "return to nature" which was related to the revival of the old ballads. He cared, as few of his Augustan predecessors or contemporaries did, for external nature, and he greatly cared for humble men and women. His advice to Gray—"Study the people"—has become famous. *The Deserted Village*, *The Traveller*, and *The Vicar of Wakefield* provide ample evidence of his own feeling. There is an equally striking "return to nature" in his plays, with their genuine humanity, their spontaneous dialogue, their total rejection of—and satire upon—affectation.¹

His unfortunate condemnation of the Shakespearean revival has been commented upon in the notes to Chapter XVIII. It had been fashionable, ever since the time of the Restoration, to "amend" Shakespeare's work by the production of absurdly garbled versions of it, to suit the debased taste of the day: Dryden himself had taken part in this work, which, for the most part, betrayed a simply astounding ignorance of the real value of the plays. In Goldsmith's time, evidently to the delight of the

See his essay on *Sentimental Comedy*: *Essays*, No. XXII.

public, the original text of certain of Shakespeare's plays was revived on the stage, chiefly by Goldsmith's friend Garrick. Goldsmith however evidently preferred the garbled versions, with their modernised language and characters, and their plots altered to suit the "taste" of the Augustan time. The topic was one on which he felt strongly, and he writes thus in Chapter X of his *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*,—"Old pieces are revived, and scarcely any new ones admitted...The public are again obliged to ruminate over those ashes of absurdity which were disgusting to our ancestors even in an age of ignorance...What must be done? Only sit down contented, cry up all that comes before us, and advance even the absurdities of Shakespeare. Let the reader suspend his censure; I admire the beauties of this great father of our stage as much as they deserve, but could wish, for the honour of our country, and for his own too, that many of his scenes were forgotten. In fact the revival of those pieces of forced humour, far-fetched conceit and unnatural hyperbole which have been ascribed to Shakespeare is rather gibbeting than raising a statue to his memory."

We have referred only to those critical points raised in our novel, but the study of Goldsmith's voluminous critical utterances would be of much interest, were there space for it. He deals not merely with poetry and the drama but with oratory, acting, and criticism itself. And in spite of his lack of learning and, in some degree, of discrimination, and his failure to appreciate the Elizabethans, he was distin-

guished from his immediate predecessors by what Professor Vaughan calls "his return to the historical method."¹ He does tend to judge both the form and the matter of art with reference to past development, though he had not read widely or systematically enough to get the best results from this principle. An example may be found in Essay No. XIV, on *The Origin of Poetry*.

"No praise," writes Professor Raleigh, "is too high for Goldsmith's style."² It made even his hack-work memorable. In *The Citizen of the World*, Letter LXXXIX, writing of the learned scientists who could "write a whole folio on the dissection of a cater-pillar" or "see a little world on a peach leaf," he remarked that "the labours of such men" do not "amuse the public;" and when, much later, he contracted with the publisher Griffin to write a book (his *Animated Nature*) on natural history, a subject on which he knew next to nothing, Dr. Johnson predicted that he would make his book as interesting as a Persian tale—and he did so, by dint of this wonderful charm of style. It is a style that defies both analysis and imitation. It is easy enough, however, to point out certain of its qualities. It is, of course, a variant of that "standard style" made possible chiefly by Dryden's labours, for it is clear and well-balanced, straightforward, logical in arrangement. It has been suggested that he

¹ See Vaughan, *English Literary Criticism*, pp. lxiv—lxvii.

² *The English Novel*, Chap. VII.

"derived not a little of the unfailing perspicuity of his prose" from a close study of French authors, a considerable number of whose works are mentioned in an auctioneer's catalogue of his library.¹ The style is exceedingly simple, free from the more artificial tricks of rhetoric (except for a certain mild fondness for antithesis, pointed out in the notes), sparing and natural in the use of figure.² It is an instrument equally well adapted for narrative, description, and conversation; and lends itself equally to humour and pathos. Its imaginative and poetic quality have already been commented upon, and its rhythms are subtle and varied. No style is more thoroughly suffused with its author's personality: its quaintness and delicacy of touch, its unfailing "pleasantness," show how applicable here is the saying "the style is the man."—Thus and thus we may comment upon the style, as we might upon the man himself; but analysis fails to reach the secret of style as of personality.

¹ See Austin Dobson, *Eighteenth Century Vignettes, First Series, Goldsmith's Library*, p. 165.

² See notes throughout.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

There are an hundred faults in this thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth ; he is a priest, an husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey ; as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, whom can such a character please ? Such as are fond of high life will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fireside ; such as mistake ribaldry for humour will find no wit in his harmless conversation ; and such as have been taught to deride religion will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

CHAPTER I.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD, IN
WHICH A KINDRED LIKENESS PREVAILS, AS WELL
OF MINDS AS OF PERSONS.

I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman ; and, as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could

show more. She could read any English book without much spelling ; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping ; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement, in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo ; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation ; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred ; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us ; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated ; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of,

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upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller, or the poor dependent, out of doors. 55

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtsy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us. 65

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness so they were at once well-formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy, had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another 75 80 85

daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name ; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions
90 called Sophia ; so that we had two romantic names in the family ; but I solemnly protest, I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I saw
95 my little ones about me ; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, " Well, upon my word. Mrs Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country ;"—" Ay, neighbour," she would answer
100 " they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough ; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads ; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very
105 trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe ; open,
110 sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution ; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

115 The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features : at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers : Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence,
120 from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day

together. A suit of mourning has transformed my ^{lies} coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribands has ^{ly} given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. ' 60
My eldest son, George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, 130 received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and, properly speaking, they had 135 but one character,—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

CHAPTER II.

FAMILY MISFORTUNES. THE LOSS OF FORTUNE ONLY SERVES TO INCREASE THE PRIDE OF THE WORTHY.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management. as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and 5 widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, ex- 10 horting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony: so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting cus- 15 tomers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point

supporting ; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second ; or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist

- 25 I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy
- 30 *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side ; but alas ! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared, I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles :
- 35 as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston, so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death ; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant
- 40 frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her, it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.
- 45 It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the Church, and in circumstances to give her a large
- 50 fortune. But fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an
- 55 happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son,

he was not averse to the match ; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced, by 60 experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period ; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were 65 generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a-hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study, they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which, even philosophers 70 might own, often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner, my wife took the lead ; for, as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had 75 dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed ; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country-dances, and forfeits, shortened 80 the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a twopenny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened, the last time we played 85 together ; I only wanted to sling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly 90 to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters : in fact, my attention was fixed on another object,—the completing a tract, which I intended shortly to publish, in defence 95

of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a master-piece, both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid showing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute, attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but, on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the meantime, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How!" cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be an husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity! You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument." "Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account till after the wedding: but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for I suppose, your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure." — "Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment and inform the company of my circumstan-

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ces ; and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favour, nor will I allow him now to be an husband in any sense of the expression." 135

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of our misfortune, but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was, by this blow, soon determined, one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two. 140 145

CHAPTER III.

A MIGRATION. THE FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR LIVES ARE GENERALLY FOUND AT LAST TO BE OF OUR OWN PROCURING.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortune might be malicious or premature, but a letter from my agent in town came, with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling ; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled without an education to render them callous to contempt. 5

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction ; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them ; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me, in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm. 10 15

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune ; and, all debts 20

- collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances, for I well knew that
- 25 aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You cannot be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune, but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us
- 30 conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help, why, then, should not we
- 35 learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."
- 40 As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The
- 45 day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five
- 50 guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good Bishop Jewel,
- 55 this staff, and take this book, too, it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million,—*I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed*

begging their bread. Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, 60 let me see thee once a year, still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether vanquished or 65 victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of 70 seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's 75 journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with 80 which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles 85 of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment for the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce 90 a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching 95 triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident

of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who
100 had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our headle to spare an old broken soldier
105 that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a
110 stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in a once were laced. His person was well-formed, and his face marked with the lines of . He had something
115 short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to
120 satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, Sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me, has shown me that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of
125 the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I
130 hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which I hope by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company and, my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was pre-

ailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it ; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day

The next morning we all set forward together ; my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road-side, observing with a smile that, as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. " That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, " belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." " What !" cried I, " is my young landlord then the nephew of a man, whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous yet whimsical men in the kingdom ; a man of consummate benevolence."— " Something, perhaps, too much so," replied Mr. Burchell ; " at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young ; for his passions were then strong, and as they were all upon the side of virtue they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar : was soon

distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the
175 ambitious, for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind, for
180 fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder, in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain. what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The
185 slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit. his profusions began to
190 impair his fortune, but not his good-nature—that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other seemed to decay: he grew improvident as he grew poor; and, though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of *money* he gave *promises*. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of
200 dependants, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But, in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind
205 had leaned upon their adulation, and, that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learned to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect: the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple
210 approbation; approbation soon took the more

friendly form of advice ; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now therefore found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him, were little estimable . he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I 215 now found that—that—I forget what I was going to observe : in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he travelled through Europe on foot, and now, though 220 he has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present, his bounties are more rational and moderate than before, but still he preserves the character of an humorist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues " 225

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as he went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family , when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from 230 her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue ; she must have certainly perished had not my 235 companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over, where we had an opportunity of joining 240 our acknowledgments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described : she thanked her deliverer more with looks than with words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to 245 have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was

going to a different part of the country, he took leave,
250 and we pursued our journey; my wife observing, as
he went, that she liked him extremely, and protest-
ing, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to
match into such a family as ours, she knew no man
she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to
255 hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never
much displeased with those harmless delusions that
tend to make us more happy.

CHAPTER IV.

A PROOF THAT EVEN THE HUMBLEST FORTUNE MAY
GRANT HAPPINESS, WHICH DEPENDS, NOT ON
CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT CONSTITUTION.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neigh-
bourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own
grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and
poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences
of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns
or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the
polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of
manners; and, frugal by habit, they scarce knew that
temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheer-
fulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as
intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the
Christmas carol, sent true love knots on Valentine
morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their
wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts
on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach,
the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their
minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded
by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for
our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down: and
what the conversation wanted in wit was made up
in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a

sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before : on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's goodwill. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness ; the walls, on the inside, were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner : By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony—for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship—we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner ; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes farmer 65 *Granger*, our talkative neighbour, and often the *Rev. Mr. Wilson* would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These 70 harmless people had several ways of being good company: while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad—Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my 75 youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read the loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box. *As for the church, the*

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, 80 which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery. they still loved laces, ribands, bugles, and 85 catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the 90 preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters 95 *daughters*, dressed out in all their former splendour: their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their

vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. "Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now."—"You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us."—"Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him"—"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffs, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut, for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect, they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW AND GREAT ACQUAINTANCE INTRODUCED. WHAT WE PLACE MOST HOPES UPON, GENERALLY PROVES MOST FATAL.

AT a small distance from the house, my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine and our labour soon finished, we usually sat
5 together, to enjoy an extensive landscape in the calm of the evening. Here, too, we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and, as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle
10 and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sang to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and
15 I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue-bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation
20 in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures: every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday—for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour—
25 that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and by its panting it seemed
30 pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very

path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity, or surprise, or 35 some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman who rode foremost passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of more genteel appearance 40 than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute 45 my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent 50 round us. He again therefore offered to salute the female part of the family, and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and, perceiving musical 55 instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that, with 60 a cheerful air, they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former ap- 65 plause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtsy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding; an age could not have made them 70 better acquainted: while the fond mother too,

equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him. my girls attempted
75 ed to entertain him with topics they thought most modern ; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at. My little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the
80 stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave, but not till he had requested
85 ed permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit, for she had known
90 even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them, and concluded she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her
95 children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why Mr. Simpkins got the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank. "I protest, Charles," cried my wife, "this is
100 the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits. Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?"—"Immensely so, indeed, mamma," replied she: "I think he has a great deal to say
105 upon everything, and is never at a loss, and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say."—"Yes," cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man; but, for my own part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shock-

ing." These two lost I interpreted by 110
 contraries. I found by Sophia internally
 despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him.
 "Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children,"
 cried I, "to confess the truth, he has not prepossess-
 ed me in his favour Disproportioned friendships ever 115
 terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding
 all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the
 distance between us. Let us keep to companions of
 our own rank. There is no character more con-
 temptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I 120
 can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should
 not be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we shall be
 contemptible if his views are honourable; but if they
 be otherwise!—I should shudder but to think of that.
 It is true, I have no apprehensions from the conduct 125
 of my children, but I think there are some from his
 character." I would have proceeded, but for the
 interruption of a servant from the Squire, who, with
 his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a
 promise to dine with us some days after. This well- 130
 timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour
 than anything I had to say could obviate. I therefore
 continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed
 out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to
 avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever 135
 guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY FIRESIDE.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed that we should have a part of the venison for supper; and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. "I am sorry," cried I, "that

we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this good cheer : feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality."—" Bless me," cried my wife, " here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our
10 Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument."—" Confute me in argument, child ! " cried I. " You mistake there, my dear ; I believe there are but few that can do that : I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pie, and I beg you'll leave argument
15 to me." As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for
20 two reasons : because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman, that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty.
25 He would at intervals talk with great good sense , but, in general, he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories, and when he went out without something in his pockets for them—a piece of gingerbread,
30 or an halfpenny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of
35 her gooseberry-wine. The tale went round ; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grissel, the adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now
40 told us it was time for repose ; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger—all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse. In this dilemma, little

Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him : " And I," cried 45 Bill, " will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs."—" Well done, my good children," cried I, " hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to its nest ; but helpless man can only find 50 refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world was He that came to save it. He never had a house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining among us. Deborah, my dear," cried I to my wife, " give those boys a lump of sugar each ; 55 and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first.

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an aftergrowth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among 60 the number. Our labours went on lightly ; we turned the swath to the wind. I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in hers, 65 and enter into a close conversation ; but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited 70 as on the night before, but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. " What a strong instance," said I, " is that poor man 75 of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance. He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature ! where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command ! 80 Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander,

grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander; their former raptures at his wit are now converted into
85 sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful." Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my
90 Sophia gently reproved. "Whatsoever his former conduct may have been, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly; and I have heard my papa himself say, that
95 we should never strike one unnecessary blow at a victim, over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment."—"You are right, Sophy," cried my son Moses: "and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to
100 flay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another. Besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel in their
105 place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartments sufficiently lightsome. And, to confess a truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station; for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day.
110 when he conversed with you."—This was said without the least design; however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh, assuring him that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her, but that she believed he might once have been a
115 very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife

went to make the venison pasty. Moses sat reading, 120 while I taught the little ones. My daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother, but little Dick informed me, in a whisper, that they were 125 making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that, instead of mending the complexion, they spoil it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, 130 seemingly by accident overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAPTER VII.

A TOWN WIT DESCRIBED. THE DULLEST FELLOWS MAY
LEARN TO BE COMICAL FOR A NIGHT OR TWO.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on 5 this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse; but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the 10 by, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but 15 accident in some measure relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath, that he

never knew anything more absurd than calling such a
20 fright a beauty; "For, strike me ugly," continued he,
"if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing
my mistress by the information of a lamp under the
clock of St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and
so did we: the jests of the rich are ever success-
25 ful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud
enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of
humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the
Church: for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he
30 said the Church was the only mistress of his affec-
tions. "Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the
Squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the Church,
your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one
hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on
35 the other, which would you be for?"—"For both, to
be sure," cried the chaplain. "Right, Frank," cried
the Squire; "for may this glass suffocate me, but a
fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation!
For what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all
40 a confounded imposture, and I can prove it,"—"I
wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think,
continued he, "that I should be able to answer
you."—"Very well, sir," cried the Squire, who
immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest
45 of the company to prepare us for the sport; "if you
are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am ready
to accept the challenge. And, first, whether are you
for managing it analogically or dialogically?"—"I am
for managing it rationally," cried Moses, quite happy
50 at being permitted to dispute. "Good again," cried
the Squire; "and, firstly, of the first, I hope you'll
not deny, that whatever is, is. If you don't grant me
that, I can go no further."—"Why," returned Moses,
"I think I may grant that; and make the best of
55 it."—"I hope, too," returned the other, "you'll grant
that a part is less than the whole."—"I grant that

too," cried Moses; "it is but just and reasonable."—"I hope," cried the Squire, "you will not deny, that the two angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones."—"Nothing can be plainer," returned t'other, 60 and looked round with his usual importance.—"Very well," cried the Squire, speaking very quick, "the premisses being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a 65 problematical dialogism, which, in some measure, proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable."—"Hold, hold!" cried the other, "I deny that: do you think that I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?"—70 "What!" replied the Squire, as if in a passion, "not submit! Answer me one plain question: Do you think Aristotle right when he says that relatives are related?"—"Undoubtedly," replied the other.—"If so, then," cried the Squire, "answer me directly 75 to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymeme deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus; and give me your reasons—give me your reasons, I say, directly."—"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly 80 comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one simple proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer."—"Oh, sir," cried the Squire, "I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, 85 sir, there I protest you are too hard for me." This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment. 90

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman; and

95 such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation
100 with fluency. It is not surprising then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

105 Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to
110 be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly
115 own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?"—"Ay, who knows that indeed!" answered I, with a groan: "for my part, I
120 don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity: for depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no free-thinker shall ever have a child of mine."

125 "Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may
130 be involuntary with this gentleman; so that, allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for

his errors than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I; "but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable. And such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in *seeing* to the proofs they see; but being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument; she observed that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses. "And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do; the girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and, to my knowledge, is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I. "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands: you certainly overrate her merit."—"Indeed, papa," replied Olivia, "she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship."—"Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly *well* for making converts, and so go help your *mother* to make the gooseberry pie."

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AMOUR, WHICH PROMISES LITTLE GOOD FORTUNE, YET
MAY BE PRODUCTIVE OF MUCH.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fireside. It is
5 true, his labour more than requited his entertainment for he wrought among us with vigour, and, either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the
10 way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter. He would, in a jesting manner, call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribands, hers was the finest.
15 I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread
20 upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two black-birds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar redbreast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of
25 tranquillity. "I never sit thus," says Sophia, "but I think of the two lovers so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an hundred times with new rapture."—
30 "In my opinion," cried my son, "the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the *Acis* and *Galatea* of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of contrast better; and upon that figure,

artfully managed. all strength in the pathetic depends.”
 —“ It is remarkable,” cried Mr. Burchell, “ that both 35
 the poets you mention have equally contributed to
 introduce a false taste into their respective countries,
 by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little
 genius found them most easily imitated in their de-
 fects; and English poetry, like that in the latter 40
 empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combi-
 nation of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion
 —a string of epithets that improve the sound without
 carrying on the sense. But perhaps, madam, while I
 thus reprehend others, you’ll think it just that I 45
 should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and,
 indeed, I have made this remark only to have an
 opportunity of introducing to the company a ballad,
 which, whatever be its other defects, is, I think, at
 least free from those I have mentioned.” 50

A BALLAD.

- “TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way
 To where yon taper cheers the vale
 With hospitable ray.
- “ For here forlorn and lost I tread, 55
 With fainting steps and slow,
 Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 Seem length’ning as I go.”
- “ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,
 “ To tempt the dangerous gloom ; 60
 For yonder faithless phantom flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.
- “ Here to the houseless child of want
 My door is open still ;
 And, though my portion is but scant, 65
 I give it with good will.
- “ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 Whate’er my cell bestows ;

- 70 My rusby couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.
“ No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them :
- 75 “ But from the mountain’s grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring
“ Then, pilgrim, turn ; thy cares forego ,
80 All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”
Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell :
85 The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.
Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
90 And strangers led astray
No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master’s care ;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.
95 And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm’d his little fire,
And cheer’d his pensive guest :
And spread his vegetable store,
100 And gaily press’d and smiled ;
And, skill’d in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.
Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,

- The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies. 105
- But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow. 110
- His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd :
And " Whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
" The sorrows of thy breast ?
- " From better habitations spurn'd
Reluctant dost thou rove ? 115
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?
- " Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they. 120
- " And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ? 125
- " And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest. 130
- " For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush
And spurn the sex," he said ;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd
- Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ; 135
Like colours o'er the morning skies
As bright, as transient too.
- The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms : 140

- The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.
- And, " Ah ! forgive a stranger rude—
A wretch forlorn," she cried ;
145 " Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.
- " But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
150 Companion of her way.
- " My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.
- 155 " To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.
- " Each hour a mercenary crowd
160 With richest proffers strove ,
Amongst the rest, young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.
- " In humble, simple habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
165 Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.
- " And when beside me in the dale,
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
170 And music to the grove.
- " The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.
- 175 " The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine :

- Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
 Their constancy was mine.
- “ For still I tried each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain ; 180
 And, while his passion touch’d my heart,
 I triumph’d in his pain :
- “ Till quite dejected with my scorn
 He left me to my pride ;
 And sought a solitude forlorn, 185
 In secret, where he died
- ‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay ;
 I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay. 190
- ‘ And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I’ll lay me down and die ,
 ’Twas so far me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I ”
- “ Forbid it Heaven !” the Hermit cried, 195
 And clasp’d her to his breast :
 The wondering fair one turned to chide—
 ‘Twas Edwin’s self that press’d !
- “ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see 200
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restored to love and thee.
- “ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign .
 And shall we never, never part, 205
 My life—my all that’s mine ?
- “ No, never from this hour to part,
 We’ll live and love so true,
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 Shall break thy Edwin’s too 210

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But her tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a

gun just by us, and, immediately after, a man was
215 seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game
he had killed. This sportsman was the Squire's
chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so
agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so
near, startled my daughters ; and I could perceive
220 that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr.
Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came
up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us,
affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near.
He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and,
225 sportsman-like, offered her what he had killed that
morning. She was going to refuse, but a private
look from her mother soon induced her to correct the
mistake, and accept his present, though with some
reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride
230 in a whisper, observing, that Sophy had made a
conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of
the Squire. I suspected, however, with more prob-
ability, that her affections were placed upon a differ-
ent object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us,
235 that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refresh-
ments ; and intended that night giving the young
ladies a ball by moonlight, on the grass plat before
our door. " Nor can I deny," continued he, " but I
have an interest in being first to deliver this message,
240 as I expect for my reward to be honoured with Miss
Sophia's hand as a partner " To this my girl replied
that she should have no objection, if she could do it
with honour ; " But here," continued she, " is a
gentleman," looking at Mr. Burchell, " who has been
245 my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he
should share in its amusements." Mr. Burchell
returned her a compliment for her intentions, but
resigned her up to the chaplain ; adding, that he was
to go that night five miles, being invited to a harvest
250 supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extra-
ordinary ; nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl.

as my youngest could thus prefer a man of broken fortunes to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed upon each other, and are furnished with abilities, adapted for mutual inspection. 255

CHAPTER IX.

TWO LADIES OF GREAT DISTINCTION INTRODUCED. SUPERIOR
FINERY EVER SEEMS TO CONFER SUPERIOR BREEDING

MR. BURCHIELL had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the Squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under gentle- 5 men and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed, that every one should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively refused, 10 notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen 15 went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots; but an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to,—though 20 the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the round-about to perfection, yet they were totally un-

acquainted with country dances. This at first dis-
25 composed us : however, after a little shoving and
dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music
consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The
moon shone bright. Mr. Thornhill and my eldest
daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the
30 spectators ; for the neighbours, hearing what was
going forward, came flocking about us. My girl
moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife
could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart by
assuring me that, though the little chit did it so
35 cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The
ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but
without success. They swam, sprawled, languished,
and frisked , but all would not do , the gazers indeed
owned that it was fine , but neighbour Flamborough
40 observed that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the
music as its echo. After the dance had continued
about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive
of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of
them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this
45 occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed,
that, " by the living jingo, she was all of a muck of
sweat." Upon our return to the house, we found a
very elegant cold supper, which Mr Thornhill had
ordered to be brought with him. The conversation
50 at this time was more reserved than before. The
two ladies threw my girls into the shade ; for they
would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived
company ; with other fashionable topics, such as
pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.
55 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us sensibly by
slipping out an oath ; but that appeared to me as the
surest symptom of their distinction (though I am
since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashion-
able). Their finery, however, threw a veil over any
60 grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed
to regard their superior accomplishments with envy ;

and what appeared amiss, was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their accomplishments. One of them observed that had Miss Olivia seen a little 65 more of the world, it would greatly improve her ; to which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both ; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her 70 girls a single winter's polishing To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune , and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. 75 " And what pleasures," cried Mr. Thornhill, " do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow ? As for my part," continued he " my fortune is pretty large ; love, liberty, and pleasure are my maxims ; but curse me, if a settlement of half 80 my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers , and the only favour I would ask in return would be to add myself to the benefit." I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the 85 insolence of the basest proposal ; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment " Sir," cried I, " the family which you now condescend to favour with your company has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you Any attempts to injure that may be 90 attended with very dangerous consequences. Honour, sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful." I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, 95 swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions " As to your present hint," continued he, " I protest nothing was farther from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that's tempting ! the

100 virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste ; for all my amours are carried by a coup-de-main "

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of
105 freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue in this, my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined, and the Squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of tem-
110 perance, and of the sunshine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to
115 giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal and in this manner the night was passed in the most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request
120 to have the pleasure of their company home. The Squire seconded the proposals, and my wife added her entreaties, the girls, too, looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity, I made two
125 or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed ; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal, for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

CHAPTER X.

THE FAMILY ENDEAVOUR TO COPE WITH THEIR BETTERS.

THE MISERIES OF THE POOR, WHEN THEY ATTEMPT

TO APPEAR ABOVE THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES.

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our 5 windows, again, as formerly, were filled "with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, 10 that working after dinner would redden their noses; and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead therefore of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut 15 The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high-life, and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses. 20

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gipsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sibyl no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of 25 being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though for the honour of the family it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always 30 generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in

their pockets, but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. "Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a pennyworth?"—"I protest, papa," says the girl, "I believe she deals with somebody that's not right: for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a Squire in less than a twelvemonth!"—"Well, now, Sophy, my child," said I, "and what sort of a husband are you to have?"—"Sir," replied she, "I am to have a Lord *soon after my sister has married the Squire."—"How," cried I, "is that all you are to have for your two shillings? Only a Lord and a Squire for two shillings? You fools, I could have promised you a Prince and a Nabob for half the money."

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, Nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and, as the whole parish asserted that the Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding; at another time

she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with 70
farthings, a certain sign of their being shortly stuffed
with gold. The girls themselves had their omens.
They felt strange kisses on their lips, they saw rings
in the candle; purses bounced from the fire, and true
love-knots lurked in the bottom of every teacup. 75

Towards the end of the week we received a card
from the two ladies, in which, with their compliments,
they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday
following. All Saturday morning I could perceive,
in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in 80
close conference together, and now and then glancing
at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be
sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd
proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour
the next day. In the evening they began their opera- 85
tions in a very regular manner, and my wife
undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I
seemed in spirits, she began thus.—“I fancy, Charles,
my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company
at our church tomorrow.”—“Perhaps we may, my 90
dear,” returned I, “though you need be under no
uneasiness about that; you shall have a sermon
whether there be or not.”—“That is what I expect,”
returned she, “but I think, my dear, we ought to
appear there as decently as possible, for who knows 95
what may happen?”—“Your precautions,” replied
I, “are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and
appearance in church is what charms me. We should
be devout and humble, cheerful and serene.”—“Yes,”
cried she, “I know that; but I mean we should go 100
there in as proper a manner as possible; not
altogether like the scrubs about us.”—“You
right, my dear,” returned I, “and I was
make the very same proposal. The proper manner
of going is to go there as early as possible, to have 105
time for meditation before the service begins.”—
“Phoo, Charles,” interrupted she, “all that is very

true, but not what I would be at I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two
110 miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two plough
115 horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarcely done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should not they do some thing as well as we? And let me tell
120 you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure "

To this proposal I objected that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt
125 wanted a tail, that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I
130 perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition: but, as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the
135 reading desk for their arrival, but not finding them come as I expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the
140 family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the footway was but two, and, when got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones
145 exalted on one horse, and my two daughters upon

the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about 150 two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could 155 prevail with him to proceed. He was just recovering from this dismal situation when I found them, but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and 160 teach my daughters more humility

CHAPTER XI.

THE FAMILY STILL RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; how- 5 ever, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were 10 very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going 15 forward, and set the boys and girls to blind man's

buff. My wife, too, was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the meantime, my neighbour
20 and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and, last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted
25 with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company in this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their
30 hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable
35 of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for "fair play" with a voice that might deafen a brad-shagger, when, confusion on confusion! who should enter the room
40 but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe, this 'new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in
45 such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and
50 finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from

our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly 55
 concerned : but being told the family received no hurt,
 they were extremely glad : but being informed that
 we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly
 sorry ; but hearing that we had a very good night,
 they were extremely glad again. Nothing could 60
 exceed their complaisance to my daughters : their
 professions the last evening were warm, but now they
 were ardent. They protested a desire of having a
 more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was parti-
 cularly attached to Olivia , Miss Carolina Wilhelmina 65
 Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took
 a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the
 conversation between themselves, while my daughters
 sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as
 every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of 70
 high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies,
 and knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give
 him the concluding part of the present conversation.

" All that I know of the matter," cried Miss
 Skeggs, " is this, that it may be true or may not be 75
 true ; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the
 whole rout was in amaze : his Lordship turned all
 manner of colours, my Lady fell into a *sound*, but
 Sir Tomkyn drawing his sword, swore he was hers
 to the last drop of his blood " 80

" Well," replied our Peeress, " this I can say, that
 the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter,
 and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret
 from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that
 the next morning my Lord Duke cried out thrée times 85
 to his valet-de-chambre, Jernigan ! Jernigan ! Jerni-
 gan ! bring me my garters."

But previously I should have mentioned the very
 impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this
 discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and, at 90
 the conclusion of every sentence, would cry out
 " Fudge !" an expression which displeased us all, and,

in some measure, damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

95 "Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion."—"Fudge!"

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs. "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for
100 his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favour me with a sight of them?"—"Fudge!"

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something
105 of a judge—at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces, for, except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of
110 high life among them."—"Fudge!"

"Your Ladyship should except," says the other, "your own things in the Lady's Magazine I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?"
115 —"Fudge!"

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking
120 out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find; and, to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company: as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about
125 one."—"Fudge!"

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too
130 small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the

third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?"—"Fudge!"

My wife had been, for a long time, all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a great deal, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And, I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity, at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accompts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work, they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, and work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards."—"Fudge!"

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from

so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such
 170 employments. "But a thing of this kind, madam,"
 cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough
 examination into characters, and a more perfect
 knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued
 she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies'
 175 virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form
 in these things, madam—there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much,
 observing that she was very apt to be suspicious
 herself, but referred her to all the neighbours for a
 180 character; but this our Peeress declined as unneces-
 sary, alleging that our cousin Thornhill's recommen-
 dation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested
 our petition.

CHAPTER XII.

FORTUNE SEEMS RESOLVED TO HUMBLE THE FAMILY OF
 WAKEFIELD. MORTIFICATIONS ARE OFTEN MORE
 PAINFUL THAN REAL CALAMITIES.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was
 dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah
 exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the
 two girls was likely to have the best place, and most
 5 opportunities of seeing good company. The only
 obstacle to our preterment was in obtaining the
 Squire's recommendation; but he had already shown
 us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it
 now. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme
 10 "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves,
 I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—
 "Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.
 "What, only pretty well?" returned she: "I think it
 is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make
 15 acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of.

that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day: and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady 20 Blarney vastly—so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?" 25 —"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter. "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls 30 succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, 35 as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, 40 or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had 45 intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage: you know 50 all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I
55 was willing enough to entrust him with this commis-
sion : and the next morning I perceived his sisters
mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair ; trim-
ming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his
hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over,
60 we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted
upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring
home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that
cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though
grown too short, was much too good to be thrown
65 away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his
sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband.
We all followed him several paces from the door,
bawling after him, " Good luck ! good luck !" till we
could see him no longer.

70 He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler
came to congratulate us upon our good fortune,
saying that he overheard his young master mention
our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone.
75 Another footman from the same family followed, with
a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies
had received such pleasing accounts from Mr.
Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries
they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. " Ay," cried my
80 wife, " I now see it is no easy matter to get into the
families of the great ; but when one once gets in,
then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this
piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my
daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure.
85 In short, such was her satisfaction at this message,
that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and
gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny

This was to be our visiting day. The next that
came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He
90 brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread
each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and

give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-⁹⁵ skin purse, as being the most lucky ; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing ; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice : although ¹⁰⁰ we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. " I ¹⁰⁵ never doubted, sir," cried she, " your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves "— ¹¹⁰ " Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, " is not the present question : though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, ¹¹⁵ making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. " Never mind our son," cried my wife ; " depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll ¹²⁰ warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing -- But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a house ¹²⁵ and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, "and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. " Welcome, wel-

- 130 come, Moses ! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair ?"—" I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. " Ay, Moses," cried my wife, " that we know ; but where is the horse ?"—" I have sold him,"
- 135 cried Moses, " for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—" Well done, my good boy," returned she, " I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—
- 140 " I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. " I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast : " here they are ; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—" A gross of green spectacles !"
- 145 repeated my wife, in a faint voice. " And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles !"—" Dear mother," cried the boy, " why won't you listen to reason ? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not
- 150 have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—" A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion : " I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—" You need
- 155 be under no uneasiness," cried I, " about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence . for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—" What !" cried my wife, " not silver ! the rims not silver ?"—" No," cried I, " no more silver than your saucepan."
- 160 —" And so," returned she, " we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases ? A murrain take such trumpery ! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his
- 165 company better."—" There, my dear," cried I, " you are wrong ; he should not have known them at all."—" Marry, hang the idiot !" returned she, " to bring me

such stuff · if I had them I would throw them in the fire.”—“ There again you are wrong, my dear,” cried I ; “ for though they be copper, we will keep them 170 by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.”

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had 175 marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. “ Here,” continued 180 Moses, “ we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy 185 them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me ; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.” 190

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. BURCHELL IS FOUND TO BE AN ENEMY, FOR HE HAS
THE CONFIDENCE TO GIVE DISAGREEABLE ADVICE.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine ; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in 5 ambition. “ You see, my children,” cried I, “ how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated

10 by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side : the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences that result from them But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the
15 fable that you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

" Once upon a time," cried the child, " a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain, that they would never forsake each other.
20 but go seek adventures The first battle they fought was with two Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly stuck off the poor Dwarf's
25 arm. He was now in a woful plight , but the Giant, coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on another adventure This was against three bloody-
30 minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before ; but for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye ; but the Giant was soon up with them, and, had they
35 not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the Giant, and married him They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of rob-
40 bers. The Giant, for the first time, was foremost now , but the Dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the Giant came, all fell before him ; but the Dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared
45 for the two adventurers ; but the Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon

which he cried out to his little companion, " My little hero, this is glorious sport ! let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever."—"No," 50
cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, ' no,' ' I declare off ; I'll fight no more : for I find in every battle that you get all the honours and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me."

I was going to moralize this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it : Mr Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with 60
great ardour ; and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high ; while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all : she knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised ; but, for her part, she wished such to stay away from 70
her house for the future. " Madam," cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, " as for secret reasons you are right : I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret : but I find my visits here are become troublesome ; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country." Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempt of 80
Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced 85

smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove "How, woman," cried I to her, "is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the
90 harshest words, and to me the most displeasing, that ever escaped your lips!"—"Why would he provoke me then?" replied she; "but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the
95 pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he."—"Low-lived, my dear, do you call him?" cried I, "it is very possible we may mistake this man's character, for he
100 seems, upon some occasions, the most finished gentleman I ever knew. Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?"—"His conversation with me, sir," replied my daughter, "has ever been sensible, modest, and
105 pleasing. As to aught else—no, never. Once, indeed, I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor"—"Such, my dear," cried I, "is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you
110 have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an economist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will
115 probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice."

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom that we were rid of a guest
120 from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little; but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to

myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong is soon got over. Con- 125 science is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRESH MOERTIFICATIONS, OR A DEMONSTRATION THAT SEEMING CALAMITIES MAY BE REAL BLESSINGS.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should 5 equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was 10 soon finished. it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye: it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purpose above-mentioned, at 15 the neighbouring fair; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured 20 by that of the company he keeps: and as mine was most in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise 25 me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair,

put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and
30 after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him, a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a
35 windgall, and would bid no money, a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts, a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time, I began to have a most hearty
40 contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right, and St Gregory,
45 upon Good Works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and, shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse, we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which
55 he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various
60 turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me.—But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the
65 appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, res-

respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.
 "Make no apologies, my child," said the old man :
 "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-
 creatures take this, I wish it were more, but five
 pounds will relieve your distress, and you are 70
 welcome." The modest youth shed tears of grati-
 tude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine.
 I could have hugged the good old man in my arms,
 his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to
 read, and we resumed our conversation, until my 75
 companion, after some time, recollecting that he had
 business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon
 back, adding, that he always desired to have as much
 of Dr Primrose's company as possible. The old
 gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to 80
 look at me with attention for some time; and when
 my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I
 was any way related to the great Primrose, that
 courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark
 of the Church. Never did my heart feel sincerer 85
 rapture than at that moment. "Sir," cried I, "the
 applause of so good a man as I am sure you are, adds
 to that happiness in my breast which your benevo-
 lence has already excited. You behold before you,
 sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist whom you 90
 have been pleased to call great, that
 unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill
 become me to say, successfully, fought against the
 "Sir," cried the stranger,
 we, "I fear I have been too familiar, 95
 but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir. I beg pardon."
 "Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far
 from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must
 beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have
 my esteem."—"Then with gratitude I accept the 100
 offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou
 glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy! and do I
 behold—"I hear interrupted what he was going to

say ; for though, as an author, I could digest no small
 105 share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit
 no more. However, no lovers in romance ever
 cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked
 upon several subjects ; at first I thought he seemed
 rather devout than learned, and began to think he
 110 despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no-
 way lessened him in my esteem, for I had for some
 time begun privately to harbour such an opinion
 myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that
 the world in general began to be blameably indiffer-
 115 ent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human
 speculations too much." " Ay, sir," replied he, as if
 he had reserved all his learning to that moment, " Ay,
 sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony,
 or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of
 120 all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not
 broached upon the creation of the world ! Sanchonia-
 thon, Manetho, Berosus and Ocellus Lucanus, have
 all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words.
Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan, which imply that
 125 all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho
 also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser
 —Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a
 surname to the kings of that country, as Tegla Phael-
 Asser, Nabon-Asser—he, I say, formed a conjecture
 130 equally absurd ; for, as we usually say, *ek to biblion*
kubernetes, which implies that books will never teach
 the world ; so he attempted to investigate—But, sir, I
 ask pardon. I am straying from the question"—That
 he actually was ; nor could I, for my life, see how
 135 the creation of the world had any thing to do with the
 business I was talking of ; but it was sufficient to show
 me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered
 him the more. I was resolved, therefore, to bring
 him to the touch-stone ; but he was too mild and too
 140 gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made an
 observation that looked like a challenge to contro-

versy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity, to that which brought us both to the fair, mine, I told him, was to sell a horse, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and, in fine, we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with this demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. "Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbour Jackson's, or anywhere." While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that, by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all, but the old gentleman, having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country. Upon replying that he was my next door neighbour: "If that be the case, then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him, payable at sight; and, let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps! but he could hop on one leg farther than I." A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money, for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability. The draft was signed, and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson,

180 the old gentleman his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a
185 draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late ; I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I
190 found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. " You can read the name, I suppose," cried I,—*" Ephraim Jenkinson."*—*" Yes,"* returned he, *" the name is written plain*
195 *enough, and I know the gentleman too,—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a*
200 *long string of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world?"* To this I replied with a groan. *" Ay,"* continued he, *" he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company ; but I know*
205 *the rogue, and will catch him yet."*

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage,
210 than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas ! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all
215 in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies, having heard reports of us

from some malicious person about us, were that they set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency nor the author of these ; but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most, was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours ; too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

CHAPTER XV.

ALL MR. BURCHELL'S VILLAINY AT ONCE DETECTED.

THE FOLLY OF BEING OVERWISE.

THAT evening, and a part of the following day, was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies : scarcely a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinions best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen, and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects ; but what particularly engaged our attention was a sealed note, superscribed, " The copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle." It instantly occurred that he was the base informer, and we deliberated whether the note should not be broken open. I was against it ; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded,

20 by the rest of the family, and at their joint solicitation I read as follows :—

“ Ladies,—The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes ; one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its
25 being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I
30 must offer it as my opinion, that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity, nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or
35 reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take, therefore, the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided.”

40 Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed, indeed, something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us, but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no
45 farther. My wife had scarcely patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances
50 of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with ; nor could I account for it in any other manner, than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we
55 all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of

the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching 60 vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude, yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than 65 ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little, and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with a sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, 70 as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach. he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. "A fine day, Mr. Burchell."—"A very fine day, Doctor though I fancy we shall have some rain by the shooting of my corns."— 75 "The shooting of your horns!" cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. "Dear madam," replied he, "I pardon you with all my heart, for I protest I should not have thought it a joke had you not told me."— 80 "Perhaps not, sir," cried my wife, winking at us; "and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce."—"I fancy, madam," returned Burchell, "you have been reading a jest book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a con- 85 ceit; and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding."—"I believe you might," cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; "and yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding that have very little."—"And no 90 doubt," returned her antagonist, "you have known ladies set up for wit that had none." I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. "Both wit and 95

understanding," cried I, "are trifles, without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or
100 courage without an heart?

"An honest man's the noblest work of God.

"I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope, returned Mr. Burchell, "as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority.
105 As the reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties; so should that of men be prized, not for their exception from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may want prudence, the statesman may have pride, and the champion ferocity; but shall we prefer to these the low mechanic, who laboriously plods through life without
110 censure or applause? We might as well prefer the tame correct paintings of the Flemish school to the erroneous but sublime animations of the Roman pencil."

"Sir," replied I, "your present observation is just when there are shining virtues and minute defects, but when it appears that great vices are opposed in
120 the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt."

"Perhaps," cried he, "there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues; yet, in my progress through life, I
125 never yet found one instance of their existence. On the contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind was capacious, the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where
130 the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals, the little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly, whilst

those endowed with strength and power are generous, brave, and gentle."

"These observations sound well," returned I, "and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man," and I fixed my eye stedfastly upon him, "whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, sir," continued I, raising my voice, "and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, sir, this pocket-book?"—"Yes, sir," returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance, "that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it."—"And do you know," cried I, "this letter? Nay, never falter, man, but look me full in the face; I say, do you know this letter?"—"That letter?" returned he; "yes, it was I that wrote that letter."—"And how could you," said I, "so basely, so ungratefully presume to write this letter?"—"And how came you," replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, "so basely to presume to break open this letter? Don't you know, now, I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do is to swear at the next Justice's that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you all up at his door." This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch, that I could scarcely govern my passion. "Ungrateful wretch! begone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness! begone, and never let me see thee again! Go from my door, and the only punishment I wish thee is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormentor! So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps with the utmost composure, left us, quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villanies. "My dear," cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised

too high among us, "we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.

- 175 "Guilt and Shame, says the allegory, were at first companions, and, in the beginning of their journey, inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both. Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame
180 often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disunion, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame, being naturally timor-
185 ous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they
190 have still remaining."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FAMILY USE ART, WHICH IS OPPOSED
WITH STILL GREATER.

- WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family was easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent, and longer.
5 Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning; and,
10 while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the

observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughter piquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned, that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him, or, to speak more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering. It was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and, in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the Squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of our family, my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the

alarm at this stolen march upon us ; and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too.

- 55 Having, therefore, *engaged the limner*,—for what could I do ?—our next business was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges,—a thing quite
60 out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style ; and, after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper,
65 since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel, for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as in-
70 dependent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side ; while I, in my gown and band, was to
75 present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many
80 sheep as the painter could put in for nothing ; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet.
85 This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed.

The piece was large, and, it must be owned, he did 90
not spare his colours, for which my wife gave him
great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied
with his performance, but an unfortunate circum-
stance which had not occurred till the picture was
finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very 95
large, that we had no place in the house to fix it.
How we all came to disregard so material a point is
inconceivable, but certain it is, we had been all
greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of
gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a most 100
mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where
the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large
to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all
our acquaintance. One compared it to Robinson
Crusoe's longboat, too large to be removed; another 105
thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle: some-
wondered how it could be got out, but still more were
amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it
effectually raised more malicious suggestions in 110
many. The Squire's portrait being found united
with ours was an honour too great to escape envy.
Scandalous whispers began to circulate, at our ex-
pense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed
by persons, who came as friends, to tell us what was 115
said of us by enemies. These reports we always
resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever
improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into a consulta-
tion upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and 120
at last came to a resolution which had too much
cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this:
as our principal object was to discover the honour of
Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to
sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the 125
choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this
was not found sufficient to induce him to a declara-

tion, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give
130 my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did
135 not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the
140 next room, from whence they could overhear the whole conversation. My wife artfully introduced it, by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the Squire assenting, she proceeded to
145 remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands. "But Heaven help," continued she, "the girls that have none! What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue, and all the qualifications in the
150 world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, What is she? but, What has she? is all the cry."

"Madam," returned he, "I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty, of your remarks; and if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed,
155 be five times with the girls without fortunes our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide."

"Ah, sir," returned my wife, "you are pleased to be facetious; but I wish I were a queen, and then I
160 know where my eldest daughter should look for a husband. But, now that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her? She is now nineteen years old, well grown and well educated, and, in my
165 humble opinion, does not want for parts."

“Madam,” replied he, “if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity: such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband.” 170
 —“Ay, sir,” said she, “but do you know of any such person?” —“No, madam,” returned he, “it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband: she’s too great a treasure for one man’s possession; she’s a goddess! Upon my soul, I speak 175 what I think—she’s an angel!” —“Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean,—Farmer Williams, a warm 180 man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread, and who has several times made her proposals” (which was actually the case), “but, sir,” concluded she, “I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice.” —“How, madam,” replied he, “my approbation!— 185 my approbation of such a choice! Never. What! sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice. And I have my reasons.” —“Indeed, sir,” cried Deborah, “if 190 you have your reasons, that’s another affair; but I should be glad to know those reasons.” —“Excuse me, madam,” returned he, “they lie too deep for discovery” (laying his hand upon his bosom) “they remain buried, rivetted here.” 195

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love 200 than matrimony in them: yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter’s first

appearance in the country, had paid her his ad-
 205 dresses.

CHAPTER XVII.

SCARCELY ANY VIRTUE FOUND TO RESIST THE POWER OF
 LONG AND PLEASING TEMPTATION

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the as-
 siduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy
 circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but
 very little encouragement to revive his former pas-
 5 sion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thorn-
 hill met at our house, and surveyed each other for
 some time with looks of anger, but Williams owed
 his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indigna-
 tion. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquette to per-
 10 fection, if that might be called acting which was her
 real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness
 on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite
 dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air
 took leave, though I own it puzzled me to find him
 15 in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it
 in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declar-
 ing an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness
 he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived
 that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of
 20 these interviews between her lovers, of which there
 were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there
 indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found
 her one evening, after she had been for some time
 supporting a fictitious gaiety. "You now see, my
 25 child," said I, "that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's
 passion was all a dream: he permits the rivalry of
 another, every way his inferior, though he knows it
 lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid
 declaration."—"Yes, papa," returned she; "but he
 30 has his reasons for this delay; I know he has. The

sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours.”—
“Olivia, my darling,” returned I, “every scheme that 35 has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the 40 dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted; but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his 45 fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me, and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name, then, your day; let it be as distant as you think proper; and in the meantime, take care to let 50 Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever.” This proposal, which she could not avoid con- 55 sidering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other’s insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill’s presence, that day month was fixed upon for her 60 nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill’s anxiety: but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, 65 and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials.

The succeeding week he was still assiduous ; but not
70 more open. On the third, he discontinued his visits
entirely, and instead of my daughter testifying any
impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a
pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation.
For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased
75 with thinking that my child was going to be secured
in a continuance of competence and peace, and
frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring
happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended
80 nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered
round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and
laying schemes for the future. busied in forming a
thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly
came uppermost. "Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall
85 soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family what is
your opinion of matters and things in general?"—
"My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very
well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister
Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we shall then
90 have the loan of his cider-press and brewing-tubs for
nothing."—"That we shall, Moses," cried I, "and he
will sing us 'Death and the Lady' to raise our spirits
into the bargain."—"He has taught that song to our
Dick," cried Moses; "and I think he goes through it
95 very prettily."—"Does he so," cried I; "then let us
have it where is little Dick? let him up with it boldly."
—"My brother Dick," cried Bill, my youngest, "is
just gone out with sister Livy; but Mr. Williams has
taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, papa.
100 Which song do you choose, 'The Dying Swan,' or
the 'Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog'?"—"The
elegy, child, by all means," said I; "I never heard
that yet: and Deborah, my life, grief, you know, is
dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine,
105 to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all
sorts of elegies of late, that without an enlivening

glass I am sure this will overcome me, and Sophy, love take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little."

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song, 110
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.
In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran, 115
Whene'er he went to pray
A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes. 120
And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.
This dog and man at first were friends ; 125
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.
Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran, 130
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.
The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad, 135
They swore the man would die.
But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied
The man recover'd of the bite —
The dog it was that died 140

"A very good boy, Bill, upon my word and an elegy that even I call'd tragical. Come, my children, let us bid him adieu, for he one day be a bishop!"

Gray's elegy

145 "With all my heart," cried my wife "and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family, by the mother's side, could sing a good song: it was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could
 150 never look straight before them, nor the Hugginsons blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story."—"However that be," cried I, "the most vulgar ballad of the ball generally pleases
 155 me better than the fine modernodes, and things that petrify us in a single stanza,—productions that we at once detest and praise.—Put the glass to your ear, and you will find the great fault of these elegants is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the
 160 sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster."

"That may be the mode," cried Moses, "in sublimer compositions: but the Ranelagh songs that
 165 come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould: Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together: he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay, and then they go together to church, where they give
 170 good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can."

"And very good advice too," cried I; "and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there: for as
 75 it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting."

"Yes, sir," returned Moses, "and I know but of
 180 two such markets for wives in Europe,—Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish

market is open once a year ; but our English wives are saleable every night."

"You are right, my boy," cried his mother ; "Old England is the only place in the world for husbands 185 to get wives."—"And for wives to manage their husbands," interrupted I. "It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the Continent would come over to take pattern from ours ; for there are no such wives in Europe as our 190 own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life ; and, Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to Heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence ! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He 195 has no such fireside, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old ; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. 200 While we live, they will be our support and our pleasure here ; and when we die, they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song : let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia ? that little cherub's voice is always 205 sweetest in the concert." Just as I spoke Dick came running in. "O papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us ; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever !"—"Gone, child !"—"Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed 210 her, and said he would die for her : and she cried very much, and was for coming back ; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, 'Oh, what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone !'"—"Now, then," cried I, "my 215 children, go and be miserable ; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And oh, may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his !—thus to rob me of my child !—And sure it will, for taking back my sweet

innocent that I was leading up to Heaven. Such
sincerity as my child was possessed of ! But all our
earthly happiness is now over ! Go, my children, go
and be miserable and infamous, for my heart is broken
within me ! ” — “ Father,” cried my son, “ is this
your fortitude ? ” — “ Fortitude, child ? — yes, ye shall
see I have fortitude ! Bring me my pistols. I’ll pursue
the traitor — while he is on earth I’ll pursue him. Old
as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The vil-
lain — the perfidious villain ! ” I had by this time
reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose
passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in
her arms. “ My dearest, dearest husband ! ” cried she,
“ the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old
hands now. Open that, my love, and read our an-
guish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us.”
— “ Indeed, sir,” resumed my son, after a pause
“ your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You
should be my mother’s comforter, and you increase
her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend char-
acter thus to curse your greatest enemy : you should
not have cursed him, villain as he is.” — “ I did not
curse him, child, did I ? ” — “ Indeed, sir, you did ;
you cursed him twice.” — “ Then may Heaven for-
give me and him if I did ! And now, my son, I see it
was more than human benevolence that first taught
us to bless our enemies : Blessed be His holy name
for all the good He hath given, and for all that He
hath taken away. But it is not — it is not a small dis-
tress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that
have not wept for so many years. My child ! to undo
my darling ! — May confusion seize — Heaven forgive
me ! what am I about to say ! — you may remember,
my love, how good she was, and how charming. till
this vile moment all her care was to make us happy.
Had she but died ! But she is gone, the honour of
our family contaminated, and I must look out for hap-
piness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you

saw them go off : perhaps he forced her away ? If he forced her, she may yet be innocent "—" Ah, no, sir," cried the child ; " he only kissed her, and called her 260 his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast."—" She's an ungrateful creature," cried my wife, who could scarcely speak for weeping, " to use us thus She never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The 265 vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation, thus to bring your gray hairs to the grave ; and I must shortly follow."

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of 270 complaint, and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm : I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and 275 cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. " Never," cried she, " shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer : 280 she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us."

" Wife," said I, " do not talk thus hardly : my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours ; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor 285 returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgressions, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err ; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity, but every 290 other, the off-spring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. 295

My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff: I will pursue her, wherever she is, and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of iniquity."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PURSUIT OF A FATHER TO RECLAIM A LOST CHILD TO VIRTUE.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but
5 top well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my
10 daughter in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom by the description I could only guess to be Mr Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me. I therefore went to the young Squire's, and, though it was yet
15 early, insisted upon seeing him immediately. He soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting, upon his honour, that he was quite a
stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my
20 former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who, I recollected, had of late several private conferences with her; but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt his villany, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually
25 gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we all are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated:

with myself whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way 30 to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither I walked along with earnestness, and inquired of several by the way, but received no accounts, till, entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remem- 35 bered to have seen at the Squire's, and he assured me that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them, for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with 40 my daughter's performance. Early the next day, I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit,—that of pleasure : how different 45 from mine,—that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue ! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me ; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more 50

I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the 55 symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home ; however, I retired to a little alehouse by the roadside ; and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and 60 frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I lingered here for nearly three weeks, but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expenses of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from 65 this last circumstance alone might have brought on a

relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, who has written so many little books for children : he called himself their friend, but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone ; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face ; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age ; and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a day. My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them : as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shows us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment ; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake ; but when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit. The cart was

attended only by the person who drove it, and one 105
of the company, as the rest of the players were to
follow the ensuing day. "Good company upon the
road," says the proverb, "is the shortest cut." I
therefore entered into conversation with the poor
player; and as I once had some theatrical powers 110
myself, I disserted on such topics with my usual
freedom. but as I was pretty much unacquainted
with the present state of the stage, I demanded who
were the present theatrical writers in vogue—who
the Drydens and Otways of the day?—"I fancy, sir," 115
cried the player, "few of our modern dramatists
would think themselves much honoured, by being
compared to the writers you mention. Dryden's
and Rowe's manner, sir, are quite out of fashion :
our taste has gone back a whole century, Fletcher, 120
Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakespeare are the
only things that go down."—"How," cried I, "is
it possible the present age can be pleased with that
antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those over-
charged characters, which abound in the works you 125
mention?"—"Sir," returned my companion, "the
public think nothing about dialect or humour, or
character, for that is none of their business, they
only go to be amused, and find themselves happy
when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanc- 130
tion of Jonson's or Shakespeare's name."—"So then,
I suppose," cried I, "that our modern dramatists are
rather imitators of Shakespeare than of nature."—
"To say the truth," returned my companion, "I
don't know that they imitate anything at all; nor, 135
indeed, does the public require it of them: it is not
the composition of the piece, but the number of
starts and attitudes that may be introduced into it,
that elicits applause. I have known a piece, with
not one jest in the whole, shrugged into popularity, 140
and another saved, by the poet's throwing in a lit of
the gripes. No, sir, the works of Congreve and

Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste, our modern dialect is much more natural."

- 145 By this time, the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprised of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us, for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than
150 within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first alehouse that offered, and being shown into the common room, was accosted by a
155 very well-dressed gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play? Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong, in any sort, to the company, he was
160 condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down, in my own mind, for nothing less than a parliament-man at least, but was
165 almost confirmed in my conjectures, when, upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house, with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A PERSON DISCONTENTED WITH THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT, AND APPREHENSIVE OF THE LOSS OF OUR LIBERTIES.

THE house where we were to be entertained lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot; and we soon arrived at one of

the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part 5
of the country. The apartment into which we were
shown was perfectly elegant and modern. he went to
give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink,
observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer
soon returned: an elegant supper was brought in; two 10
or three ladies in easy dishabille were introduced, and
the conversation began with some sprightliness.
Politics, however, was the subject on which our
entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that
liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After 15
the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the
last Monitor? to which, replying in the negative,
"What! nor the Auditor, I suppose?" cried he.
"Neither, sir," returned I. "That's strange, very
strange!" replied my entertainer. "Now, I read 20
all the politics that come out. the Daily, the Public,
the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the
Whitehall Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and
the two Reviews; and, though they hate each other,
I love them all. Liberty, sir, liberty is the Briton's 25
boast! and, by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence
its guardians."—"Then, it is to be hoped," cried
I, "you reverence the king?"—"Yes," returned my
entertainer, "when he does what we would have him;
but if he goes on as he has done of late, I'll never 30
trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing.
I think, only, I could have directed some things
better. I don't think there has been a sufficient
number of advisers. he should advise with every
person willing to give him advice, and then we should 35
have things done in another guess manner."

"I wish," cried I, "that such intruding advisers
were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of
honest men to assist the weaker side of our constitu-
tion, that sacred power that has for some years been 40
every day declining, and losing its due share of
influence in the state. But these ignorants still

continue the same cry of liberty, and, if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsidizing scale "

- 45 "How!" cried one of the ladies. "do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!"

- 50 "Can it be possible," cried our entertainer, "that there should be any found at present advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any, sir, be so abject?"

- "No, sir," replied I, "I am for liberty! that attribute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of
55 modern declamation! I would have all men kings! I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who were called Levellers.
60 They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning, than others, and these became masters of the rest; for, as sure as your
65 groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since, then, it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command and others to
70 obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or, still farther off, in the metropolis. Now, sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he
75 is removed from me the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the
80 greatest number of people. Now, the great, who

were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible ; because, whatever they take from that is naturally restored to themselves ; and all they have to do in the state is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primeval authority. Now, the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the circumstances of our state be such as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will increase their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence, when, as at present, more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry ; for external commerce can only be managed to advantage by the rich, and they have also at the same time all the emoluments arising from internal industry ; so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason, wealth, in all commercial states, is found to accumulate ; and all such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again, the very laws also of this country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth ; as when, by their means, the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken, and it is ordained that the rich shall only marry with the rich ; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as counsellors, merely from a defect of opulence, and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition : by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now, the possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessities and pleasures of life has no other method to

employ the superfluity of his fortune in purchasing power. That is, differently speaking, in making dependants, by purchasing the liberty of the needy or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of a rigorous tyranny for bread. Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round him a
120 circle of the poorest of the people, and the polity abounding in accumulated wealth may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's vortex, are only such as must be slaves.
130 the rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose education are adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a large number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely, that order of
135 men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble, those men who are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the neighborhood of a man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind are
140 generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called THE PEOPLE. Now, it may happen that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and
145 its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble. for, if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident that great numbers
150 of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they, ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left is to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the
155 one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the rich, and

calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town of which the opulent are forming the siege, and of which the governor 160 from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with privileges; but if they once defeat the governor 165 from behind, the walls of the town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they may then expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then 170 for, and would die for monarchy, sacred monarchy: for if there be anything sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed SOVEREIGN of his people; and every diminution of his power, in war or in peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of 175 the subject. The sounds of Liberty, Patriotism, and Britons, have already done much; it is to be hoped that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing more. I have known many of these pretended champions for liberty in my time, yet do I not 180 remember one that was not in his heart and in his family a tyrant."

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good breeding; but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to inter- 185 rupt it, could be restrained no longer. "What!" cried he, "then I have been all this while entertaining a Jesuit in parson's clothes! But, by all the coal-mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wilkinson." I now found I had gone too far, and 190 asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. "Pardon!" returned he, in a fury: "I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What! give up liberty, property, and, as the *Gazetteer* says,

lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes ! Sir, I
insist upon your marching out of this house immediately, to prevent worse consequences sir, I insist upon it." I was going to repeat my remonstrances, but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door,
and the two ladies cried out, " As sure as death, there
is our master and mistress come home ! " It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself ; and, to say the
truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter ; nor was their surprise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. " Gentlemen," cried the
real master of the house to me and my companion. " my wife and I are your most humble servants ; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation." However unexpected our company might be to them, theirs, I am
sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George, but whose
match was broken off, as already related As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. " My dear sir," cried she, " to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit ? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in
raptures when they find they have the good Dr. Primrose for their guest." Upon hearing my name. the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling, upon being informed of
the nature of my present visit : but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was at my intercession forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days, and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind in some measure had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shown to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George—"Alas' madam," cried I, "he has now been nearly three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is I know not, perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fireside at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy upon us." The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forebore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us in to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening the part of Floratio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in

the praise of the new performer, and averred that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day, "but this gentleman," continued he, "seems born to tread
275 the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey down." This account in some measure excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-
280 house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre, where we sat for some time with no small impatience
285 to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last, and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son! He was going to begin, when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss
290 Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable.

The actors behind the scene, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him, but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of
295 tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion, for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description; but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired
300 me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach and an invitation for him; and as he persisted in his refusal
305 to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport, for I could never

counterfeit false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of unresisted beauty, and often would ask questions without giving any manner of attention to the answers. 310 315

CHAPTER XX.

THE HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHIC VAGABOND, PURSUING
NOVELTY, BUT LOSING CONTENT.

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth that he could boast of. "Why, ay, my son," cried I, "you left me but poor, and poor I find you are come back and yet I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world"—"Yes, sir," replied my son, "but travelling after Fortune is not the way to secure her; and, indeed, of late I have desisted from the pursuit."—"I fancy, sir," cried Mrs. Arnold, "that the account of your adventures would be amusing; the first part of them I have often heard from my niece; but could the company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation." "Madam," replied my son, "I promise you the pleasure you have in hearing will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating them; yet in the whole narrative I can scarcely promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw than what I did. The first misfortune of my life,

which you all know, was great, but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had
25 a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her another; and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards
30 London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about tomorrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road; and comforted myself with reflecting, that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

35 " Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy; and I asked his advice on the
40 affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true sardonic grin. 'Ay,' cried he, 'this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather
45 be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late: I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a
50 school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?'—'No.'—'Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?'—'No.'—'Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?'—
55 'No.'—'Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?'—'No.'—'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?'—'Yes.'—'Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir: if you are for a genteel, easy profession,
60 bind yourself seven years an apprentice to turn a

cutler's wheel: but avoid a school by any means. Yet come,' continued he, 'I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade. 65 At present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence; all honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised: men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only 70 mended shoes, but never made them.'

"Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal, and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater* of 75 Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty 80 she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius! Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with 85 some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well. Witness, you powers, 90 what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems: but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I sat self-collected, with 95 a quill pointed against every opposer."

"Well said, my boy," cried I: "and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass

over the importance of monogamy. But I interrupt :
100 go on. You published your paradoxes, well,
and what did the learned world say to your
paradoxes?"

"Sir," replied my son, "the learned world said
nothing to my paradoxes ; nothing at all, sir. Every
105 man of them was employed in praising his friend
and himself, or condemning his enemies, and un-
fortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest
mortification,—neglect.

"As I was meditating, one day, in a coffee-house,
110 on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening
to enter the room, placed himself in the box before
me ; and after some preliminary discourse, finding me
to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals,
begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was
115 going to give to the world of Propertius, with notes.
This demand necessarily produced a reply that I
had no money, and that concession led him
to inquire into the nature of my expectations.
Finding that my expectations were just as great as
120 my purse,—'I see,' cried he, 'you are unacquainted
with the town. I'll teach you a part of it. Look
at these proposals,—upon these very proposals I
have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years.
The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a
125 Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her
country seat, I strike for a subscription. I first be-
siege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my
proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily
the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication
130 fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more
for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus,'
continued he, 'I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But,
between ourselves, I am now too well known : I
should be glad to borrow your face a bit. A noble-
135 man of distinction has just returned from Italy ; my
face is familiar to his porter ; but if you bring this

copy of verses, my life for it you succeed. and we divide the spoil.' "

" Bless us, George," cried I, "and is this the employment of poets now ? Do men of exalted talents 140 thus stoop to beggary ? Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread ? "

" Oh no, sir," returned he, " a true poet can never be so base, for wherever there is genius, there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars 145 in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so he is equally a coward to contempt ; and none but those who are unworthy protection condescend to solicit it.

" Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indigni- 150 ties, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking 155 passion for applause ; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come 160 forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were 165 buried among the essays upon liberty, Eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog ; while Philautos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I

" Now, therefore, I began to associate with none 170 but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in

- 175 another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction ; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.
- 180 "In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James's Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation :
- 185 he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished , for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow."
- "What did you say, George?" interrupted I.
- 190 "Thornhill, was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord."—"Bless me," cried Mrs. Arnold, "is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly."
- 195 "My friend's first care," continued my son, "was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table, upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits
- 200 when he sat for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at *tattering a kip*, as the phrase was, when he had a mind for a frolic. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many
- 205 small things without bidding : to carry the corkscrew ; to stand godfather to all the butler's children ; to sing when I was bid ; to be never out of humour ; always to be humble, and, if I could, to be very happy.
- "In this honourable post, however, I was not with-
- 210 out a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man

of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was 215 dismissed from several for his stupidity, yet he found many of them who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me: and as every day 220 my patron's desire of flattery increased, so, every hour, being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus, I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was 25 nothing less than to fight a duel for him with a gentleman, whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request; and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet, as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not 230 refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding, that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; 235 but, as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me but by recommending me to his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, 240 my first care was to carry his commendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of the domestic ever transmit the master's benevolence. 245 Being shown into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and, after pausing some minutes.—'Pray, sir,' cried he, 'inform me what you have done for my kinsman to deserve this warm 250

recommendation ? But I suppose, sir, I guess your merits : you have fought for him ; and so you would expect a reward from me for being the instrument of his vices. I wish—sincerely wish, that my present
255 refusal may be some punishment for your guilt ; but still more, that it may be some inducement to your repentance.’ The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the
260 great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition. I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my wordly fortune, I was at last shown into a spacious
265 apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship’s inspection. During this anxious interval, I had full time to look round me. Every thing was grand and of happy contrivance : the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and
270 raised my idea of the owner. Ah, thought I to myself, how very great must be possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom ! sure his genius must be unfathomable !—
275 During these awful reflections, I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself ! No ; it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he ! No ; it was only the great man’s valet-de-chambre. At last his lordship
280 actually made his appearance. ‘ Are you,’ cried he, ‘ the bearer of this here letter ? ’ I answered with a bow. ‘ I learn by this,’ continued he, ‘ as how that,’—But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card, and, without taking farther notice, he went out
285 of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my

voice to that of three or four more, who came, like me, to petition for favours. His lordship, however, 290
 went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot door with large strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was, by this time, got in, and muttered an answer, half of which only I heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot- 295
 wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till, looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

"My patience," continued my son, "was now quite 300
 exhausted, stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that Nature designed should be thrown by into her 305
 lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, a little left, and of that I thought Nature herself should not deprive me; but in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and 310
 then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office, Mr Crispe kindly offers all his Majesty's subjects a generous promise 315
 of £30 a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell (for it had the appear- 320
 ance of one) with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with Fortune wreaked 325
 her injuries on their own hearts: but Mr. Crispe at

- last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who, for a month past, had talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for everything in the world. He paused a while upon the properest means of providing for me; and slapping his forehead as if he had found it, assured me that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I know in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly therefore divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.
- "As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. 'But,' continued he, 'I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam: what if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English,' added he, 'by this time, or the deuce is in it.' I confidently assured him of that; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed, with an oath, that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation

I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short; and after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself, fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach the Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection is to me amazing but certain it is I overlooked it.

"This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again, but falling into company with an Irish student, who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turning upon topics of literature, (for, by the way, it may be observed that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects,) from him I learned that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me. I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek: and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

"I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burden of my moveables, like *Æsop* and his basket of bread, for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch, as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the Principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The Principal seemed at first to doubt of my abilities; but

of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into
405 Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: 'You see me, young man, I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a Doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year
410 without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short,' continued he, 'as I don't know Greek I do not believe there is any good in it.'

"I was now too far from home to think of returning so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge
415 of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in
420 proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion, but they
425 always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as, whenever I used, in better days to play for company. when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into
430 raptures, and the ladies especially; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt—a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

"In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no
435 design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money, than those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four
440 or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best

houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality, when passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. 445
He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the 450
more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a cognoscento so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. 455
The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one, always to observe the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains, and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. 'But,' says he, 'as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying at Paris.'

"With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was a living, and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my dress by his assistance; and, after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best of fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions, for, when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion 475
upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more important assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion

that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough,
480 very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish
that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece
with great composure before all the company, and
then asked if he had not improved the tints.

" When he had finished his commission in Paris, he
485 left me strongly recommended to several men of
distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling
tutor; and after some time, I was employed in that
capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to
Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through
490 Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's
governor; but with a proviso, that he should always
be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in
fact, understood the art of guiding in money
concerns much better than I. He was heir to
495 a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds,
left him by an uncle in the West Indies: and
his guardians, to qualify him for the management of
it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus
avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions
500 on the road were, how money might be saved: which
was the least expensive course of travel; whether
anything could be bought that would turn to account
when disposed of again in London? Such curiosities
on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready
505 enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be
paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told
they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that
he would not observe how amazingly expensive travel-
ling was! and all this though he was not yet twenty-
510 one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk
to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the
expense of the passage by sea home to England.
This he was informed was but a trifle compared
to his returning by land; he was therefore
515 unable to withstand the temptation; so paying me
the small part of my salary that was due, he

took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

"I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then, it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I. but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few. I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

"Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was sent forward; but on my journey down, my plans were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprised me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it. that acting was not to be learned in a day;

555 and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for
560 some time from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting."

CHAPTER XXI

THE SHORT CONTINUANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AMONGST THE
VICIOUS, WHICH IS COEVAL ONLY WITH MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

My son's account was too long to be delivered at once ; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr Thornhill's equipage at
5 the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me, with a whisper, that the Squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly
10 to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back ; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent
15 candour, and after a short time his presence served only to increase the general good humour.

After tea he called me aside to inquire after my daughter : but upon my informing him that my inquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised ; adding
20 that he had been since frequently at my house in order to comfort the rest of my family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot or my son ; and upon my replying that I had not told them as yet, he

greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desir- 25
 ing me by all means to keep it a secret : " For at
 best," cried he, " it is but *חילול שם* one's own infamy ;
 and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we
 all imagine." We were here interrupted by a servant
 who came to ask the Squire in, to stand up at country- 30
 dances : so that he left me quite pleased with the
 interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His
 addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot were too obvious
 to be mistaken and yet, she seemed not perfectly
 pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the 35
 will of her aunt than from real inclination. I had
 even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind
 looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could
 neither extract by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr.
 Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little 40
 surprised me we had now continued here a week at
 the pressing instances of Mr Arnold , but each day
 the more tenderness Miss Wilmot showed my son,
 Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to
 increase for him. 45

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances
 of using his interest to serve the family ; but now his
 generosity was not confined to promises alone The
 morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill
 came to me with looks of real pleasure, to inform me 50
 of a piece of service he had done for his friend
 George This was nothing less than his having
 procured him an ensign's commission in one of the
 regiments that was going to the West Indies, for
 which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his 55
 interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of
 the other two. " As for this trifling piece of service,"
 continued the young gentleman, " I desire no other
 reward but the pleasure of having served my friend ;
 and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are 60
 unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and
 you shall repay me at your leisure." This was a

favour we wanted words to express our sense of :
I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and
65 testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to
pay.

George was to depart for town the next day, to
secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous
patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient
70 to use dispatch, lest in the meantime another should
step in with more advantageous proposals. The next
morning, therefore, our young soldier was early
prepared for his departure, and seemed the only
person among us that was not affected by it. Neither
75 the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter,
nor the friends and mistress—for Miss Wilmot actually
loved him—he was leaving behind, any way damped
his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of
the company, I gave him all I had. my blessing "And
80 now, my boy," cried I, "thou art going to fight for
thy country : remember how thy brave grandfather
fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among
Britons was a virtue Go, my boy, and imitate him
in all but his misfortunes, if it was a misfortune
85 to die with Lord Falkland. Go, my boy, and if you
fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those
that love you, the most precious tears are those with
which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier."

The next morning I took leave of the good family
90 that had been kind enough to entertain me so long
not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr.
Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the
enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and
good breeding procure, and returned towards home,
95 despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but
sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and to forgive her.

I was now come within about twenty miles of
home, having hired an horse to carry me, as I was
yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes
100 of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But

the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road-side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We 105 happened, among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray 110 the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and, after a fortnight or three weeks' possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, 115 returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there? to which he only replied, in an ironical way, by drinking her health. "Mr Symonds," cried she, 120 "you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth left unfinished, while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long; whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never 125 touch a drop." I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured her out a glass, which she received with a courtesy; and, drinking towards my good health, "Sir," resumed she, "it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one cannot 130 help it when the house is going out of the windows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back: he'd as lief eat that glass as budge after them himself. There, now, above stairs, we have a young woman who has come to take 135 up her lodging here, and I don't believe she has got any money, by her over-civility. I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish she were put in

mind of it."—"What signifies minding her?" cried
140 the host; "if she be slow, she is sure"—"I don't
know that," replied the wife, "but I know that I am
sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have not yet
seen the cross of her money."—"I suppose, my dear,"
cried he, "we shall have it all in a lump."—"In a
145 lump!" cried the other "I hope we may get it any
way, and that I am resolved we will this very night
or out she tramps, bag and baggage"—"Consider
my dear," cried the husband, "she is a gentlewoman,
and deserves more respect"—"As for the matter of
150 that," returned the hostess, "gentle or simple, out
she shall pack with a sussarara. Gentry may be good
things where they take, but, for my part, I never
saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow."
Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that
155 went from the kitchen to a room overhead, and I
soon perceived, by the loudness of her voice, and the
bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to
be had from her lodger. I could hear her remon-
strances very distinctly—"Out, I say, pack out this
160 moment! tramp, thou infamous strumpet, or I'll
give thee a mark thou won't be the better for
this three months. What! you trumpery, to come
and take up an honest house without cross or
coin to bless yourself with! Come along, I say!"—
165 "Oh, dear madam," cried the stranger, "pity me—
pity a poor abandoned creature, for one night,
and death will soon do the rest!" I instantly knew
the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to
her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along
170 by her hair and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in
my arms. "Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest
lost one—my treasure—to your poor old father's
bosom! Though the vicious forsake thee, there is
yet one in the world that will never forsake thee,
17 though thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for,
he will forget them all!"—"Oh, my own dear"—to

minutes she could say no more—"my own dearest good papa! Could angels be kinder? How do I deserve so much? The villain, I hate him and myself, to be a reproach to so much goodness! You can't 180 forgive me, I know you cannot."—"Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee. only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia"—"Ah! never, sir, never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and 185 shame at home. But, alas! papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness? Surely you have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself"—"Our wisdom, young woman," replied I, 190—"Ah, why so cold a name, papa?" cried she. "This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name"—"I ask pardon, my darling," returned I, "but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one." 195 The landlady now returned, to know if we did not choose a more genteel apartment, to which assenting, we were shown a room where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring 200 some account of the gradations that led her to her present wretched situation—"That villain, sir," said she, "from the first day of our meeting, made me honourable, though private proposals."

"Villain, indeed!" cried I: "and yet it in some 205 measure surprises me, how a person of Mr. Burchell's good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family to undo it."

"My dear papa," returned my daughter, "you 210 labour under a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me: instead of that, he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr Thornhill. who, I now

215 find. was even worse than he represented him."—
"Mr Thornhill!" interrupted I; "can it be?"—
"Yes, sir," returned she, "it was Mr Thornhill who
seduced me; who employed the two ladies, as he
called them, but who in fact were abandoned women
220 of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up
to London. Their artifices, you may remember,
would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr Burchell's
letter, who directed those reproaches at them which
we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have
225 so much influence as to defeat their intentions still
remains a secret to me, but I am convinced he was
ever our warmest, sincerest friend."

"You amaze me, my dear," cried I; "but now I
find my first suspicions of Mr Thornhill's baseness
230 were too well grounded. but he can triumph in
security; for he is rich, and we are poor. But tell
me, my child, sure it was no small temptation that
could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an
education and so virtuous a disposition as thine?"

235 "Indeed, sir," replied she, "he owes all his triumph
to the desire I had of making him, and not myself,
happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage,
which was privately performed by a popish priest,
was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust
240 to but his honour."—"What!" interrupted I, "and
were you indeed married by a priest in orders?"—
"Indeed, sir, we were," replied she, "though we
were both sworn to conceal his name."—"Why then,
my child, come to my arms again; and now you are
245 a thousand times more welcome than before; for you
are now his wife to all intents and purposes; nor can
all the laws of man, though written upon tables of
adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connexion."

"Alas, papa!" replied she, "you are but little
250 acquainted with his villanies: he has been married
already by the same priest to six or eight wives more,
whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned."

"Has he so?" cried I; "then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow." —"But, sir," returned she, "will that be right, when 255 I am sworn to secrecy?"—"My dear," I replied, "if you have made such a promise I cannot, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all human institutions a smaller evil is allowed to procure 260 a greater good, as, in politics, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom, in medicine, a limb may be lopped off to preserve the body: but in religion, the law is written, and inflexible, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, is right, for other- 265 wise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed 270 to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever. But I interrupt you, my dear; go on."

"The very next morning," continued she, "I found 275 what little expectation I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in 280 his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view I danced, dressed, and talked, but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only 285 contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintancce. Need I describe, sir, 290

how his ingratitude stung me? My answer to this
 p. 1082^a was almost madness. I desired to part.
 As I was going, he offered me a purse; but I flung
 it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a
 295 rage, that for a while kept me insensible of the
 miseries of my situation. But I soon looked round
 me, and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing
 without one friend in the world to apply to. Just in
 that interval, a stage coach happening to pass by, I
 300 took a place, it being my only aim to be driven at a
 distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I
 was set down here, where, since my arrival, my own
 anxiety and this woman's unkindness have been my
 only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have
 305 passed with my mamma and sister now grow painful
 to me. Their sorrows are much, but mine are
 greater than theirs, for mine are mixed with guilt and
 infamy."

"Have patience, my child," cried I, "and I hope
 310 things will yet be better. Take some repose to-night,
 and to-morrow I'll carry you home to your mother
 and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive
 a kind reception. Poor woman! this has gone to
 her heart; but she loves you still, Olivia, and will
 315 forget it."

CHAPTER XXII.

OFFENCES ARE EASILY PARDONED, WHERE THERE IS LOVE AT
 BOTTOM.

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me,
 and set out on my return home. As we travelled
 along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her
 sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to
 5 bear the presence of her offended mother. I took
 every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine
 country, through which we passed, to observe how
 much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each

other ; and that the misfortunes of Nature's making were very few. I assured her, that she should never 10 perceive any change in my affections, and that, during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world, showed her that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the 15 miserable, and that, if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles 20 from my house, and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage, however, after seeing her provided 25 with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that 30 had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's 35 tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest, the lights were out in every cottage ; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep- 40 mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance I approached my little abode of pleasure, and, before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at 45 my door : all was still and silent : my heart dilated

with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration. I gave of loud
50 convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement, insensible. This alarmed my son, who had, till this, been asleep, and he, perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to
55 life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror, for the flames had, by this time, caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part coming down, to fall in, while the family stood, with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze.
60 I gazed upon them and upon it by turns and then looked round me for my two little ones, but they were not to be seen. O misery! "Where," cried I, "where are my little ones?"—"They are burnt to death in the flames," said my wife, calmly, "and I
65 will die with them." That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. "Where, where are my children?" cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in
70 which they were confined!—"Where are my little ones?"—"Here, dear papa here we are, cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as
75 possible, while, just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. "Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are, I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be
80 happy." We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames; and,

after some time, began to perceive that my arm to 85
the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It
was, therefore, out of my power to give my son any
assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or
preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this
time the neighbours were alarmed and came 90
running to our assistance ; but all they could do was
to stand, like us—spectators of the calamity

My goods, among which were the notes I had
reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely
consumed, except a box with some papers that stood 95
in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little
consequence, which my son brought away in the
evening. The neighbours contributed, however,
what they could to lighten our distress. They brought
us clothes and furnished one of our outhouses with 100
kitchen utensils ; so that by daylight we had another,
though a wretched dwelling to retire to. My honest
next neighbour and his children were not the least
assiduous in providing us with everything necessary,
and offering whatever consolation untutored bene- 105
volence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided,
curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to
take place ; having therefore informed them of every
particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the recep- 110
tion of our lost one ; and though we had nothing but
wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure
her a welcome to what we had. This task would have
been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which
had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more 115
poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor
child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my
son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the
wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to
look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine 120
could persuade to a perfect reconciliation : for woman
have a much stronger sense of female error than men.

" Ah, madam," cried her mother, " this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My
 125 daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this recep-
 130 tion, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, " I
 135 entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer: her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not, ^{therefore,}
 140 increase them by dissension among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent,
 145 and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop
 150 short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice."

CHAPTER XXIII.

NONE BUT THE GUILTY CAN BE LONG AND
 COMPLETELY MISERABLE.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity.

Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few 5 books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day, with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former 10 dwelling. Honest Farmer Williams was not last among these visitors, but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter, but she rejected him in such a manner, as totally repressed his future solicitations. 15 Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety 20 now had taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart, and a tear to her eye; and as 25 one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for hers, collecting such 30 amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of One who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, 35 I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave though sometimes a romancing historian.

"Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she 40 stood one day caressing her infant son in the open

window of an apartment which hung over the river
Volturna, the child with a sudden spring leaped from
her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a
45 moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise,
and making an effort to save him, plunged in after;
but far from being able to assist the infant, she
herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite
shore, just when some French soldiers were plunder-
50 ing the country on that side, who immediately made
her their prisoner.

"As the war was then carried on between the French
and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were
going at once to perpetrate those two extremes
55 suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base
resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer,
who, though their retreat required the utmost
expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her
in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first
60 caught his eye; her merit, soon after, his heart.
They were married: he rose to the highest posts;
they lived long together, and were happy. But the
felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent:
after an interval of several years, the troops which he
65 commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged
to take shelter in the city where he had lived with
his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at
length was taken. Few histories can produce more
various instances of cruelty than those which the
70 French and Italians at that time exercised upon each
other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this
occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death;
but particularly the husband of the unfortunate
Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in
75 protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in
general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon.
The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner
with his sword stood ready, while the spectators in
gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only

suspended till the general who presided as judge 80 should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature 85 death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress, but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was 90 her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed. the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship and duty, could confer 95 on each, were united."

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her 100 ease. In company she dreaded contempt, and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he 105 had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to increase poor Olivia's affliction: such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I 110 was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. 115 Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went in pursuance of my directions, and in three days

returned, assuring us of the truth of the account ; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward ; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other ; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

"Why, let him, if he can," returned I : "but, my son, observed this bed of straw and unsheltering roof ; those mouldering walls and humid floor ; my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread : you have come home, my child, to all this, yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. Oh, my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendour of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good or joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home ; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile."

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had further to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new 160 degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me: for her tranquillity was the languor of over-wrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of the family, nor was I 165 displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more the tale went round, and the 170 song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRESH CALAMITIES.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season, so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter at my request joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was 5 in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this 10 occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter more than ever. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child; it will please your old father." 15 She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me:

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray.
 20 What charm can soothe her melancholy
 What art can wash her guilt away ?
 The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 25 And wring his bosom, is—to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased
 30 the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of
 35 familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled
 40 my passions, and my calling restrains them."

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it?"
 45 "Go," cried I; thou art a wretch, a poor, pitiful wretch, and every way a liar: but your remembrance secures you from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this!—And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion,
 50 thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion!"

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be
 55 happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed

of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time; and, what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villany can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.—"Avoid my sight, thou reptile!" cried I "nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard: nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself; which, as I have been at some expenses lately previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once wofully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found its base-

ness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from
95 me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee—
beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave
me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, hum-
bled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity;
and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever
100 have my contempt.”

“If so,” returned he, “depend upon it you shall
feel the effects of this insolence; and we shall shortly
see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me.”—
Upon which he departed abruptly.

105 My wife and son, who were present at this inter-
view, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daugh-
ters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be
informed of the result of our conference, which, when
known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as
110 to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his
malevolence: he had already struck the blow, and
now I stood prepared to repel every new effort, like
one of those instruments used in the art of war,
which, however, thrown, still presents a point to
115 receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threaten-
ed in vain; for the very next morning his steward
came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train
of accidents already related, I was unable to pay.
120 The consequence of my incapacity was his driving
my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and
sold the next day for less than half their value. My
wife and children now therefore entreated me to
comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain
125 destruction. They even begged of me to admit his
visits once more, and used all their little eloquence
to paint the calamities I was going to endure,—the
terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the
present, with the danger that threatened my health
130 from the late accident that happened by the fire. But
I continued inflexible.

"Why, my treasures," cried I, "why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right? My duty has taught me to forgive him; but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and, to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never! If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right; and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, when we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure!"

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the country gaol, which was eleven miles off.

"My friends," said I, "this is severe weather in which you have come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me, and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow; but, if it must be so—"

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious; and desired my

170 son to assist his eldest sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her
 175 bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the meantime my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

CHAPTER XXV.

NO SITUATION, HOWEVER WRETCHED IT SEEMS, BUT HAS SOME SORT OF COMFORT ATTENDING IT.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers
 5 who had a horse kindly took her behind him; for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other, while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell, not for her own, but
 10 my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd, running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations,
 15 soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to gaol while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not
 20 immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and

were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service 25

"What! my friends," cried I, "and is this the way you love me? Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit? Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me? Which is your ring-leader? Show me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives he shall feel my resentment. Alas! my dear deluded flock, return back to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and to me. I shall yet perhaps one day see you in greater felicity here, and contribute to make your lives more happy. But, let it at least be my comfort, when I pen my fold for immortality, that not one here shall be wanting." 40

They now seemed all repentance, and, melting into tears, came one after the other to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward without meeting any further interruption. Some hours before night, we reached the town, or rather village, for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the gaol.

Upon entering, we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four-and-twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night. 55 60

I expected, upon my entrance, to find nothing but

lamentations and various sounds of misery, but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought
65 in merriment or clamour. I was apprised of the usual perquisites required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole
70 prison was soon filled with riot, laughter and profaneness.

"How," cried I to myself, "shall men so very wicked be cheerful, and shall I be melancholy? I feel only the same confinement with them, and I think I
75 have more reason to be happy.

With such reflections I laboured to become cheerful; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting, therefore, in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture,
80 one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and, sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it: for if good, I might profit by his instruction, if bad, he might be assisted
85 by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or, more properly speaking of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which
90 was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

"That's unfortunate," cried he, "as you are allowed here nothing but straw, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and, as I have been one
95 myself in my time, part of my bed-clothes are heartily at your service."

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a gaol in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, "That the sage

ancient seemed to understand the value of company 100
in affliction, when he said *Ton kosmon aire, ei dos ton
etairon* ; and, in fact," continued I, " what is the world
if it affords only solitude ?"

" You talk of the world, sir," retuned my follow-
prisoner ; " the world is in its dotage ; and yet the 105
cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled the
philosophers of every age. What a medley of opinions
have they not broached upon the creation of the
world ! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus
Lucanus, have attempted it in vain The latter has 110
these words, *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*,
which implies"—" I ask pardon, sir," cried I, " for in-
terrupting so much learning ; but I think I have heard
all this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once
seeing you at Wellbridge fair, and is not your name 115
Ephraim Jenkinson ?" At this demand he only sighed.
" I suppose you must recollect," resumed I, " one
Doctor Primrose, from whom you bought a horse ?"

He now at once recollected me ; for the gloominess
of the place and the approaching night had prevented 120
his distinguishing my features before. " Yes, sir,"
returned Mr. Jenkinson, " I remember you perfectly
well ; I bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your
neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am
any way afraid of at the next assizes ; for he intends 125
to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am
heartily sorry, sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any
man ; for you see," continued he, showing his
shackles, " what my tricks have brought me to."

" Well, sir," replied I, " your kindness in offering 130
me assistance when you could expect no return shall
be repaid with my endeavour to totally
suppress Mr Flamborough's wickedness. I will send
my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity ;
nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with 135
my request ; and as to my own evidence, you need be
under no uneasiness about that."

"Well, sir" cried he, "all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my
 140 bed-clothes to-night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence."

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at
 145 the time I had seen him before, he appeared at least sixty. "Sir," answered he, "you are little acquainted with the world, I had, at that time, false hair, and have learnt the art of counterfeiting every
 150 age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, sir! had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it."

155 We were now prevented from further conversation by the arrival of the gaoler's servants, who came to call over the prisoners' names, and lock up for the night. A fellow also, with a bundle of straw for my bed, attended, who led me along a dark narrow pas-
 160 sage, into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner; which done, my condutor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations, and having
 165 praised my Heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A REFORMATION IN THE GAOL: TO MAKE LAWS COMPLETE,
 THEY SHOULD REWARD AS WELL AS PUNISH

THE next morning early, I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bedside. The gloomy strength of everything about us, it seems, had

daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next inquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge the family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed, but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expense for his mother and sisters, the gaoler, with humanity, consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

"Well," cried I, "my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears?"

"No, papa," says Dick, "I am not afraid to lie any where, where you are."

"And I," says Bill, who was yet but four years old, "love every place best that my papa is in."

After this I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health, my wife was to attend me. my little boys were to read to me: "And as for you, my son," continued I, "it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages as a day-labourer will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength; and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes, for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then, this evening, to look out for work against to-morrow, and

bring home every night what money you earn for our support."

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I
45 walked down to the common prison, where I could
enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there
when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that
invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apart-
ment again. Here I sat for some time pondering upon
50 the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all
mankind in open arms against them, were labouring
to make themselves a future and a tremendous
enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion,
55 and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even
appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to
reclaim them. I resolved, therefore, once more to
return, and, in spite of their contempt, to give them
my advice, and conquer them by my perseverance.
60 Going, therefore, among them again, I informed Mr.
Jenkinson of my design, at which he laughed heartily,
but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was
received with the greatest good humour, as it promised
to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who
65 had now no other resource for mirth but what could
be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with
a loud, unaffected voice, and found my audience per-
fectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans
70 of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alter-
nately excited laughter. However, I continued with
my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what
I did might mend some, but could itself receive no
contamination from any.

75 After reading, I entered upon my exhortation,
which was rather calculated at first to amuse them
than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other
motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that
I was their fellow-prisoner, and now not got nothing

by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so 80
very profane; because they got nothing by it, but
might lose a great deal: "For be assured, my friends,"
cried I,—“for you are my friends, however the world
may disclaim your friendship,—though you swore
twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one 85
penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling
every moment upon the devil, and courting his friend-
ship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He
has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful
of oaths and an empty belly, and, by the best 90
accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's
good hereafter.

“If used ill in our dealings with one man, we natur-
ally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while,
then, just to try how you may like the usage of 95
another master, who gives you fair promises at least to
come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in
the world, his must be the greatest, who, after robbing
a house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And
yet, how are you more wise? You are all seeking 100
comfort from one that has already betrayed you,
applying to a more malicious being than any thief-
taker of them all, for they only decoy and then
hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and, what is
worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman 105
has done.”

When I had concluded, I received the compliments
of my audience, some of whom came and shook me
by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow,
and that they desired my further acquaintance. I 110
therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day,
and actually conceived some hopes of making a reform-
ation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that
no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart
lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer 115
could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satis-
fied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where

my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours and partake of
120 the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family; for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the
125 first interview, therefore, seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten; and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

"Alas Doctor," cried he, "these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this!"

"Why, Mr. Jenkinson," replied I, "thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals; and if they be good, it matters little for the rest."

"I fancy, sir," returned my fellow-prisoner, "that
135 it must give you great comfort to have all this little family about you."

"A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson!" replied I; "yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for they can make a dungeon seem
140 a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them."

"I am afraid then, sir," cried he, "that I am in some measure culpable: for I think I see here (looking at my son Moses) one that I have injured, and by
145 whom I wish to be forgiven."

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile, forgave him. "Yet," continued he, "I can't help wondering at
150 what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception."

"My dear sir," returned the other, "it was not your face, but your white stockings, and the black ribbon in your hair, that allured me. But no disparagement
155 to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in

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my time ; and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last."

"I suppose," cried my son, "that the narrative of such a life as yours must be extremely instructive and amusing."

"Not much of either," returned Mr. Jenkinson. "Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's end. 165

"Indeed, I think, from my own experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood : when but seven years old, the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man , at fourteen, I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies , at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that not one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and, one way or another, generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricky and cunning, and was poor, without the consolation of being honest. However," continued he, "let me know your case, and what has brought you here ; perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may extricate my friends." 175 180 185

In compliance with his curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free. 190

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes.

he slapped his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it, adding that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling

"Excuse me," returned I; "these people, however fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom, and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will: perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulf, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?"

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival, and each prepared with some gaol trick to play upon the Doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry Amen in such an affected

none, as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest, for, observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive. 35 40

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day—a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him. 55 60

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience. 65

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative

power would thus direct the law rather to reformation
70 than severity, that it would seem convinced that the
work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments
familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of
our present prisons, which find or make men guilty,
which enclose wretches for the commission of one
75 crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for
the perpetration of thousands, we should see, as in
other parts of Europe, places of penitence and soli-
tude, where the accused might be attended by such
as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new
80 motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the
increasing punishments is the way to mend a State.
Nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that
right which social combinations have assumed, of
capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In
85 cases of murder, their right is obvious, as it is the duty
of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that
man who has shown a disposition for the life of
another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but
it is not so against him who steals my property.
90 Natural law gives me no right to take away his life,
as, by that, the horse he steals is as much his prop-
erty as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be
from a compact made between us, that he who
deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this
95 is a false compact; because no man has a right to
barter his life any more than to take it away, as it is
not his own. And besides, the compact is inade-
quate, and would be set aside, even in a court of
modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a very
100 trifling convenience, since it is far better that two
men should live than that one man should ride. But
a compact that is false between two men, is equally
so between a hundred, or a hundred thousand; for as
ten millions of circles can never make a square, so
105 the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest
foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason

speaks, and untutored nature. says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty. 110

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and, in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital. 115

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and, as if our property were become dearer in proportion 120 as it increased—as if the more enormous our wealth the more extensive our fears—all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our 125 penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When, by indiscriminate penal laws, a nation 130 beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws 135 produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished, then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice; instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come 140 to burst them; instead of cutting away wretches as useless before we have tried their utility; instead of converting correction into vengeance,—it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of govern-

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ment, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant
of the people. We should then find that creatures,
whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand
of a refiner. we should then find that creatures, now
stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a
momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve
to sinew the state in times of danger. that as their
faces are like ours, their hearts are so too, that
few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot
amend; that a man may see his last crime without
dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to
cement our security.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY RATHER THE RESULT OF PRUDENCE
THAN OF VIRTUE IN THIS LIFE; TEMPORAL EVILS OR FELICITIES
BEING REGARDED BY HEAVEN AS THINGS MERELY IN THEM-
SELVES TRIFLING, AND UNWORTHY ITS CARE IN THE
DISTRIBUTION.

I had now been confined more than a fortnight,
but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear
Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having com-
municated my wishes to my wife, the next morning
the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her
sister's arm. The change which I saw in her coun-
tenance struck me. The numberless graces that once
resided there were now fled, and the hand of death
seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me.
Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and
a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

"I am glad to see thee, my dear," cried I; "but
why this dejection, Livy? I hope, my love, you have
too great a regard for me to permit disappointment
thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own.
Be cheerful, child, and we may yet see happier days."

"You have ever, sir," replied she, "been kind to me, and it adds to my pain that I shall never have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here ; 20 and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill ; it may in some measure induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying "

"Never, child," replied I ; "never will I be brought 25 to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute , for though the world may look upon your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am no way miserable in this place, 30 however dismal it may seem ; and be assured, that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another "

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow- 35 prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated on my obstinacy in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family was not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one 40 who had offended me. "Besides," added he, "I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy."

"Sir," replied I, "you are unacquainted with the 45 man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told that even in this very room a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. 50 But though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of, yet I would grant neither, as something whispers me that it would be giving a

55 sanction to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for a union. No, 60 villain as he is, I should then wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But now, should I not be the most cruel of all fathers to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave, merely to avoid a prison myself, and thus, 65 to escape one pang, break my child's heart with a thousand ? ”

He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me 70 long a prisoner. “ However,” continued he, “ though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objections to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for everything that is just and good. I would advise you to 75 send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew's ill usage, and my life for it, that in three days you shall have an answer.” I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been 80 laid out that morning in provisions: however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety to know what reception my letter might meet with; but in the meantime was frequently solicited 85 by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter. The complaints of a stranger 90 against a favourite nephew were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself,

though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, 95 sat by me, and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine · every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morn- 100 ing after I had written the letter which was sent to Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to 105 comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to Heaven! Another account came she was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner, some time after, came with the last 110 account. He bade me be patient · she was dead!—The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not to 115 cry, for I was now too old to weep. “And is not my sister an angel, now, papa?” cried the eldest; “and why, then, are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me.”—“Yes,” added my youngest darling, “Heaven, 120 where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad.”

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle by observing, that, now my daughter was no more, I 125 should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare 130

of those who depended on me for support ; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

“ Heaven be praised,” replied I, “ there is no pride
135 left me now . I should detest my own heart if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there . On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal . No, sir, I have no
140 resentment now ; and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart,—for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow-prisoner,—yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance . I am now willing
145 to approve his marriage . If, in this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know that if I have done him any injury I am sorry for it .”

Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which
150 I signed my name . My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country . He went, and, in about six hours, returned with a verbal answer . He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the
155 servants were insolent and suspicious : but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days . He continued to inform us, that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which
160 when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary ; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved , and, as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his
165 attorney, not to him . He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors .

"Well, sir," said I to my fellow-prisoner, "you now discover the temper of the man that oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel: but, let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I approach it: this expectation cheers my afflictions, and though I leave an helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken: some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their heavenly Father"

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable, to speak. "Why, my love," cried I, "why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own? What though no submissions can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children when I shall be no more."—"We have indeed lost," returned she, "a darling child. My Sophia, my dearest is gone; snatched from us, carried off by ruffians!"—"How, madam," cried my fellow-prisoner, "Miss Sophia carried off by villains! sure it cannot be?"

'She could only answer by a fixed look, and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoners' wives who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account: she informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and herself were taking a walk together on the great road, a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopped; upon which a well-dressed man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bade the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

"Now," cried I, "the sum of my miseries is made

up, nor is it in the power of anything on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left!—not to leave me one!—The monster!—The child that
210 was next my heart!—she had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel.—But support that woman, nor let her fall.—Not to leave me one!”

“Alas! my husband,” said my wife, “you seem to
215 want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great, but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children, and all the world, if they leave me but you.”

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate
220 our grief, he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful. “My child,” cried I, “look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out, while all our bright prospects
225 only lie beyond the grave?”—“My dear father,” returned he, “I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction, for I have a letter from my brother George.”—“What of him, child?” interrupted I, “does he know our misery?
230 I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers?”—“Yes, sir,” returned he, “he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news, he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very
235 next lieutenantancy that becomes vacant.”

“And are you sure of all this?” cried my wife; “are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?”—“Nothing, indeed, madam,” returned my son: “you shall see the letter, which will give you the
240 highest pleasure; and if anything can procure you comfort, I am sure that will.”—“But are you sure,” still repeated she, “that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?”—“Yes, madam,” replied he, “it is certainly his, and he will one day be

the credit and support of our family.”—“Then, I thank 245 Providence,” cried she, “that my last letter to him has miscarried. Yes, my dear,” continued she, turning to me, “I will now confess, that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote 250 my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother’s blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But, thanks be to Him that directs all things, it has miscarried, and I 255 am at rest.”—“Woman!” cried I, “thou hast done very ill, and, at another time, my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulf hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin! Providence, indeed, 260 has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stripped of every comfort; when still I hear that he is happy, and insensible of 265 our afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters! But what sisters has he left? He has no sisters now: they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone.”—“Father,” interrupted my son, “I beg you 270 will give me leave to read this letter—I know it will please you.” Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:

HONOURED SIR,—I have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, 275 to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing,—the dear little fireside at home. My fancy draws that harmless group, as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight, which never felt the deforming hand of 280 ambition or distress! But, whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to

it to hear, that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here

285 Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom. The colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and, after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased respect upon
290 repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and, could I forget you know whom, I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends; and in this number, I fear, sir,
295 that I must consider you, for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home, to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia too promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am, at this moment, in a
300 most violent passion with them; yet still, I know not how, though I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. 'Then, tell them, sir, that, after all, I love them affectionately; and be assured of my ever remaining.

305 Your dutiful Son.

"In all our miseries," cried I, "what thanks have we not to return, that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer? Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy, to be the support of his
310 widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him! May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour!" I had scarce said these words, when a noise like that
315 of a tumult seemed to proceed from the prison below: it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with the heaviest

irons. I looked with compassion on the wretch as he 320
approached me, but with horror, when I found it was
my own son "My George! my George! and do I
behold thee thus? Wounded—fettered! Is this thy
happiness? is this the manner you return to me?
Oh that this sight could break my heart at once, and 325
let me die!"

"Where, sir, is your fortitude?" returned my son,
with an intrepid voice. "I must suffer, my life is
forfeited, and let them take it"

I tried to restrain my passions for a few minutes 330
in silence, but I thought I should have died with the
effort.—"Oh, my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee
thus, and I cannot, cannot help it In the moment
that I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to
behold thee thus again! Chained—wounded, and yet 335
the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a
very old man, and have lived to see this day! To see
my children all untimely falling about me, while I
continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin!
May all the curses that ever sunk a soul fall heavy 340
upon the murderer of my children! May he live, like
me, to see——"

"Hold, sir!" replied my son, "or I shall blush for
thee. How, sir! forgetful of your age, your holy
calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and 345
fling those curses upward that must soon descend to
crush thy own grey head with destruction! No, sir,
let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I
must shortly suffer; to arm me with hope and
resolution; to give me courage to drink of that 350
bitterness which must shortly be my portion."

"My child, you must not die: I am sure no offence
of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My
George could never be guilty of any crime to make
his ancestors ashamed of him." 355

"Mine, sir," returned my son, "is, I fear, an
unpardonable one. When I received my mother's

letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent
360 him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by despatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desperately, but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law
365 in execution against me; the proofs are undeniable: I have sent a challenge, and as I am' the first transgressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude; let me now, sir, find them in
370 your example."

"And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment I break from my heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare
375 to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide yours in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see, and am convinced, you can expect no pardon here; and I can only exhort you to seek it at that
380 greatest tribunal where we both shall shortly answer. But, let us not be niggardly in our exhortation, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share:—Good gaoler, let them be permitted to stand here while I attempt to improve them." Thus saying, I made an
385 effort to rise from my straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled themselves according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel: my son and his mother supported me on either side; I looked
390 and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EQUAL DEALINGS OF PROVIDENCE DEMONSTRATED WITH REGARD TO THE HAPPY AND THE MISERABLE HERE BELOW. THAT, FROM THE NATURE OF PLEASURE AND PAIN, THE WRETCHES MUST BE REPAYED THE BALANCE OF THEIR SUFFERINGS IN THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

"My friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers. when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for, but we daily see thousands who by suicide show us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it appears that we cannot be entirely blest, but yet we may be completely miserable

10

Why man should thus feel pain, why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity, why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves—these are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject, Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

15

"In this situation man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy, and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious: it tells us, that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and, on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short and they will soon be

25

30 over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other ;
for, if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be
misery, and if it be long, our griefs are protracted.
Thus philosophy is weak ; but religion comforts in
a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up
35 his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When
the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious
mind, he will find he has been making himself a
heaven of happiness here ; while the wretch that has
been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks
40 from his body with terror, and finds that he has
anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To religion,
then, we must hold, in every circumstance of life, for
our truest comfort : for if already we are happy, it is
a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness
45 unending ; and if we are miserable, it is very consol-
ing to think that there is a place of rest Thus, to
the fortunate, religion holds out a continuance of
bliss ; to the wretched, a change from pain.

“ But though religion is very kind to all men, it
50 has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy the
sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy laden, and
the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our
sacred law. The Author of our religion everywhere
professes himself the wretch’s friend, and, unlike the
55 false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses
upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured
this as partiality, as a preference without merit to
deserve it. But they never reflect, that it is not in
the power even of Heaven itself to make the offer of
60 unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to
the miserable. To the first, eternity is but a single
blessing, since at most it but increases what they
already possess. To the latter, it is a double advan-
tage, for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards
65 them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

“ But Providence is in another respect kinder to the
poor than to the rich ; for as it thus makes the life

after death more desirable, so it smoothes the passage there. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself quietly down, without possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure. he feels only nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before; for, after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution nature kindly covers with insensibility. 70 75

"Thus Providence has given the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life,—greater velocity in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the man in the parable; for though he was in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched, and now was comforted; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy. 85

"Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do. it shows the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but, if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet, being an eternal one, it must make up by duration what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intensesness. 95 100

"These are, therefore, the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which 105

they are above the rest of mankind: in other respects they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is
110 only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living, are not poor; and they who want them, must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can soothe the wants
115 of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us that we can resist all these—alas! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest
120 pain. Death is slight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

“To us then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear, for if our
125 reward be in this life alone, we are then, indeed, of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify as well as to confine us, this light, that only serves to show the horrors of the place; those shackles, that tyranny has imposed, or
130 crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans—oh, my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these! To fly through regions unconfined as air—to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss—to carol over endless
135 hymns of praise—to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of Goodness himself for ever in our eyes!—when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes
140 the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having; when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away: kings in their palaces should groan for such

advantages ; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

“ And shall these things be ours ? Ours they will certainly be, if we but try for them ; and, what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours ; and, what is still a comfort, shortly too. for if we look back on a past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration ; as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with Time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey’s end ; we shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by Heaven upon us ; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like his horizon still flies before him ; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil ; when the luxuriant great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth ; when we shall think with pleasure of our sufferings below ; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship : when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.”

CHAPTER XXX.

HAPPIER PROSPECTS BEGIN TO APPEAR. LET US BE INFLEXIBLE,
AND FORTUNE WILL AT LAST CHANGE IN OUR FAVOUR.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty, observing, that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger

cell, but that he should be permitted to revisit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

- 10 I again therefore laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentle-
15 man's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarcely delivered this news when the gaoler came, with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found.
20 Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophia was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

- Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure,
25 ran to kiss me, in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also showed her pleasure. "Here, papa," cried the charming girl, "here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety——" A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose
30 pleasure seemed even greater than hers, interrupted what she was going to add.

- "Ah! Mr. Burchell," cried I, "this is but a wretched habitation you now find us in; and we are
35 now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your
40 face; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship, has undone me."

"It is impossible," cried Mr. Burchell, "that I

should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and as it was 45 out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it."

"It was ever my conjecture," cried I, "that your mind was noble, but now I find it so—But tell me, my dear child, how thou hast been relieved, or who the ruffians were who carried thee away" 50

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "as to the villain who carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For, as my mamma and I were walking out, he came behind us, and, almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses 55 drove away. I met several on the road, to whom I cried out for assistance, but they disregarded my entreaties. In the meantime, the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out: he flattered and threatened by turns, and swore that, if I conti- 60 nued but silent, he intended no harm. In the meantime I had broken the canvas that he had drawn up, and whom should I perceive at some distance but your old friend Mr Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we 65 used so much to ridicule him. As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times, upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid the postilion stop: but the boy took no notice, but 70 drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when, in less than a minute I saw Mr Burchell come running on by the side of the horses, and, with one blow, knock the postilion to the ground. The horses, when he was fallen, soon 75 stopped of themselves, and the ruffian, stepping out, with oaths and menaces, drew his sword, and ordered him, at his peril, to retire; but Mr. Burchell, running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile; but he made his escape. 80 I was at this time come out myself, willing to assist

my deliverer, but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postilion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too, but Mr Burchell ordered him at his
 85 peril to mount again and drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed, to me at least, to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at
 90 last excited Mr. Burchell's compassion, who, at my request, exchanged him for another, at an inn where we called on our return."

"Welcome, then," cried I, "my child! and thou, her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes! Though our
 95 cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompense, she is yours: if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent,—as I
 100 know you have her heart,—and you have mine. And let me tell you, sir, that I give you no small treasure: she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning,—I give you up a treasure in her mind."

105 "But I suppose, sir," cried Mr. Burchell, "that you are apprised of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves?"

"If your present objection," replied I, "be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist: but I know no man
 110 so worthy to deserve her as you, and if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my dearest choice."

To all this his silence alone seemed to give a
 115 mortifying refusal: and, without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if he could not be furnished with refreshments from the next inn; to which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short

notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, 120
and some cordials for me, adding, with a smile, that
he would stretch a little for once, and, though in a
prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be
merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with
preparations for dinner, a table was lent us by the 125
gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous, the wine
was disposed in order, and two very well dressed
dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's
melancholy situation, and we all seemed anxious to 130
damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in
vain that I attempted to appear cheerful, the cir-
cumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all
efforts to dissemble; so that I was at last obliged to
damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wish- 135
ing that he might be permitted to share with us in
this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests
were recovered from the consternation my account
had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson,
a fellow-prisoner, might be admitted, and the gaoler 140
granted my request with an air of unusual sub-
mission. The clanking of my son's irons was no
sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran
impatiently to meet him, while Mr. Burchell, in the
meantime, asked me if my son's name was George; 145
to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued
silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could
perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of
astonishment and reverence. "Come on," cried I, "my
son, though we are fallen very low, yet Providence 150
has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation
from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is
her deliverer; to that brave man it is that I am
indebted for yet having a daughter: give him, my boy,
the hand of friendship, he deserves our warmest 155
gratitude."

My son seemed all this while regardless of what

I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance. "My dear brother," cried his sister, "why
160 don't you thank my good deliverer? the brave should ever love each other."

He still continued his silence and astonishment, till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and, assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to
165 come forward. Never before had I seen anything so truly majestic as the air he assumed on this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that
170 comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, "I again find," said he "unthinking boy, that the same crime—" But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler's servants who came to inform us that a person of distinction,
175 who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon. "Bid the fellow wait," cried our guest, "till I shall have leisure to receive
180 him:" and then turning to my son, "I again find sir," proceeded he, "that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt
185 for your own life gives you a right to take that of another: but where, sir, is the difference between a duellist, who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with greater security? Is it any dimirution of the gamester's fraud, when he alleges
190 that he has staked a counter?"

"Alas, sir," cried I, "whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment, required him, upon her blessing.
195 to avenge her quarrel. Here, sir, is the letter

which will serve to convince you of her imprudence and diminish his guilt."

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. "This," says he "though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault as induces me to forgive him. 200 And now, sir," continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, "I see you are surprised at finding me here, but I have often visited prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. 205 I have long been a disguised spectator of thy father's benevolence. I have, at his little dwelling, enjoyed respect uncontaminated by flattery, and have received that happiness that courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity around his fire-side. My nephew 210 has been apprised of my intentions of coming here, and, I find, is arrived. It would be wrong to let him and you to condemn him without examination, if there be injury, there shall be redress, and this I may say, without boasting, that none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir William Thornhill."

We now found the personage whom we had so long entertained as an harmless amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularity scarce any were 220 strangers. The poor man was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction: who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, 225 recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears. 230

"Ah! sir," cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, "how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness? The slights you received from me the last

time I had the honour of seeing you at our house, and
235 the jokes which I audaciously threw out—these, sir, I
fear, can never be forgiven."

"My dear good lady," returned he with a smile,
"if you had your joke, I had my answer. I'll leave it
to all the company if mine were not as good as yours.
240 To say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed
to be angry with at present, but the fellow who so
frighted my little girl here. I had not even time to
examine the rascal's person so as to describe him in
an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear,
245 whether you should know him again?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "I can't be positive.
yet now I recollect, he had a large mark over one of
his eyebrows"—"I ask pardon, madam," interrupted
Jenkinson, who was by, "but be so good as to inform
250 me if the fellow wore his own red hair?"—"Yes, I
think so," cried Sophia. "And did your honour,"
continued he, turning to Sir William, "observe the
length of his legs?"—"I can't be sure of their
length," cried the Baronet, "but I am convinced of
255 their swiftness, for he outran me, which is what I
thought few men in the kingdom could have done."
—"Please your honour," cried Jenkinson, "I know
the man: it is certainly the same: the best runner in
England; he has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle:
260 Timothy Baxter is his name. I know him perfectly, and
the very place of his retreat this moment. If your
honour will bid Mr. Gaoler let two of his men go with
me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at
farthest." Upon this the gaoler was called, who
265 instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he
knew him. "Yes, please your honour," replied the
gaoler, "I know Sir William Thornhill well, and
everybody that knows anything of him will desire to
know more of him"—Well, then," said the Baronet,
270 "my request is, that you will permit this man and
two of your servants to go upon a message by my

authority; and as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you."—"Your promise is sufficient," replied the other, "and you may, at a minute's warning, send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit." 275

In pursuance of the gaoler's compliance, Jenkinson was despatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up Sir William's neck, in order to kiss him. His mother 280 was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her, and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, "What, Bill, you chubby rogue," cried he, "do you remember your old friend Burchell? and Dick, too, my honest 285 veteran, are you here? you shall find I have not forgot you." So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows ate very heartily, as they had got that morning a very scanty 290 breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold; but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more 295 than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his 300 power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear in order to vindicate his innocence and honour: with which request the Baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced. 305

CHAPTER XXXI.

FORMER BENEVOLENCE NOW REPAID WITH UNEXPECTED
INTEREST.

MR. THORNHILL made his appearance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. "No fawning, sir, at present," cried 5 the Baronet, with a look of severity; "the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus 10 hardly? His daughter vilely seduced as a recompense for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into prison, perhaps for resenting the insult? His son, too, whom you feared to face as a man——"

"It is possible, sir," interrupted his nephew, "that 15 my uncle should object that 'as a crime, which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid?'"

"Your rebuke," cried Sir William, "is just; you have acted, in this instance, prudently and well, 20 though not quite as your father would have done. My brother, indeed, was the soul of honour; but thou—— Yes, you have acted, in this instance, perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation."

"And I hope," said his nephew, "that the rest of 25 my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, sir, with this gentleman's daughter at some places of public amusement: thus, what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported I had debauched her. I waited on her father in 30 person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney

and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling, or even unable to 35 pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner: and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress."

"If this," cried Sir William, "be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your 40 offence, and though your conduct might have been more generous in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable."

"He cannot contradict a single particular," replied 45 the Squire; "I defy him to do so; and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus, sir," continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him—"thus, sir, my own innocence is vindicated but though at your entreaty 50 I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem excite a resentment that I cannot govern, and this, too, at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life,—this, I say, was such guilt, 55 that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent witnesses to prove it. one of my servants has been wounded dangerously: and even though my uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know he will not, 60 yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it."

"Thou monster!" cried my wife, "hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir William 65 will protect us; for my son is as innocent as a child: I am sure he is, and never did harm to man."

"Madam," replied the good man, "your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine, but I am sorry 70 to find his guilt too plain, and if my nephew persists

——" But the appearance of Jenkinson and the gaoler's two servants now called off our attention, who entered hauling in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the description already given of the ruffian.
75 who had carried off my daughter "Here," cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, "here we have him: and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn, this is one."

The moment Mr Thornhill perceived the prisoner and Jenkinson who had him in custody, he seemed to
80 shrink back with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn, but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopped him. "What, Squire," cried he, "are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter? But
85 this is the way that all great men forget their friends; though I am resolved we will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honour," continued he, turning to Sir William, "has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be so dangerously wounded.
90 He declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair: that he gave him the clothes he now wears, to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with the post-chaise. The plan was laid between them, that he should carry off the young
95 lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her, but Mr. Thornhill was to come in, in the meantime, as if by accident, to her rescue, and that they should fight a while, and then he was to run off,—by which Mr. Thornhill would
100 have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself, under the character of her defender.

Sir William remembered the coat to have been worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account;
105 concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

"Heavens!" cried Sir William, "what a viper

have I been fostering in my bosom ! And so fond of public justice, too, as he seemed to be ! But he shall 11
have it . secure him, Mr. Gaoler—Yet, hold ! I fear there is not legal evidence to detain him "

Upon this Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him, but that 115
his servants should be examined. " Your servants " replied Sir William " Wretch ! call them yours no longer but come, let us hear what those fellows have to say : let his butler be called."

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived 120
by his former master's looks that all his power was now over. " Tell me," cried Sir William, sternly, " have you ever seen your master, and that fellow dressed up in his clothes, in company "—" Yes, please your honour," cried the butler, " a 125
thousand times he was the man that always brought him his ladies."—" How ! " interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, " this to my face ? " " Yes," replied the butler, " or to any man's face To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you or liked 130
you, and I don't care if I tell you now a piece of my mind."—" Now, then," cried Jenkinson, " tell his honour whether you know anything of me "—" I can't say," replied the butler, " that I know much good of you The night that gentleman's daughter was 135
deluded to our house, you were one of them "—" So then," cried Sir William, " I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence : thou stain to humanity ! to associate with such wretches ! But," continuing his examination, " you tell me, Mr. 140
Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman's daughter."—" No, please your honour," replied the butler, " he did not bring her, for the Squire himself undertook that business : but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them." 145
—" It is but too true," cried Jenkinson, " I cannot

deny it; that was the employment assigned me, and I confess it to my confusion."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Baronet, "how
150 every new discovery of his villainy alarms me! All his guilt is now too plain, and I find his prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge. At my request, Mr. Gaoler, set this young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for the
155 consequences. I'll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate, who has committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself? Let her appear to confront this wretch: I long to know by what arts he has seduced
160 her. Entreat her to come in. Where is she?"

"Ah! sir," said I, "that question stings me to the heart: I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries—" Another interruption here prevented me; for who should make her appearance but Miss
165 Arabella Wilmot, who was next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman, her father,
170 were passing through the town, on the way to her aunt's who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there, from the window, that the
175 young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learned from him some account of our misfortunes: but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual; she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on without a reflection on those 185
accidental meetings, which, though they happen every
day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extra-
ordinary occasion To what a fortuitous concurrence
do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our
lives! How many seeming accidents must unite 190
before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must
be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind
fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the
usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while 195
my charming pupil, which was the name I generally
gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion
and astonishment, which gave new finishing to her
beauty—"Indeed, my dear Mr Thornhill," cried she
to the Squire, who she supposed was come here to 200
succour, and not to oppress us. "I take it a little
unkindly that you should come here without me, or
never inform me of the situation of a family so dear
to us both you know I should take as much pleasure
in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master 205
here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I
find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing
good in secret."

"He find pleasure in doing good!" cried Sir
William, interrupting her. "No, my dear, his 210
pleasures are as base as he is You see in him,
madam, as complete a villain as ever disgraced human-
ity. A wretch, who, after having deluded this poor
man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence
of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and 215
the eldest son into fetters because he had the courage
to face her betrayer And give me leave, madam,
now to congratulate you upon an escape from the
embraces of such a monster."

"O goodness!" cried the lovely girl, "how have I 220
been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me for certain
that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose,

was gone off to America with his new-married lady."

"My sweetest Miss," cried my wife, "he has told
225 you nothing but falsehoods. My son George
never left the kingdom nor ever was married.
Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved
you too well to think of anybody else; and I have
heard him say, he would die a bachelor for your
230 sake." She then proceeded to expatiate upon the
sincerity of her son's passion: she set his duel with
Mr. Thornhill in a proper light; from thence she
made a rapid digression to the Squire's debaucheries,
his pretended marriages, and ended with a most
235 insulting picture of his cowardice.

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Wilmot, "how very
near have I been to the brink of ruin! Ten thousand
falsehoods has this gentleman told me! He had at last
art enough to persuade me, that my promise to the
240 only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he
had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught
to detest one equally brave and generous."

But by this time my son was freed from the
encumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to
245 be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr.
Jenkinson, also, who had acted as his valet-de-
chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him
with whatever was necessary to make a genteel
appearance. He now therefore entered handsomely
250 dressed in his regimentals; and, without vanity (for I
am above it), he appeared as handsome a fellow as
ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made
Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was
not as yet acquainted with the change which the
255 eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour.
But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his
blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her
looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations
of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise,
260 and having suffered herself to be deluded by an im-

postor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real.—“Sure, madam,” cried he, “this is but delusion! I can never have merited this! To be blessed thus is to be too happy.”—“No, sir,” replied she, “I have been 265 deceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship—you have long known it—but forget what I have done, and as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated, and 270 be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another’s”—“And no other’s you shall be,” cried Sir William, “if I have any influence with your father.”

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who 275 immediately flew to the inn, where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But, in the meantime the Squire, perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left 280 from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus, laying aside all shame, he appeared the open, hardy villain. “I find, then,” cried he, “that I am to expect no justice here, but I am resolved it 285 shall be done me. You shall know, sir,” turning to Sir William, “I am no longer a poor dependent upon your favours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot’s fortune from me, which, I thank her father’s assiduity, is pretty large. The articles and a bond for 290 her fortune are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match, and, possessed of the one, let who will take the other.”

This was an alarming blow. Sir William was sensi- 295 ble of the justice of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune

was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, asked if the
300 loss of fortune could lessen her value to him?
"Though fortune," said she, "is out of my power, at
least I have my hand to give."

"And that, madam," cried her real lover, "was in-
deed all that you ever had to give, at least all that I
305 ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now pro-
test, my Arabella, by all that's happy, your want of
fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it
serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity."

Mr Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little
310 pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped
and readily consented to a dissolution of the match.
But finding that her fortune, which was secured to
Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing
could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that
315 his money must all go to enrich one who had no for-
tune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal,
but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune
was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes
employed in the most mortifying speculations, till Sir
320 William attempted to lessen his anxiety. "I must
confess, sir," cried he, "that your present disappoint-
ment does not entirely displease me. Your immoder-
ate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But
though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a
325 competence sufficient to give content. Here you see
an honest young souldier, who is willing to take her
without fortune: they have long loved each other
and, for the friendship I bear his father, my interest
shall not be wanting in his promotion. Leave, then,
330 that ambition which disappoints you, and for once
admit that happiness which courts your acceptance."

"Sir William," replied the old gentleman, "be
assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I
now. If she still continues to love this young gentle-
335 man, let her have him, with all my heart. There is
still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your pro

mise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here" (meaning me) "give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready, this night, 340 to be the first to join them together."

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required, which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had 345 now, therefore, the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. "After all my misfortunes," cried my son George, "to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for. To be possessed of all that's 350 good, and after such an interval of pain! My warmest wishes could never rise so high!"

"Yes, my George," returned his lovely bride, "now let the wretch take my fortune; since you are happy without it, so am I. Oh, what an exchange have I 355 made,—from the basest of men to the dearest, best! Let him enjoy our fortune, I can now be happy even in indigence."—"And I promise you," cried the Squire, with a malicious grin, "that I shall be very happy with what you despise."—"Hold, hold, sir," 360 cried Jenkinson, "there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady's fortune, sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it. Pray, your honour," continued he to Sir William, "can the Squire have this lady's fortune if he be married to another?"—"How 365 can you make such a simple demand?" replied the Paronet: "undoubtedly he cannot."—"I am sorry for that," cried Jenkinson, "for as this gentleman and I have been old fellow-sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, 370 that this contract is not worth a tobacco-stopper, for he is married already."—"You lie, like a rascal!" returned the Squire, who seemed roused by this insult; "I never was legally married to any woman."

375 "Indeed, begging your honour's pardon," replied the other, "you were and I hope you will show a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife, and if the company restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see
380 her." So saying, he went off, with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. "Ay, let him go," cried the Squire, "whatever else I may have done, I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with
385 squibs"

"I am surprised," said the Baronet, "what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour, I suppose."—"Perhaps sir," replied I, "he may have a more serious meaning. For when we
390 reflect on the various schemes this gentleman has laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one more artful than the rest has been found able to deceive him. When we consider what numbers he has ruined how many parents now feel with anguish, the
395 infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families, it would not surprise me if some one of them—Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter? Do I hold her? It is, it is my life, my happiness! I thought thee lost my Olivia, yet still I hold
400 thee—and still thou shalt live to bless me" The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose silence only spoke her raptures
405 "And art thou returned to me, my darling," cried I, "to be my comfort in age!"—"That she is," cried Jenkinson. "and make much of her, for she is your own honourable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let the other be who she will. And
410 as for you, Squire, as sure as you stand there, this young lady is your lawful wedded wife, and to convince you that I speak nothing but the truth, here is

the licence by which you were married together." So saying, he put the licence into the Baronet's hands, who read it, and found it perfect in every respect. 415
 "And now, gentlemen," continued he, "I find you are surprised at all this, but a few words will explain the difficulty." That there Squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship (but that's between ourselves), has often employed me in doing odd little things for 420 him. Among the rest, he commissioned me to procure him a false licence and a false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But as I was very much his friend, what did I do, but went and got a true licence and a true priest, and married them both as fast 425 as the cloth could make them. Perhaps you'll think it was generosity that made me do all this, but no. to my shame I confess it, my only design was to keep the licence, and let the Squire know that I could prove it upon him whenever I thought proper, and so make 430 him come down whenever I wanted money." A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment; our joy reached even to the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathised,

—And shook their chains

435

In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheek seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends, and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress 440 of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But, perhaps, among all, there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion. "How could you," cried I, 445 turning to Mr. Jenkinson, "how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death? But it matters not; my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompense for the pain."

"As to your question," replied Jenkinson, "that is 450

easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison was by submitting to the Squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to
455 grant while your daughter was living; there was therefore no other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now."

460 In the whole assembly now there appeared only two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him: he now saw the gulf of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his
465 knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and, after pausing a few moments, "Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude," cried he, "deserve no
470 tenderness, yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken. —a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine,
475 and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future." He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the Baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already
480 but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to choose one, such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely
485 stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father. My wife, too, kissed her daughter with much affection; as, to use her own expression,

she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor 498
Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarcely capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks 495
of all except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. "I think now," cried he, with a smile, "that all the company except one or two seem perfectly happy. There only 500
remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, sir," continued he, turning to me, "of the obligations we both owe to Mr. Jenkinson, and it is but just we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he 505
shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making? Will you have him?" My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's 510
arms at the hideous proposal. "Have him, sir," cried she faintly: "No, sir, never!"—"What!" cried he again, "not have Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor, a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds, and good expectations?"—"I beg, sir," replied she 515
scarce able to speak, "that you'll desist, and not make me so very wretched?"—"Was ever such obstinancy known?" cried he again, "to refuse a man whom the family have such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hun- 520
dred pounds! What! not have him!"—"No, sir, never!" replied she, angrily; "I'd sooner die first!"—"If that be the case, then," cried he, "if you will not have him—I think I must have you myself." And, so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. 525
"My loveliest my most sensible of girls," cried he,

"how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him
330 for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger to my fortune, could think that I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even amongst the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture to have made a
335 conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty." Then turning to Jenkinson, "As I cannot, sir, part with this young lady myself, for she has taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompense I can make is to give you her fortune, and you may call upon
540 my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds. Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the meantime Sir William's gentleman appeared to tell us that the
545 equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where everything was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous Baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and
550 Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn,
555 where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions were distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had
560 sustained during the day I asked permission to withdraw; and, leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as of sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE next morning, as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting by my bedside, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let 5 me know that my merchant, who had failed in town, was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked for good fortune, but 10 I had some doubts whether I ought, in justice, to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was that, as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his 15 marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the licences, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy 20 that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned: and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were 25 now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies, and a thesis of my own composing, in 30 order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new 35

dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first: my son's bride warmly insisted that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead, but this the other
40 refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both, with equal obstinacy and good breeding. But, as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at
45 last quite tired of the contest; and, shutting it, "I perceive," cried I, "that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day." This at once reduced them to reason.
50 The Baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously, that morning, given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our
55 return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moss led up the other (and I have since found, that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent
60 and bounty he shall have, whenever he thinks proper to demand them). We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me, but, among the rest, were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I
65 formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reprov'd them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea apiece to drink his health,
70 and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook.—And it may not be improper to observe with

respect to that gentleman, that he now resides, in quality of companion, at a relation's house, being 75 very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the 80 French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret, and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms, she may be brought to relent — But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus when we were to 85 sit down to dinner our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides, but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company 90 should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who, I could perceive, was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table, and carving 95 all the meat for all the company. But, notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good humour. I can't say whether we had more wit among us now than usual, but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One 100 jest I particularly remember old Mr Wilmot drinking to Moses whose head was turned another way, my son replied, "Madam, I thank you." Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flam- 105 boroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once 110 more by a cheerful fireside. My two little ones sat

upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for : all my cares were over ; my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained, that
115 my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity

NOTES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

1. **Advertisement** is used in the obsolete sense of prefatory note.

1-2. In Goldsmith's time, as is shown in the Introduction, opinions were very sharply divided as regards the various points of literary excellence. What one school considered a fault was to another a positive merit. For example the homeliness of Goldsmith's theme in this book would repel many of his contemporaries, and attract many others.

15. **Futurity** : the Vicar's "chief stores of comfort" were drawn from the thought of the life after death. Cf. "the village preacher" in *The Deserted Village*.—

All his serious thoughts had rest in heaven (l. 189).

CHAPTER I.

3. **Service**—to the State, by increasing the number of its citizens. A very doubtful idea philosophically, but current in Goldsmith's day. Cf. p. 3, lines 70—81.

5. **Taken orders** : undergone ordination, been ordained,—that is, become a clergyman. The word *orders* means the several degrees or grades (in this case *deacon* and *priest*) of the Christian ministry. This sense comes from the more general sense of rank or position.

6. **Did** : did choose. Just as pronouns are used to avoid the repetition of nouns, so *did* is here used to avoid the unpleasing repetition of the verb *chose*.

7-8. Not for her looks but for her virtues.

12. **Without much spelling**. Education was then much more limited, and even a lady of the social position of Mrs. Primrose could not read without spelling over some of the words. She, like most ladies of the time (particularly those who lived not in London but in the country), was a better housewife than scholar.

Preserving : making jam.

22. Moral or rural amusement. Moral amusements were works of benevolence, for instance "relieving such as were poor." Rural amusements were the pleasures of country life, such as "visiting our rich neighbours." Note the inversion, the figure being chiasmus. Though moral amusement includes such pleasures as that of meditation, the word *amusement* is not here used in that old sense of meditation which corresponds to the sense of the verb *amuse*.

25. From brown The bed-hangings in one bedroom were blue, and in the other brown; and the occasional change from one of these rooms to the other was quite an excitement in the quiet life of the Vicar's family.

31. Cousins remove The word *cousin* formerly meant any relative, as continually in Shakespeare; but Goldsmith, of course, uses it in the restricted modern sense. One's cousin is the child of one's uncle or aunt. One's cousin once removed (or second-cousin is the child of one's cousin—and so on. *Our cousins to the fortieth remove* here simply means "even our most distant relatives." Fig. hyperbole (exaggeration).

33. The heralds' office. Heraldry is concerned with genealogy, and with the coats of arms of old families. *Heralds' office* refers to the "Heralds' College," or "College of Arms," incorporated in 1483. (*College* in the old sense of *corporation*).

34. No great honour; a mild expression for no honour at all, but quite the reverse. Fig. litotes (ironical moderation).

35. Claims of kindred: claims of actual relationship. *Claimed kindred* is used figuratively with regard to the clergyman's visitors in *The Deserted Village* :—

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed. — 154-5

36. The blind, the maimed and the halt: a Biblical reminiscence; *Luke*, xiv, 21.

43. Treated: entertained: an obsolete sense.

49. Took care to lend, etc. We can hardly justify the Vicar in thus, for his own comfort, putting temptation in these people's way; but Goldsmith was a very lenient judge, and enjoyed the humour of the idea.

53. Rubs The word originally had reference to the game of bowls, and meant any unevenness or obstacle that interfered with the course of the bowl along the ground. Shakespeare frequently used it figuratively in the sense of *obstacle*, *difficulty*: e. g. *Hamlet*, III

65. *By, there's the rub.* It is here used in a similar sense—any little difficulty or hardship that interferes with the smooth course of life. Nowadays the word is not used figuratively, except with reference to certain games.

66. **A mutilated curtesy:** a half-curtsey—not the low curtesy which was customary. The Squire's wife (*lady* is obsolete in this sense) occasionally showed in her short curtesy her sense of social superiority to the Vicar's wife, and this wounding of the latter's feelings was one of the "rubs" of the vicarage life. The curtesy is now replaced in ordinary life by the bow, and is used only in court ceremonial and the like.

64-5. **Got over the uneasiness:** recovered from the vexation. Not quite our use of the word *uneasiness*.

67. **My children, etc.:** the word *children* is left without a predicate, a new construction beginning at *as they*. Fig: anacoluthon.

68. **As they ..healthy:** this *as...so* construction in the sense of *both...and* is Latin.

74. **Henry the Second:** Emperor of Germany, 1023—1024.

89. **To stand godmother.** A child's godmother is a friend who, at the christening ceremony, in which the child receives its "Christian name," undertakes to care for the child's religious welfare. Godfathers and godmothers are usually expected to be rather generous to their godchildren and thus the Primrose family could not easily resist the godmother's wish as to the child's name.

101. **Handsome is...does:** a proverb. Expanded, it would run,—"*He is (truly) handsome that does (what is) handsome.*" That is, real "handsomeness" is that of conduct, not that of appearance.

103. **To conceal nothing.** The meaning is that of the common conversational phrase, "to tell you the truth." The Vicar half-apologises for praising anything so worldly as beauty; and the apology is carried on in the next sentence. This is one of the innumerable places where Goldsmith uses the Vicar's own words for the purposes of the very gentlest irony. The Vicar is really enormously proud of his children's beauty; but he is quite unconscious of this pride, and indeed would have considered it a sin. Goldsmith smiles at this innocent self-deception.

109. **Hebe;** a goddess in Greek mythology—the personification of youth and spring.

111. **Did more certain execution:** vanquished the hearts of those who saw her. The figure is like that of Cupid's arrows.

126. **Suit** : not now used of ladies' clothing.

Prude. A prude is a woman who affects extreme seriousness and propriety of demeanour. Both sisters had a "dramatic" element in their natures, and responded instantly to a change of circumstances, or even of clothing.

128. **Young people.. world**: another of Goldsmith's smilingly ironic touches. The Vicar himself knew little more of "the world" than they. See Chap. XXV, line 146.

CHAPTER II.

1. **Temporal..... spiritual** : the phrase "temporal and spiritual" is a common one. The word *temporal* means literally "belonging to time" (Lat. *tempus*, time). *Temporal* concerns are the concerns of *time*, that is worldly concerns; while *spiritual* concerns are those of *eternity*, that is, religious matters.

4. **Living** : clergyman's "benefice"—the ecclesiastical appointment which he held.

Thirty-five pounds a year : Cf. the clergyman in *The Deserted Village*, who was

passing rich with forty pounds a year.

(*Passing* means exceedingly). Either was a very small income, though the value of a pound was considerably greater in those days.

7. **Temporalities** : literally, those things which pertain to *temporal* welfare : see note on line 1. But in the technical sense here used *temporalities* means the income obtained by a clergyman from his "living."

9. **Curate** : a clergyman who is assistant to another clergyman.

18. **Three strange wants.....customers.** Here *wants* means things absent, things lacking. The parson lacks pride, and the alehouses lack customers. But the phrase "young men wanting wives" is not in harmony with the rest, for in that phrase *wanting* is used in the sense of desiring, seeking. Some people think that in this phrase also *wanting* means lacking, the phrase meaning "young men without wives," and interpret that among the wants in the village, (i.e. the things lacking) were young men without wives. But this is a very unnatural way of taking the passage, and implies much greater confusion in Goldsmith's sentence than really exists.

20. **William Whiston (1667—1752)**, clergyman, controversialist, and author of a famous translation of the great historian of the Jews, Josephus. He did uphold the view here mentioned.

24. Strict monogamist. A monogamist is one who opposes the state of marriage with more than one wife at the same time, but he does not necessarily forbid re-marriage after the death of one's wife. By *strict* monogamist the Vicar means one who goes so far as to oppose re-marriage. This is his pet doctrine. Cf. Chapter XIV.

29. Few: a reminiscence of Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VII, 32. Milton recognised that the nobility of his epic was beyond the appreciation of the ordinary reader, but hoped that it might

fit audience find, though few.

33. Obedience. In the marriage-ceremony of the Church of England, the wife promises to *obey* her husband.

48. Dignitary: one who held a high office.

52. Completely There is no such thing as completeness or incompleteness in "prettiness," and we should not now use this adverb.

55. Sensibility of look her face revealed sensitiveness and responsiveness.

Age: old people. Abstract for concrete: fig., metonymy.

57. Make . . . settlement: endow him with ample means.

70. Which . . . beauty. Their beauty was greater than the literary beauty of any book.

76. To prevent the ladies leaving us It is the custom for the ladies to withdraw, after dinner, from the dining-room to the drawing-room, to which they are followed, later, by the men. The Vicar preferred that the ladies should remain in the dining-room.

80. Forfeits. In this game the penalty is that the unsuccessful player deposits an article (for instance, a handkerchief, a watch, a ring), and, as a condition of getting it back has to go through some ridiculous performance prescribed by another player.

84. Hit: a win in the game, hence used here for the game itself. The winner took the stake of his opponent—twopence in this case.

85. I only wanted, etc. They played with two dice. The Vicar wanted, *i.e.*, required, four points to win the game; but, by extraordinarily odd luck, in five throws in succession one die showed 2 and the other 1, his score thus being 3 each time. *Quatre:* French for four. *Deux* from French *deux*, two. *Ace* (from Latin *as*, meaning unity) means "the one" at dice, cards, dominos, etc.

88. **Were elapsed.** The verb *to be* may be used with the past participles of certain verbs of motion. See note on Chapter VI, line 70.

92. **Importance:** pair of importance.

96. **My favourite principle.** See lines 17 ff.

108. **At large:** at length.

110. **Heterodox;** unorthodox. Greek *hetera doxa* means "an other opinion," that is, a wrong one.

116. **Let him be an husband:** admit that he, though married more than once, is a husband in the true sense of the word. The Vicar, being a "strict monogamist," would of course deny that such a man was a real husband. Note that the phrase does not mean,—"let him marry again as he intends to," See lines 135-136.

117. **Already driven to the verge of absurdity:** that is, about to be driven to an absurd position in the argument.

122. **To avoid a statute of bankruptcy:** to avoid being dealt with as a bankrupt. The word *statute* is here wrongly used.

123. **Not to have left..... pound;** not to have enough money left to pay his creditors even a shilling of every pound of debt.

125. **The account:** this news.

134. **I even here..... expression.** Apparently the Vicar had so far admitted, in the argument, that Mr. Willmot might in *some* sense be called a husband.

CHAPTER III.

It is quite unnecessary to suggest that a chapter is missing between Chapters II and III. It is true that Goldsmith does not precisely explain why the Vicar felt bound to leave his comparatively comfortable living, and accept a much more poorly remunerated post elsewhere. An explanation is suggested in line 15 of Ch. III,—“where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation” This implies that after his dispute with Mr. Willmot who, being a “dignitary” of the church, had some authority over him, the ecclesiastical authorities in that quarter made things uncomfortable for him on account of his “strict monogamist” views. That the diocesan authorities did not approve of these views is probably indicated by Chapter XIV, lines 62-3, on which see note. That Goldsmith did not make this reason clear may only have been a matter of haste or carelessness: we need not imagine that he intended to insert a chapter. And the beginning

of Chapter III follows naturally upon the conclusion of Chapter II, since it carries on the reference to the lost fortune.

Another reason for the Vicar's departure is suggested by Mr. Michael MacMillan, to whose note this note is indebted. It would be almost intolerable for the Vicar and his family to remain in poverty in the place where he had been rich enough to spend his ecclesiastical income in charity.

10. **Is but the remembrancer of sorrow:** reminds one of the causes of sorrow.

18. **Cure:** appointment as parish priest. *Cure* is derived from Latin *cura*, which means care; and is used because the priest cares for, takes charge of, the souls of his people.

28. **Disappointing:** frustrating, preventing. Not the current sense.

29. **Fondlings** . darlings : literally, those who are fondled.

33. **The poor.... without theirs?** The poor do many little services to the rich, and these the Vicar's family would now have to do without; and in particular they would not be able to employ so many servants as before.

49. **And which:** ungrammatical, according to modern usage. *And* cannot be used with a relative except to connect it with a preceding relative.

52. **In the manner Hooker... Jewel** The words *in which* are understood after *manner*. Richard Hooker (1554—1600) was a great divine, and author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, one of the most notable works in English prose. John Jewel (1522—71) was Bishop of Salisbury. Hooker, born of poor parents, was admitted to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, through the good offices of Jewel. Hooker's home was in Exeter, and no doubt he made his journeys to and from Oxford on foot.

53. **The same horse... this staff.** A staff was the only horse possible to Hooker, or to the Vicar's son.

55. **This book:** the Bible

57. **I have been young, etc.:** *Psalm xxxvii*, 25.

63. **Throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life.** *Naked* means unarmed—a frequent sense of the Greek word for naked, this use therefore coming naturally to the Vicar. An amphitheatre is an arena with places for spectators all round; and the reference is to the Coliseum in ancient Rome, where trained men, unarmed, encountered wild beasts, and captives also

(Christians, for instance) were thrown to the lions. Both ideas seem to be present in the Vicar's mind. "Throwing" suggests a reminiscence of the helpless victims, while the words "whether vanquished or victorious" in the next sentence suggest the *combats* in the arena.

82. It was worth while to have the landlord's company, even the expense of what he drank, for he could give much information as to the Vicar's future neighbours.

91. **But what:** ungrammatically used for the relative pronoun *but*=that not. The *what* is intrusive.

92. **Successful and faithless** He was *successful* in winning her love, and afterwards deserted her.

97. **Allurements and virtue:** their allurements would win the heart of the Squire, and their virtue would resist his advances. This would be a double "triumph."

98. A landlord was often called the *host*, and his wife the *hostess*. The words are not now used in this sense. Cf. *hostel*, which used to mean an inn. The word *host* now means one who entertains another without remuneration.

100. **Wanted:** lacked.

101. **Satisfy them for his reckoning:** pay his bill.

104. **Beadle:** a parish officer who punished petty offenders.

Broken: broken-down, broken in his health and fortunes, destitute. Cf. *The Deserted Village*, 155—8 :—

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

(*His fire*—that of the "village preacher").

108. **Satisfied one way or another:** paid either in cash or by seizing the man's property.

111. **Showing in:** ushering in.

113. Clothes that were "laced", that is, adorned with lace, were a sign of wealth and gentility.

114. **Something short and dry in his address:** a certain brusqueness of behaviour and sardonic brevity of speech. His words were few, with a touch of sarcasm, and he took no particular trouble to be courteous. *Address* means behaviour, manners, and has reference to speech among other things.

121. **A late oversight in giving:** a recent carelessness in charity.

124. **Entreat** cannot now be used thus with a gerund as object.

126. The Vicar has no idea of worldly caution, and is quite prepared to become confidential with any sympathetic stranger.

135. **Stay supper :** a frequent colloquial phrase for "stay to supper."

138. **Against:** in preparation for. A frequent use of the word, since preparation implies opposition to difficulties.

167. **Something:** used as an adverb = *somewhat*. Formerly common use.

178. **He began ... universal sympathy :** in his sympathy for all mankind, he began to lose concern for his own interests. Note the antithetic nature of the style, *private* being contrasted with *universal*, and *interest* with *benevolence*. Antithesis was a common feature of prose style in this period but Goldsmith does not carry it to excess, and thus avoids the artificiality of Dr. Johnson's style, for example.

182. **Sensible :** sensitive : compare *sensibility* in line 187, and on page 6, line 55. The adjective is not now used in this sense.

188. **The quick** is the very sensitive flesh under the nails. "Touched him to the quick" means "caused him acute suffering." This figurative expression is very common.

186. **His soul laboured...others :** his soul suffered from a *maladie* (sensitivity); sensitiveness to the miseries of others. The verb *to labour*, to labour, from which the word *labour* is derived, contains also a suggestion of suffering or distress.

189. **Profusions.** This use of the plural of the abstract is found in but few cases in modern English, and *profusions* would not be used. By *profusion* Goldsmith here means "act of profusion, of generosity." In Shakespeare the use of the plural of the abstract noun is very common, when, for example, a quality or activity is referred to as belonging to more than one person: e.g. "your loves," for "the love of each one of you."

202. **Merited :** because his unreflecting and indiscriminate generosity was a real weakness.

203. **Contemptible ..others, despicable ..himself :** antithesis again, but this time not ringing quite true, because there is practically no difference between *contemptible* and *despicable*.

204. **His mind ..reverence.** All his satisfaction had come from the flattery of these people, and when they ceased to flatter

him no source of pleasure remained. He had given simply because of his morbid sensitiveness, not because people deserved help or because he had affection for them. Thus he had never obtained, or cared for, the applause of his own heart. Cf. line 214. The antecedent of *which* is *applause*.

210. **More friendly** : ironical.

214. He had given his money, but not his affection.

215. I. Mr. Burchell, who is himself Sir William Thornhill, forgets his disguise for a moment, and then, recollecting it, becomes somewhat confused.

224. **An humorist**. We now pronounce the *h* in humorist, and therefore use *a* not *an*. Similarly we say *a horse*, while Goldsmith (Ch. I, line 50) uses *an horse*.—The word *humour* formerly meant some exaggerated characteristic which gave peculiarity (often absurdity) to a character. Cf. Ben Johnson's play, *Every man in his humour*. Thus *humorist* means here an eccentric character: an obsolete meaning.

245. **Hoped** here means *expressed the hope*.

246. **Returning...house** (by hospitality).

249. **Took leave** : an expression constantly used in India but now hardly ever used in England.

256. **Delusions**. She had an exaggerated idea of the status of their family.

CHAPTER IV.

Heading. Constitution. A person's constitution now means the condition of his body; but Goldsmith here means condition of mind, disposition. For the idea of the heading, compare Goldsmith's *Traveller*, 481-2:—

Still to ourselves in every place consigned
Our own felicity we make or find;

Milton's lines,—

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven;

and Spenser's,—

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor.

5. **Within themselves**, meaning "on their own farms."

7. **Polite.** This word by derivation means *polished*, and that, rather than the modern meaning, is the sense here.

11. **Kept up the Christmas carol.** Carols are special Christmas songs or hymns, sung on Christmas eve and Christmas day.

12. **True love knots :** knotted ribbons sent by lovers to each other.

Valentine morning St. Valentine is the patron saint of lovers. February 14 is St. Valentine's Day, the festival of lovers. It was customary for lovers to send each other on that day a *valentine*; that is a card or letter conveying a greeting for the day.

18. **Ate pancakes on Shrovetide.** Shrovetide, which is derived from *shrive* and from *tide=time*, means the days immediately preceding Ash-Wednesday. Lent, a period of forty days fasting, begins on Ash-Wednesday; and in preparation for Lent people confessed their sins to the priest during Shrovetide. It became the custom to eat pancakes, and play all sorts of games, on Shrove Tuesday because this was the day before the Lenten season of self-denial.

14. **The first of April:** "All Fools' Day," on which it is customary to make fools of people by telling them all sorts of false stories.

15. **Michaelmas eve :** the day before Michaelmas day, just as Christmas eve is the day before Christmas day. Michaelmas day is September 29. There is a custom of cracking nuts on certain festival days.

18. **Tabor :** a small drum, hung round the neck.

20. **What the conversation.....laughter.** The conversation may have been somewhat lacking in wit, but there was plenty of laughter instead.

26. **Having.** Goldsmith constantly uses unrelated or mis-related participles.

27. **My predecessor's goodwill.** When a man sells a shop (for instance), he charges so much for furniture, so much for stock, and so on, and usually charges an additional amount for the "goodwill"—the advantage of the patronage of his customers.

46. **Common apartment :** the apartment used by all in common.

49. **Mechanical forms.** The Vicar did not think it enough for people to care for each other: they must also be scrupulous about all the little formal matters of politeness, for to neglect these may imperil the warmest friendship.

50. **Freedom**—from these little courtesies of behaviour.

51. **Bent:** knelt down (to pray).

54. **Abroad:** outside the house; now used almost exclusively for *outside the country*. *E.g.*, if an Indian is said to go abroad, this means that he goes out of India.

69. **Receipt:** recipe, formula for its preparation.

72. **Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night:** an old ballad referring to the execution of Armstrong, a famous freebooter of the Scottish borders. This ballad was included in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

73. **Barbara Allen:** another of the Border-ballads. Barbara's lover dies because she does not return his love, and she afterwards dies of remorse.

74. **The lessons of the day.** The Church has fixed separate portions of the Bible to be read on the different days of the year.

77. **Was to have.....box.** This may have seemed to the Vicar a very stimulating reward, but one wonders whether it was appreciated by the boys.

78. **The poor's box:** a box kept in the Church to receive contributions for the poor.

80. **Sumptuary edicts:** a humorous reminiscence of the many "Sumptuary Laws" that have been passed in different countries to restrain unnecessary expense. Such laws were passed at various periods in English history. For instance, there was a statute of Edward I (unrepealed until 1857), ordaining "that no man should be served at dinner or supper with more than two courses," except on certain occasions. There were many edicts as to apparel: for instance, in Edward IV's reign it was made punishable for any but persons of rank to wear silk or purple clothing. Sumptuary laws became very common in Rome, when the spread of empire brought wealth and luxury.

84. **Bugles:** glass beads of cylindrical shape, used to ornament ladies' dress.

85. **Catgut.** The word has two senses,—(1) a kind of very tough cord made from the intestines of animals, and used as strings for violins, harps, etc., and for tennis rackets; 2) a kind of coarse, corded cloth, used for stiffening dresses. The latter sense, of course, is intended here.

86. **Paduasoy:** a kind of silk, from the name of Padua, an Italian town.

96. **Pomatum:** a preparation of fat, used as an unguent for the hair.

Patched. A patch was "a small piece of black silk, etc., stuck by ladies on the face, to bring out the complexion by contrast—common in the 17th and 18th centuries." (Chambers's *Twentieth Century Dictionary*). Sometimes, however, ladies went far beyond this purpose of contrast, and had their patches made in all sorts of whimsical shapes. For instance, a star might be stuck upon the temples, or a moon upon the cheek; and the figure of a coach and six horses has been known to be stuck on the forehead.

To taste: to suit their *taste*, their idea of beauty.

97. Trains. Long trailing dresses were worn, and the trailing part was called the *train*.

105. Walk it: a colloquial expression still used, and meaning "cover the distance on foot." It is better to take the phrase thus than to take it as a cognate object. The colloquial use (which is not to be imitated) is like this,—“It is a long journey: shall we ride it, or cycle it, or walk it?”

106. Child. There is a good deal of meaning in the word, which suggests the Vicar's attitude to his wife. He treats her with the sort of indulgent affection which one might show to a child, and is sometimes inclined to smile at her, (*e.g.*, page 2, line 15; page 7, line 74), sometimes carefully looks after her character (*e.g.*, page 6, lines 41–44), and sometimes even rebukes her, as here.

110. My Charles: the Vicar himself, Charles being his Christian name.

114. Frillery: needless or tawdry adornment in dress (ultimately derived from Old French *frepe*, a rag). The word is sometimes used figuratively for empty display in literary style.

Ruffings and pinkings: not nouns but gerunds. The words are used to indicate the ornamentation produced by “ruffling” and “pinkings.” To *ruffle* a dress-material is to form it into folds. To *pink* it is to ornament it either by cutting small holes in it or by cutting curves in its edges.

119. Want the means of decency: lack the money necessary to maintain us in respectability.

120. Flouncing and shredding: gerunds. A *flounce* is a strip of cloth sewn on to the edge of a woman's dress so as to hang down as an ornament. *Shredding* is the cutting into *shreds* (strips or fragments), and suggests any ornamentation of the dress by cutting.

122. The nakedness of the indigent world: the unclothed poor. A double example of metonymy: *nakedness* for *naked people* (abstract for concrete), and *world* for its *inhabitants* (association).

The nakedness ... the vain Compare Hardcastle's words in Goldsmith's play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act I,—

"What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain."

128. **Trimmings** : the ornamental parts of a garment.

126. **With great composure** : without any resentment.

CHAPTER

6. **We drank tea .. banquet** Tea in those days was a luxury, and very expensive. A pound of it would cost the Vicar something like four shillings, (which represents a very much larger sum than the four shillings of to-day). This would cover the whole of his salary for about five days, and naturally tea became an occasional luxury.

7. **Banquet** : feast. Properly, or course, the word is applied not to a single article but to a whole meal of a ceremonial kind, usually a "dinner with speeches in celebration of something or to further a cause." (Concise Oxford Dict.)

18. **Sang to the guitar** : sang to the accompaniment of the guitar, which is a six-stringed musical instrument, particularly well-adapted for accompanying the voice.

22. **Vacant** in present day speech means *empty*. But it is derived from the Latin verb *vacare*, to be at leisure, and it is here used in the obsolete derivation-sense of *at leisure, untroubled*. It occurs in this sense in *The Deserted Village* : line 122,—

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;

which line has been constantly misunderstood, *vacant* being misinterpreted as *empty*. Indeed, in this wrong sense the line has become proverbial.

33. **Making the very path** : a curious use of making = taking. Of the current phrases, make way, make room, make the harbour (reach the harbour) : also see page 135, line 152.

34. **I was for returning in** : I wanted to return into the house.

45. **Introduction**. Two strangers make each other's acquaintance by being introduced to each other by a common friend who mentions the ordinary circumstances in which it is not considered good manners to address a stranger (particularly for a man, as here, to address a lady) without first having been introduced.

45. **Salute** : kiss. This was then the usual mode in which a gentleman saluted a lady with whom he was on terms of friendship. "Shaking hands" has now taken its place. The Squire's attempt to kiss the ladies was the height of impertinence, since they were strangers to him. He had become accustomed to treat thus persons in a lower social position than his own.

47. **Looking presumption out of countenance** : meet a presumptuous person with a look so cold and distant as to embarrass him, take away his presumptuous self-confidence. The phrase *out of countenance* expresses idiomatically the effect of the *looking*. A person is commonly said to be *out of countenance* when he is embarrassed, usually by ridicule or unexpected opposition, and expresses his embarrassment in his face.

48. **Upon which, etc.** There was no one there to make the introduction, and Mr. Thornhill did the next best thing by introducing himself. This was accepted by the Vicar's family.

54. **Address** : behaviour, manners. Cf. Chap. III, line 115.

Though confident, was easy *Easy* means natural, unembarrassed. *Confident* is here used in rather a disparaging sense—over-confident.

57. **Disproportioned** (Mr. Thornhill being their social superior)

76. **Modern** : up-to-date, and therefore fashionable. They wanted to give him the impression that they were ladies of fashion.

77. **The ancients** : the Greek and Roman writers. The Vicar had given Moses a careful training in Greek and Latin literature.

90. **That** : the marriage of the Squire with one of her daughters. This was now the uppermost idea in her mind.

Brought to bear : brought to pass, brought about: an obsolete use. The present-day use of *brought to bear* is as in the sentence, "Pressure was brought to bear upon him to do this," meaning "pressure was exerted upon him, he was urged, to do this."

91. **Hold up...them** : be on equal terms with any of the people around (through the anticipated marriage with so aristocratic a person).

94. **Marry great fortunes**. To "marry a fortune" is a colloquial phrase for obtaining command of a fortune by marrying its possessor.

95. **I protested etc.** *Protested* simply means *declared emphatically*. The Vicar speaks ironically, and his point is that

"marrying a great fortune" is just as much a matter of luck as winning a prize in a lottery.

105. **The more trifling the subject...** *say*, Though this sounds complimentary, it has a touch of sarcasm in it. While Olivia (as the Vicar perceives) thinks highly of the Squire, Sophia's deeper nature perceives that he is rather a talker than a man of ideas.

110. **I interpreted by contraries.** He thought that his daughters were trying to hide their real feelings.

117. **Seemed perfectly sensible of:** seemed to perceive and keep in mind.

118. **Distance** (in rank and fortune).

123. **If his views are honourable:** if he means actually to marry one of the girls.

If they be otherwise! An if-clause is sometimes used exclaimatorily as a principal clause, to suggest how startling would be the consequences were the condition fulfilled.

CHAPTER VI.

2. **In order to accommodate matters.** This clause modifies *was agreed*, and means "in order to bring us into agreement with each other."

10. **Run you down fairly in the argument** *Run* is here past indicative, but is properly used only as past participle. Probably this is intended as an error on the part of Mrs. Primrose, who was not particularly well-educated. *Run down* is now used colloquially meaning "to overtake in a chase." It is here used metaphorically, to outdo, overcome. The humour here lies in the fact that the Vicar's great pride lies in his argumentative abilities.

15, 19. Note the unconscious irony in the repeated application to Mr. Burchell of the word *poor*, while, unknown to the Vicar, Mr. Burchell was a most happy and prosperous person, by no means in need of such pity.

17. **Officiously:** making a great display of helpfulness. Here the word is used mildly, but its modern use is always condemnatory, suggesting interference. An officious person is one who is constantly making unnecessary offers and suggestions.

23. **Would do.....young:** was a useless character in his youth.

24. **Though.....thirty:** not part of the "character," but the Vicar's comment, suggesting his surprise that the youth of a man not yet thirty should thus be considered a thing of the past.

31. **An halfpenny whistle** We should now say *a*, not *an*. Cf Chapter I, line 50 and Chapter III, line 224.

35. **The tale went round**, various people told stories.

Sung: here past indicative, but now always past participle.

36. **The Buck of Beverland**: the theme of an old ballad.

37. **Patient Grissel** Griselda was the heroine of an old story, told by Boccaccio, by Chaucer, and in an old ballad. She was considered a model of wifely obedience, since she bore most patiently the cruelty and caprice of her husband.

38. **Catskin**. The ballad of Catskin is a version of the story of Cinderella. The heroine is called Catskin because, becoming a gully-maid, she has to dress in catskins.

39. **Fair Rosamond's Bower**. Rosamond was a mistress of King Henry II, and her "bower" was in a sort of labyrinth (at Woodstock) where he kept her concealed. The clue to the labyrinth, however, was discovered by his wife, Queen Eleanor who poisoned her. *Bower* was often used (though it is not now) for an inner apartment, especially (as here) a lady's chamber.

45. **Him.... him**: Dick.... Moses. Dick and Bill usually occupy one bed and Moses another.

50. **Find refuge from**. That is, find refuge at the hands of, by the hospitality of.

52. **He that came to save it**: Christ, who, according to Christian belief, came to earth to save men from their sins.

He never had a house. When a certain man came and offered to be Christ's disciple, Christ said to him, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." ("The Son of Man" was a name by which he often called himself).

56. **Largest**. Goldsmith does not observe the rule that when only two objects are compared, the comparative, and not the superlative, should be used.

58. **Help at saving**: we should now say 'help *in* saving.'

Saving: from the weather, by cutting and storing it.

Aftergrowth: late crop.

60. **Turned the swath to the wind**. The *swath* is the line of corn (or, as in this case, of grass) cut by the reaper.

To the wind: in the direction of the wind.

69. **A man of broken fortune:** unconscious irony again.

70. **Were finished.** We should say *were finished*. We can however use the verb *to be* as an auxiliary with certain verbs of motion, e.g. *were come, were gone, were arrived, were departed*. There is a difference of meaning, in such cases, between the use with the verb *to be* and the use with the verb *have*, the former use suggesting the present state and the latter the past action; e.g., "*he is gone*" stresses the fact of his present absence, while "*he has gone*" refers to the act of departure. Similarly Mr. Goldsmith, in his use, though illegitimate, of the phrase *were finished*, means to suggest the state of relaxation following the completion of his task.

72. **Lie:** spend the night: obsolete use.

75-87. Some suggest that these words refer to the career of Sir William Thornhill, and that Goldsmith has forgotten that the Vicar is not yet aware that St. William and Mr. Burchell are the same person. But we see from lines 72-83 that the neighbours, who know a good deal about Mr. Burchell's past (though they also were ignorant as to his identity) had told the Vicar much about him. No doubt they had got to know that he had once been rich and foolish, and had been surrounded by faithless flatterers. Thus the Vicar was only repeating what the villagers had told him about *Mr. Burchell*. Similarly, it is not just to say of lines 81-83, as one editor does, that "Goldsmith here writes as if the Plumroses had already spent several years in their new home." At the feast referred to in Chapter IV, line 18, the conversation might very naturally turn upon Mr. Burchell, whose recent companionship would keep him in the Vicar's mind, and about whom it would be likely to question the neighbours: and they would give him this information.

'81. **Bagnio pander:** keeper of a house of ill-fame.

88. **Secret reasons.** He had already begun to fear that Sophia had fallen in love with this apparently thriftless young man.

100. **Marsyas.** In a Greek myth, Marsyas, the great flute-player, presumptuously challenged Apollo, the god of music, to a contest in flute-playing; and, being defeated, was flayed alive by Apollo.

110. **Without the least design,**—i.e., of making fun of his sister by suggesting that Mr. Burchell was particularly vivacious in her company.

112. **An affected laugh:** a laugh that did not come naturally, but was intended to conceal her feelings.

123. **With.** Note that *with* and not *as*, is the proper word to follow *equally*.

CHAPTER VII.

3. **To make an appearance:** to make a show; obsolete sense.

5. **Expanded**—as a peacock spreads its tail.

7 **Chaplain** A chaplain is a clergyman attached not to a church but to a warship, a regiment, a public institution (for instance, a prison or a workhouse), a body of people, or (as here) a private family. Compare Chap. XVIII, line 156.

Feeder. There is much disagreement as to the meaning here of this word. Possible meanings are *steward*, *tutor*, and *one who looks after cattle or other live stock*. The word is not now used in any of these senses. Its principal modern uses are (1) tributary stream, (2) feeding apparatus in a machine (*i.e.*, that apparatus from which material enters the machine)

10. **By the by:** a common colloquial phrase indicating that something irrelevant is mentioned in passing.

11. **Was pinched:** had to live very sparingly.

20. **Fright** (colloquial): an exceedingly ugly person.

Strike me ugly: may God afflict me with ugliness. *Ugly* expresses the effect of *strikes*. Cf. *looking presumption out of countenance* in Chap V, line 47. The phrase is colloquial, and various other adjectives are thus used with *strike*.

Strike me ugly St. Dunstan's: I might just as well choose any girl in a London crowd, without troubling to see her by daylight. St. Dunstan's was a London church. Its famous clock was ornamented with the figures of two savages who struck the quarters of the hour with their clubs.

32. **Squire.** A squire, in the Middle Ages, was the attendant of a knight. In modern times the word means a country gentleman, and is used particularly of the chief landed proprietor in a district (as here). The word is an abbreviated form of *esquire*. The title *esquire*, formerly restricted to land-owners, is now commonly given, in lists of names, in addressing envelopes, and so on, to practically everyone, as a sort of courtesy-title,—usually in its abbreviation, *Esq.*

33. **Lawn sleeves.** *Lawn* is a sort of fine linen, of which the sleeves of bishops' robes are made.

38. **Priestcraft.** The word *craft*, which by derivation means *strength, power*, originally meant *skill*, and then came sometimes to

mean *deceit*, and sometimes *art, trade, occupation*. In its various compounds it has various meanings. In *handicraft*, for instance, its meaning is good (*skill* or *art*), while in *priestcraft* it suggests deceit, the word meaning *priestly policy* in a bad sense.

39. Tithes : a tax consisting of a tenth part of one's income, for the support of the church.

Tricks : the tricks of priests, to gain power or money.

44. Smoked him. *Smoke* was used in the sense of "get a scent of," "get an inkling of," a thing, *e.g.*, "to smoke a person" would mean to get an inkling of his character. This, and not to ridicule, is the meaning here. Both *ridicule* and the sense given above, are obsolete senses.

48. Analogically or dialogically. In the conversation which follows, the Squire fools Moses by talking utter nonsense; and this he begins in these words, which are not really alternatives at all. *Analogically* means by means of *analogy, i.e., illustration, reasoning from parallel cases*. *Dialogically* means *by way of dialogue*. Moses is a very solemn youth, who inherits his father's seriousness and his mother's lack of humour.

49. Quite happy. His father had trained him in disputation. (Cf Chap IV., line 59) Disputation was one of the main elements in the education of a Roman boy; and the Vicar had the greatest reverence for things classical.

51. Firstly, of the first : an absurd phrase, intended to suggest that the argument is to be according to the most rigid requirements of logic.

52. I hope.....further. Anyone but Moses would already see that the Squire was making fun of him.

59. The two angles.....right ones. Moses does not observe that this is an absurd statement. It should of course be "the *three* angles."

61—68. This sentence is of course entirely without meaning. We explain, however, the various terms.

64. Self-existences. *Self-existence* is the state of a thing which exists by itself, independent of any other cause; and self-existences are things which so exist.

65. Reciprocal duplicate ratio. The duplicate ratio of *a* to *b* is the ratio of *a*² to *b*²; and the reciprocal duplicate ratio is

$$\frac{1}{a^2} \text{ to } \frac{1}{b^2}.$$

66. **Problematical dialogism**: a meaningless phrase.

68. **The second predicable**. According to Aristotelian logic, there are five predicables (terms that can be predicated of a subject), genus, species, difference, property, and accident. Thus *species* is *the second predicable*.

68—70. Moses has not the least idea what the Squire means but pretends to understand, and to think that he is uttering *heredex* (and *heredex*) doctrines.

76. **What I propose**: the question which I propound.

77. **Enthymeme**: a syllogism in which the major premiss is not expressed; e. g., "Socrates is mortal, since he is a man," is an enthymeme, where the complete syllogism would be,—

Major premiss: All men are mortal.

Minor premiss: Socrates is a man.

Conclusion: Socrates is mortal.

78. **Deficient secundum quoad**: deficient in extension, that is, in the number of cases to which it can be applied.

Quoad minus: how far deficient.—These logical terms are absurdly used here.

84. **I am your most humble servant**: a customary expression of courteous humility, used in greeting or in bidding adieu; here used ironically to suggest the conclusion of the argument.

85. **Intellects**. We cannot now speak of the intellects (plural) of one person, though we can speak of his *brains*.

86. **There you are too hard for me**: I am not equal to the demand you make of me—that I should provide you with intellect.

111. **Deborah**: the Christian name of the Vicar's wife.

122. **Infidelity** lack of Christian faith, disbelief in the principles of Christianity.

123. **If he be what I suspect him**: i. e., a freethinker. There is a slight confusion in the end of this sentence, since "*if he be*," etc., is not a condition of "*no freethinker*," etc.

Freethinker: by derivation an innocent enough word, meaning one who thought for himself instead of merely accepting the views of ecclesiastical authority; but it came to mean, as here, a *sceptic*—an "*infidel*."

125. Moses seems by this time to have recovered his spirits and we have here an example of his powers of disputation which must sometimes have been rather awkward for his rather.

Sure, meaning *surely*, is an Irishism. See note on Chap. XVI. line 60.

130. **Allowing**: even if we *allow*, *admit*. A common absolute use of the participle: (we) allowing.

132. **Passive in his assent**. He cannot help assenting to these ideas, which force themselves upon him.

140. **Offer**: offer themselves.

136—144. The Vicar's contention is that anyone who keeps an open mind will find the arguments in favour of religious doctrines more powerful than those opposed to them. To admit the latter and reject the former shows either negligence or vice. When we have formed an erroneous opinion (that is, one contrary to religious doctrine) we cannot help holding to it: the opinion has become "involuntary." But we ought never to have *formed* such an opinion by blindly or wickedly rejecting the true opinion.

Note the antithetical correspondence of phrases: *corrupt*, *vice*; *negligent*, *folly*.

159. **Thwackum and Square**: characters in Fielding's novel, *Tom Jones*.

160. **Robinson Crusoe and Friday**. In Defoe's story, *Robinson Crusoe*, Friday is Crusoe's servant.

162. **Religious Courtship**: another work of Defoe, of a somewhat controversial nature.

164. **Perfectly qualified**. Ironical.

165. **Go help**: a frequent omission of *to* with a verb of motion.

CHAPTER VIII.

9. **Out of the way**: original.

12. **Discovered**: revealed. The more usual sense nowadays is *find out*, but both senses are equally akin to the derivation sense, *uncover*.

17. **To assume the superior airs of wisdom**: to take on the nobler appearance of wisdom. Goldsmith's fondness for antithesis leads one to suppose that *wit* is contrasted with *wisdom* (wit being

a superficial quality and wisdom much deeper). Thus *superior* suggests the superiority of wisdom, not to simplicity, but to wit.

25. **But I think**: without thinking. *But* is a subordinating conjunction, = *but that*.

26. **Mr. Gay**: John Gay, an English poet (1685--1732). The incident is that of two Oxfordshire lovers, who, in each other's arms, were struck by lightning. It was described in a letter dated August 9, 1718, in the correspondence of the poet Pope, and there stated to be written by Gay.

31. **The Acis and Galatea of Ovid**. The story of Acis and Galates belongs to Greek mythology, and is told in the *Metamorphoses* of the Roman poet Ovid (B.C. 48--A.D. 18). The Sicilian Acis, lover of the nymph Galatea, was crushed with a rock by his rival, the Cyclops, Polyphemus; and his blood, gushing from the rock, became the river Acis.

35. **It is remarkable, etc.** For Goldsmith as a literary critic, see Introduction.

48. **That improve the sound.....sense**: chosen for their sound, but adding nothing to the meaning.

A Ballad. This poem was written in 1764, prior to the publication (in 1765) of Percy's *Reliques*, the collection of ballads which is usually considered to have played the chief part in the revival of interest in the ballad form. But this revival of interest had begun much earlier*. So early as 1711 Addison had spoken appreciatively of *Chevy Chase* and other ballads. He even made a collection, and his was followed by many others, the chief being an anonymous "Collection of Old Ballads" (London, 1728--25), and Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen* (1724). Such collections stimulated not merely interest in the old ballad poetry, but also the desire to imitate it. Goldsmith's attitude in the matter is referred to in the Introduction. This "ballad" is an attempt at reproducing the simplicity of the old ballad form, as contrasted with that artificiality in contemporary poetry which is suggested in Mr. Burchell's criticism.

The student should read some of the genuine old ballads, and compare them with this imitative ballad. Goldsmith no doubt imagined that he had perfectly imitated, and even improved upon, his models; but his poem is an obvious production of the eighteenth century and is immensely inferior in vigour and sincerity, and even in mere poetic qualities, to the real ballads, produced centuries

* See W. L. Phelps, *Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*, Chapter VII.

before and handed down verbally from one generation to another. Certain obvious ballad-characteristics are possessed by it. For instance, it is written in the normal ballad stanza; its theme is simple and its manner straightforward; there is a certain simplicity in its language (though that simplicity can hardly be called natural—Goldsmith seems to be deliberately contriving it); and direct speech is much used, even the frequent ballad habit of omitting reference to the speaker being observed in the beginning. But there are many phrases that suggest rather the "poetic diction" of the Augustan age: "the natural and evermore living language of the . . . immeasurably spread," "new beauties, swift manning to the view," "the dews of Heaven refined," "my charmer," and so on. In "his little fire" (stanza XII) there is a self-consciously sentimental touch which belongs to a self-conscious age. There are many literary devices which could not be found in a genuine ballad,—such as the collocation of the concrete "couch" and "fare" with the abstract "blessing" and "repose" in stanza V, and the similar collocation in stanza XXIV, "where Heaven and you reside." And the moralising tone of stanzas VIII, XVIII and XIX is quite contrary to the ballad spirit: a ballad tells a story, and does not moralise, but an Augustan poet could seldom resist the temptation to point a moral.

58. **Taper** : a very slender candle.

58-4. "**Cheers the vale**" and "**with hospitable ray**" : artificial phrases smacking of 18th century "poetic diction." Similar phrases are found throughout the poem.

57. **Wilds...go** : this vast wild region seems to expand as I go on.

60. **Tempt the dangerous gloom** : risk the dangers of the darkness (*tempt* them by giving them opportunity to injure you),

61. **Yonder faithless phantom**. What the traveller thought was a "taper" shining through the window of some house was really the "Will o' the Wisp," a light that often appears in the air above marshy places, and deludes travellers.

64. **Still** : old sense § (exceedingly common in Shakespeare), *always*.

69. **Rushy** : made of rushes.

71. He is a vegetarian.

77. **Scrip** : an archaic word, meaning a little bag or pouch.

88. **Mansion** : now used only of large and imposing houses.

100. **Press'd** : pressed the wanderer to eat.

105. **Files** Sparks and smoke from it fly up the chimney.
112. **Answering** : responsive.
121. **A charm that lulls to sleep** The very name of friendship acts as a charm, and gives one a (delusive) sense of security.
125. **Shade.** The word has a double suggestion, (1) that friendship is a mere shadow, not a reality; (2) that a so-called friend follows the wealthy or famous man as closely as his own shadow.
126. **But leaves the wretch to weep.** When wealth or fame departs, friends depart too.
129. **On earth unseen .. nest** if found on earth at all, found only among animals.—The "Hermit's" pessimistic views upon love are, of course, due to the fact that he is the Elwin who has been so cruelly treated by Angelina.
131. **For shame...the sex.** He springs to the conclusion that love is the trouble of his guest.
135. **Mantling** : spreading over the face like a mantle. "Mantling blush" is a common phrase, and that is the meaning here.
140. **Alternate** : adjective, agreeing with *look* and *breast*,
Spread alarms : give signs of her trepidation.
154. **But** and **only** are identical in meaning. Such repetition is called pleonasm.
157. **Imputed charms** : charms which they said I possessed.
158. **A flame** : love. A most common word in the "poetic diction" of the time.
169. **Gale.** This word in modern speech means a very strong wind; but it was constantly used in "poetic diction" simply as an equivalent for wind.
176. **With charms inconstant shine** (because the dew and the blossom pass away so quickly).
178. **Their constancy** : only so much constancy as they had : that is, none.
206. **My all that's mine** : the sum of my possessions. *My all* by itself is a not-uncommon phrase in this sense.
211. **Reading** : a gerund : abbreviated "from a-reading (in the reading).

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218. **Report** . noise.
229. **Discovered** revealed.
241. **Partner** (in the dance).
283. **Expectations** : prospects in life.

CHAPTER I A.

4. **A crowd of company** : a considerable number of attendants, not now used.

5. **Under gentlemen** : gentlemen who attended upon him, not now used.

14. **We were in want . . . country dances** we needed more ladies to make up the number of couples for country dances. In "country dances" there may be any number of couples.

19. **Top-knots** knots of ribbon worn in the hair.

29. **Led up the ball** . commenced the dance, being the first couple.

37. **Swam** : made ungainly movements as if swimming.

40. **Pat to the music** : keeping exact correspondence with it.

The adjective *pat* suggests exactness,—fitness, whether of quality or of time. "He came pat to the minute" means "he came exactly at the appointed time." "His answer came pat" means that his answer came at once and was exactly appropriate.

46. **By the living jingo** : a meaningless oath.

All of a muck of sweat . quite muddy with perspiration. *Muck* means dirt, mud : a colloquial word. The *of* after *all* is unnecessary, and this use of *all of* is found only among uneducated people. The low breeding of these "ladies" was made clear by their language.

51. **Threw into the shade** : overshadowed them, diverted everyone's attention from them.

52. **High-lived** : probably a participle used in the active sense "high-living."

54. **Shakespeare**. A curious feature of eighteenth century "taste" in literature was a revived interest in Shakespeare, though naturally the Augustans' appreciation of him was very limited. Pope, to whom much that is finest in Shakespeare was quite unintelligible, produced a laborious edition, and indeed made valuable

contributions to certain departments of Shakespearean scholarship. In the Vicar's eyes, as this passage shows, this enthusiasm for Shakespeare was little but a fashion. See Introduction.

The musical glasses : a freak musical instrument. Water is put in the glasses, and each gives, when struck, a different sound according to the amount of water contained. Thus tunes can be played.

55. Sensibly perceptible — in the modern sense, which is "in commonsense manner."

62. Tip-top quality : a colloquial phrase, here used of breeding (qualifying *breeding*), and meaning "of the highest quality."

78. As The nearest equivalent to this old and vague use of *as* is *and indeed*.

80. Curse me — may God curse me (if what I say is not true). Such phrases, to which the rather empty-headed Squire is much addicted, are intended to give emphasis.

83. Add myself to the benefit : make myself part of the gift.

85. Cant (by derivation that which is chanted). words without sincere meaning. See note on Chap. XIII, line 109.

89. Nice — delicate, discriminating. This is the proper sense of the word.

93. I was soon sorry, etc. The simple Vicar is very easily deluded. Compare the last paragraph of the chapter, where the Squire and the ladies affect a virtuous tone, and completely deceive him.

99. The virtue...coup-de-main : the lady who makes a prolonged resistance to my advances does not attract me, for all my successes in love are gained by a *sudden attack*. (*Coup-de-main*, a French word naturalised in English).

103. The rest — of the Squire's conversation.

108. Sorrow (hypocritical, of course).

CHAPTER V

15. Gauzes : dresses made of gauze (a thin fabric).

Flourishing upon catgut : embroidering flowers, etc., upon catgut (a coarse cloth, as in Chapter IV, line 35).

17. Acquaintance : abstract, for the concrete plural *acquaintances*.

The whole conversation ran...musical glasses, Goldsmith can hardly have noticed the repetition here, almost word for word, of Chap. IX, lines 51—4—a mark of haste in composition.

28. Sibyl : a name by which several fortune-tellers were called in classical times. The most famous was the Sibyl who sold the mystic Sibylline books to Tarquinus, King of Rome. The word is here applied to the gipsy as a fortune-teller.

24. Cross her hand with silver, the usual formula of the gipsy-fortune-teller : to place silver in her hand for luck,—really as payment.

31. Guinea : gold coin worth 21 shillings. The coin is not now in use.

33. Closeted up. We should now omit *up*.

37. Thee. The forms *thou*, *thee*, *thy*, are not now used in conversation. Formerly their use was a mark either of familiarity or of contempt,—here, of course, of familiarity and affection.

39. She deals with ..right. She is in league with the Devil. Otherwise how could she know about my friendship with the Squire ?

48. Sir. Note how much more affectionate are the relations between the Vicar and Olivia than between him and Sophia.

Here he addresses Olivia as *thou* and Sophia as *you* ; while the former calls him *Papa*, and the latter uses the formal *Sir* (now rarely used in addressing a parent),

48. Nabob : originally a deputy or governor under the Mogul Empire : currently used for one who has enriched himself in the East.

57. Cook the dish to our own appetite : imagine ourselves receiving just what we want.

58. Nature cooks it for us : we have to accept whatever comes in the natural course of things.

64. Persuaded her into the passion. Compare "Chap. V., line 47.

66. Dreams are usually interpreted by contraries, death for example signifying a wedding.

73. Rings in the candle,—that is, in the candle-smoke (suggesting wedding-rings).

74. Purses. The fragments of coal jumping out of the fire suggested purses, and thus wealth.

True love-knots. The tea-leaves left at the bottom of the cup seemed to be arranged in the shape of love-knots

*1. **Preparing.** See note on Chap. VIII, line 211.

97. **The siege**—of the Vicar : the attempt to persuade him.

102. **Scrubs** used colloquially for mean, poorly-dressed people.

107. **Phoo** : an interjection of impatience.

108. **What I would be at** : what I am trying to tell you.

111. **Blowzed** : red and dithered.

112. **For all the world** : “ *before*, in front of, all the world,” i. e. as anyone could see ; idiomatically used, as here, meaning *exactly*.

113. **A smock race** : a race run for a smock (an under-garment) as prize.

124. **Wall-eyed** : affected with *wall-eye*, a disease in which the eye becomes whitish in colour.

125. **Broke to the rein** : trained to be guided by the rein (our participle is *broken*).

127. **Pillion** : a cushion attached to the hinder part of the saddle for a second rider.

134. **Near.** We should use the adverb.

160. **Future triumph** (by using this as an illustration of the evil results of pride).

CHAPTER XI.

6. **Suffered ourselves to be happy** : mild irony on the Vicar's part. He suggests that through pride we often deprive ourselves of happiness.

Honest : used, as often, in a patronising sense, suggesting that the person, though a worthy man, is a social inferior.

8. **Lamb's-wool** : a beverage made of ale, apples, sugar and spices.

10. **Well.** We should now use the adjective, good.

16. **Blind man's buff** : a game in which one of the party is blindfolded and has to catch the others.

21. **Hot cockles** : a game in which a player is blindfolded and has to guess who strikes him.

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92. **Questions and commands** : another game. A player must answer any question and carry out any command.

89. **Confusion on confusion** : used absolutely, meaning "one confusion added to another," "to our extreme confusion."

42. **Description would, but beggar this new mortification** : Description would be so inadequate as to make it seem trivial, compared with what it really was. The common expression is the inversion of this, "this new mortification beggars description," i.e., is so striking as to make any description seem poor in comparison.

46. **Play** : game : not now so used.

58. **Prolocutor** : "spokeswoman."

71. **High-lived** : see note on Cnap, IX, line 52.

72. **Knights of the Garter** : Knights of the Order of the Garter, the highest order of English knighthood. Edward III, at a ball, picked up a garter dropped by the beautiful Countess of Salisbury. And, when he saw smiles of suspicion around him, cried "*honi soit qui mal y pense*" (French: "Evil to him that thinks evil"). Afterwards he founded this order, with this saying for its motto, and the garter for its badge—A garter is a ribbon for fastening stockings.

77. **Rout** : assembly (for instance at a ball or party).

Turned all manner of colours. The changing hues of his face showed his consternation. *All manner of* (all sorts of) is a common phrase. Strict grammar requires *every* instead of *all*, but the latter is used because the phrase which follows it (e.g., manner of colours) is plural in *sense*.

78. **Sound** : swoon, which used to be spelt swound and sometimes was pronounced sound.

86. **Valet-de-chambre** (French) : personal servant (literally servant of the chamber).

92. **Fudge** : an exclamation of contempt, meaning "nonsense."

95. **Skeggs**. Ladies are not now addressed simply by their surnames.

96. **Copy of verses** : set of verses, poem. Used now only of school-exercises in verse.

109. **Most lowest**. The double superlative shows the speaker's lack of education, though it had been current English some generations before. *Low* means *vulgar*—belonging to "low life" as contrasted with "high life," the life of the aristocracy.

113. **Low-lived.** See Chap. IX, line 52 and Chap. XI, line 71.

114. **From that quarter.** from you

134. **Chits** A chit is a lively or part talk, and the word is hence applied contemptuously, here, to young women

128. **Plain work** 'plain,' as opposed to 'fancy,' sewing.

135. **Was particularly struck.** The whole of the conversation between the two "ladies" was of course intended to produce an impression of their wealth and of the "luga society" in which they moved. They had no difficulty in imposing upon the simple wife and daughters of the Vicar.

128. **Going a begging** 'looking for someone who would take it.' *Go* is a prefix meaning *on*, and *begging* is a gerund. Compare Chap. II, line 67.

141. **I was of opinion** The "ladies" had carefully led up to the mention of these pretended vacancies in their establishment, for they wanted to induce Olivia and Sophia to leave home. They would thus fall into the clutches of the Squire, whose emissaries the "ladies" were. The Vicar had not seen through the device, since the "ladies" make no direct suggestion.

145. **Qualified for her fortune** . . . (by thus mixing in good society) for her future as the Squire's wife.

147. **Assurance.** The word means self-confidence, and in this sense has usually a suggestion of presumption. The meaning here is, the self-confidence necessary for making the apparently presumptuous proposal that Olivia and Sophia should be given those posts.

148. **Harangue for the family:** speak as representative of the family. *Harangue* is used in a mock-heroic manner.

151. **Wish putting** *Wish* cannot now be used with a gerund as object, but only with an infinitive.

153. **Pretty good.** *Pretty* in the sense of fairly, moderately, is not now used except colloquially.

Have had a pretty good education and capacity. *Have had* is all right with *education*; but *have had capacity* is a faulty phrase characteristic of Mrs. Primrose. She means of course that they *have* capacity.

155. **Cast accounts:** do accounts (of which word *accounts* is an old form).

156. **Broadstitch, cross and change:** different styles of fancy sewing (as contrasted with "plain work").

157. **Pink:** see note on Chap. IV, line 114.

158. **Point** : make *point lace* (lace made with the needle).

Frill : ruffle : see note on Chap. IV, line 114.

159. **Do up smatl clothes.** *Small-clothes* usually means men's breeches, reaching to the knee, but since the "doing up" of these (the preparing them for wear) would be no part of a lady's task, the phrase here probably refers to the small details of ladies' attire.

Work upon catgut has the same meaning as "flourishing upon catgut" in Chap. X, line 15.

160. **Cut paper**—into ornamental patterns.

161. **Telling fortunes upon the cards.** There are many ways, some very elaborate, of telling fortunes by means of a pack of cards.

175. **There is a form** : there are certain formalities to be observed

178. **She was very apt to be suspicious herself.** This is the unconscious irony in which Goldsmith delights. Mrs. Primrose's unsuspicious simplicity had been shown in her speech.

179. **A character** : testimony as to the character of the girls. A testimonial is sometimes colloquially called a "character."

CHAPTER XII.

1. **Were returned** : see note on Chap. VI, line 70.

4. **Best.....most.** We should of course use the comparative. See note on Chap. VI, line 56.

6. **Preferment.** They thought that, could the girls obtain these posts, this would raise the standing of the family. But there is a certain irony in the word, for of course the Vicar is supposed to be telling the story long after the wickedness of the Squire and his instruments has come to light.

7. **He had already shown...to doubt of it now.** Strictly considered, the grammar is wrong. The infinitive *to doubt* ought to refer to the subject *he*, whereas it refers to the Vicar's family. The construction would have been correct had Goldsmith written, "to have it doubted now."

10. **Faith** ; in good faith, truly.

15. **Taste.** In the eyes of the eighteenth century "taste" was the greatest of merits. It implies discrimination, refinement of judgment, whether in literary matters or in matters of behaviour. In its general use, as here, refers to both ; for there was no member of the "refined society" of London who did not pretend to be a judge of literature.

16. **All manner of husbands** : see note on Chap. XI., line 77.
20. **Entre nous** : French, meaning *between ourselves*.
28. **Places** : appointments.
24. **Walled them** : fixed them. As soon as they began talking about appointments, I fixed them to that idea,—would not let the subject be changed until I had brought forward the claims of my daughters.
25. **Did for** : did well for. The phrase *do for* is now used only colloquially and means to destroy, ruin, which is exactly what Mrs. Primrose, by her well-meant efforts, is really achieving for her daughters. Thus it has been suggested that we have verbal irony here, the Vicar intending the reader to be amused by the contrast between what Mrs. Primrose *meant*, and the other meaning, really true, which can be taken from her words.
39. **A single or double** : one rider or two.
52. **Stands out** : will not agree to a proposed price.
- Higgles** : a colloquial word (of which the usual form is *haggle*) : to keep arguing about a bargain.
57. **Mighty busy**. Even *mightily* would be a colloquialism and the use of the adjective *mighty* increases the divergence from pure English. Such colloquialisms, however, make their way into literature, and *mighty*, in this sense of exceedingly, was not infrequent. Compare Homer's use of the Greek word for *terribly*, as when he says of a person that he was "terribly tall," without the least suggestion of terrible-ness. An exact Elizabethan equivalent would be "perious (i. e. perilous) tall."
58. **Cocking his hat** : fixing it at an angle so as to give him a smart appearance.
65. **Gosling green** : the hue of a gosling's feathers.
78. **After a few previous inquiries**. They pretended hesitation in order to disguise their anxiety to get the girls away.
82. **One may go to sleep** : further advancement will come without any trouble.
86. **This was to be our visiting day** : so many people came that evidently this was intended by Providence to be our "visiting day."
92. **By letters at a time**. The gingerbread would have a motto stamped upon it, and each little bit would thus have a letter.

94. **Wafers**: thin leaves of coloured paste for sealing letters.

Patches: see note on Chap. IV., line 96.

96. **But this by the by**: but this is only mentioned in passing. See note on Chap. VII., line 10.

113. **I should in conscience give it**: I should satisfy my conscience by giving advice.

131. **Sell his hen of a rainy day**: that is, do anything that shows bad sense and cupidity. A hen that has had its appearance spoiled by the rain will not fetch a good price. *Of*=on.

133. **Dresser**: a table, on which food is "dressed" (prepared for use).

137. **Touch them off**: colloquial,—get the better of them.

144. **Shagreen**: a kind of leather, used for covering boxes, spectacle-cases, etc.

151. **A fig for**: they are worth a fig (that is, almost worthless).

163. **Murrain**: properly a disease affecting cattle.

167. **Marry**: an exclamation, from the oath "By the Virgin Mary."

175. **His figure**: his appearance. It was obvious from the very look of him, and from the way in which he was dressed, that he was a likely victim. See Chap. XXVI., line 152.

187. **Talked him up** (a colloquial phrase not now used) gradually, by their talk, induced him to make the purchase. Compare the current phrase, "to talk one over," meaning to persuade one.

CHAPTER XIII.

8. **To take the advantage of**. We should now omit *the*.

24. **Fairly**: completely.

30. **Satyr**: dæmies of the woods, part man and part goat. They were attendants upon Bacchus, the god of wine.

32. **For all that**: in spite of that.

43. **Had like to have been killed**: was likely to be killed, came near to being killed.

44. **Declared for**: came decisively to the side of. The phrase is commonly used of persons declaring adherence to a leader, a

policy, etc.: *e. g.* "he declared for the King," or "for free-trade," or "for the amendment"

61. **Neuter** (by derivation meaning *neither*): neutral, not taking sides. We should now always use *neutral*, the word *neuter* now referring only to gender.

102. **Instances**: examples (very near the Shakespearean sense of *evidence*, *proofs*).

109. **Cant**: what they are constantly saying. Compare Chap. IX, line 86. In that passage, as often, the word *can't* implies insincerity, but not here. It is always, however, contemptuous.

112. **Who has been so very bad an economist of his own**: who has foolishly squandered his own happiness.

119. **At the bottom**: inwardly. We should now omit *the*.

121. **Went to my conscience**: pricked my conscience.

122. **Monitor**. Conscience is often called a monitor because it warns us against what is wrong.

Specious (ultimately from Latin *speciosus*, {appearance}) means "having a delusive appearance of goodness."

CHAPTER XIV.

20. **Is measured.. keeps**: depends on what his intimates think of him.

21. **As mine was most in the family way**: as my company had been chiefly my own family.

26. **Have all my eyes about me**. colloquial phrase, to be extremely wary.

27. **I had, in the usual forms, put my horse through all his paces**: according to the custom in horse-selling, I had exhibited my horse by making him walk, trot, etc.

29. **Chapman**: dealer (now not used)

31. **Round**. We should say *all round*, or (more usually) *all over*.

38. **Spavin**: a disease affecting horses (usually a swelling of the joint).

He would not take him for the driving home: he did not consider the horse worth even the trouble of driving him home.

35. **Windgall**: a swelling about the fetlock joints of a horse.

36. The botts : the disease caused by the presence of the eggs of the botfly in the flesh and intestines of animals.

What a plague I could do : what, in the name of the plague I was doing—how on earth I could be foolish enough to come.

38. To be cut up for a dog kennel. Horse-flesh is commonly used for the feeding of dogs.

44. St. Gregory : one of the "Fathers of the Church." He lived in the fourth century.

45. Upon Good Works : in his book called *Good Works*. *Upon* means *writing upon*; and this idiom was a frequent method of referring to the titles of a man's writings.

57. Green old age. *Green* suggests the life and vigour of spring time. His is not a "wintry" old age.

61. The Whistonian controversy dealt me. See Chap. II, and note at the beginning of Chap. I. Perhaps "the hard measure that was dealt me" (the hard treatment I received) refers to some sort of persecution of him (because of his championship of the "strict monogamist" doctrine, by his ecclesiastical superiors. Perhaps, on the other hand, it refers to his hard treatment by Providence in the loss of his fortune. The arrangement of the sentence suggests the former interpretation.

88. That courageous monogamist. The "old gentleman" of course knew nothing about the Vicar and his work except what he had learnt by listening to the conversation. The simple-minded Vicar is very responsive to flattery, and he has already told us (Chap. II, line 36) that some of his friends considered his enthusiasm for "strict monogamy" his "weak side." He was thus easily deceived by this sharper.

92. Unfortunate : probably a reference to ecclesiastical persecution, but possibly to loss of fortune. See note on line 61. 5.

94. Deuterogamy, the doctrine that one may marry twice. Distinguish this from bigamy (a criminal offence in England), which means having two wives at the same time.

102. Pillar : suggesting the idea of support.

110. Human doctrines : as distinguished from divine revelation. With these, of course, learning is chiefly concerned.

Dross : the waste matter which metals throw off when melting; hence, figuratively, rubbish.

115 **Doctrinal matters:** religious doctrines, definitely revealed by God.

121. **Broached.** *Broach* means literally to pierce, and is used of making a hole in a cask to draw liquor out of it. Hence the figurative use, to utter (e.g., opinions). Compare line 221.

Sanchoniathon, etc. The sharper has memorised a series of out-of-the-way names, without, of course, knowing anything about their possessors. *Sanchoniathon*, an ancient Phœnician writer; *Manetho*, an Egyptian historian, about 300 B. C.; *Berosus*, a Babylonian historian, 3rd century B. C.; *Ocellus Lucanus*, a Greek philosopher, about the 5th century B. C.

123. **It :** an account of the creation.

The latter We have had several examples of superlative for comparative: here we have the comparative where grammar demands the superlative.

124 **Anarchon ..to pan:** these words are incorrect Greek for "the universe is therefore without beginning and without end"

126. **Nebuchadon-Asser** (commonly called Nebuchadnezzar) was a great King of Assyria, 6th century B. C. Note the error: Manetho lived several centuries later.

127. **Asser** is not a "Syriac" word, and the speaker is quite wrong as to the composition of the names Nebuchadnezzar and Tiglath-pileser. It is true, however, that *Asser* frequently occurs in the names of Assyrian kings.

128. **Tegla Phael-Asser:** a false spelling of Tiglath-pileser. He was another Assyrian king.

129. **Nabon-Asser :** an Assyrian prince.

130. **Ek to biblion kubernetes.** The words he is trying to remember are Greek for "From the book comes a guide" (i.e. guidance), but *to biblion*, the book, is in the wrong case.

131. **Which implies, etc.** He has forgotten not only the correct Greek, but its meaning, and here he gives just the opposite meaning.

135. **That:** straying.

139. **Touchstone :** a stone for testing gold or silver: hence, figuratively, any test. *Bring him to the touchstone;* test him.

140. **In fine:** to come to the end, to make a long story short.

149. **We struck a bargain :** came to an agreement as to price
152. **Being :** a misrelated participle, referring of course to the Vicar.
- In a capacity of complying :** able to comply. Not now used.
162. **Come at :** obtained.
168. **Upon replying.** We should say, *upon my replying*, for without the word *my* the replying ought grammatically to be the action of the subject *he* in line 170.
170. **Deal :** complete our transaction.
171. **A draft upon him :** a bill to be cashed by him.
- Payable at sight :** to be paid as soon as he sees it, as soon as it is "presented" to him.
172. **Warm :** colloquial, meaning *rich*.
173. **Honest :** just the same use as in Chap. XI, line 6.
175. **Three jumps :** a competition to see who can cover most ground in three jumps.
191. **Informing :** another misrelated participle.
218. **About us :** around us.

CHAPTER XV.

2. **Was employed.** *Was* is used instead of *were* because the whole of the time mentioned in line 1 is thought of as a single period.

8. **But.** Mr. Michael MacMillan takes *but* as a subordinating conjunction, meaning except that, and understands the pronoun *it*, after *but*,—"except that it incurred." It is probably better to take *but*, as it is usually taken in such sentences, as a relative pronoun, meaning *that not*—"that did not incur." In either case the words *there was* must be understood before *a family*, and there is no difference of meaning.

8. **The green :** the village green—an open grassy place, used by the villagers in common.

14. **Occurred :** occurred to us, (*i.e.*, the idea came into our minds). We should not use *occurred* by itself in this sense.

22. **Ladies, etc.** Mr. Burchell is warning the "ladies" against seducing the innocent daughters of the Vicar; but the letter is

ambiguous throughout. The terms of condemnation could be taken as referring to the Vicar's daughters, and those of praise to the two ladies. This is precisely the opposite of what Mr. Burchell meant, but unfortunately this is the way in which the Vicar's family are inclined to understand the letter. They think it is a warning to the ladies not to introduce into their innocent homes two such vicious creatures as Olivia and Sophia. They are not sure of this, however (see lines 40—43); but they *are* sure that the letter has a "malicious meaning" (line 44)—that is, is intended to prevent the hoped-for journey to town. This purpose indeed it has; but, as they afterwards discover, the purpose is kind and not malicious.

40. **Our doubts**—as to who had prevented the engagement.

75. **The shooting of my corns.** A shooting pain in the corns is often a real indication of approaching rain.

76. **The shooting of your horns.** *Shooting* here means *growing*. A man whose wife had been unfaithful to him was said to grow horns; this figure constantly occurs in Elizabethan drama, but here it is very pointless. Possibly Mr. Michael MacMillan is right in the conjecture that she means to suggest that he is a horned devil.

79. **I should not have thought it a joke**—for it certainly has no wit in it.

85. **Conceit:** in the old sense of "fanciful idea."

88. **The laugh was against her:** she was beaten in the contest of wit.

92. **Set up for:** pretend to.

93. **To gain but little at this business:** to come off badly in the contest.

100. **An heart:** we should use the form *a*. Compare Ch. I, line 60 and Ch. III, line 224.

101. **An honest man's the noblest work of God:** from Pope's *Essay on Man*.

104. **A base desertion of his own superiority.** Mr. Burchell considers genius a nobler possession than honesty, and considers that Pope, a man of genius, is doing injustice to himself when he exalts honesty above genius. Mr. MacMillan considers that, taken in its context, this line of Pope means merely that honesty is superior to *fame*, and not (as Mr. Burchell takes it) that honesty is the most exalted of human qualities. The present editor disagrees. Let the student settle the point for himself, by reading not merely the immediate context of the line, but the *whole* of Epistle IV of

the *Essay on Man*. But even the immediate context scarcely supports Mr. Macmillan's view: the couplet in which the line occurs is—

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God. (lines 247-8).

107. **Not for.....possessed of.** Mr. Burchell considers "honesty" a negative quality,—freedom from evil; but really it contains much that is positive—(good-will, resolution, and so on).

108. **Their exception from fault:** their freedom (literally, their being taken out) from fault. We could not now use this phrase.

Virtues: used in a very wide sense, including abilities.

109. **The scholarapplause?** "Is the 'honest' but quite undistinguished mechanic superior to the scholar, the statesman, the champion, if there be in some way morally inferior to him?"

114. **The Flemish school.** The word *school* here means a group or class of painters. Similarly we speak of "schools of philosophy," "schools of thought," etc. No idea of instruction is intended, but the word came naturally into use because the methods of a great artist or thinker would spread through the instruction given by him to his pupils and disciples. The Flemish school includes the great painters, Rubens, Vandyck and Teniers. It was noteworthy for extreme fidelity to nature.

115. **Animations:** creations—a curious sense. The root significance of animation is breath, life; and this suggests that these paintings seemed actually endowed with life.

The Roman pencil. The original meaning of *pencil* was a brush for laying on colours. Thus here it means the painter's brush. Michael Angelo and Raphael were among the greatest painters of the Roman school.

123. **Monsters,** in the derivation sense of *distorted, abnormal creatures*.

127. **Affections:** disposition, feeling. Nowadays *affection* means *love*, and not *feeling* in general.

131. **This rule.** Is Mr. Burchell right in this theory, as regards men, and as regards animals?

144. **Impenetrable:** invincible.

Assurance: see note on Chap. XI., line 147.

151. **Hang.** Nowadays men are hanged only for murder; but in those times hanging was often awarded for very small crimes.

155. **At the next Justice's :** at the house of the nearest Justice of the Peace (magistrate).

173. **Want shame :** lack shame.

187 **After men, etc.** As a man becomes more and more vicious he gradually ceases to be ashamed of his vices, and becomes ashamed of his virtues (for evil, not good, is now the standard by which he judges).

CHAPTER XVI.

10. **Abroad :** see note on Chap. IV, line *4.

15. **All the good things of the high wits :** all the clever sayings of the fashionable wits.

16. **Piquet :** a card game.

20. **Sharp :** quick (in sight and movement). Boxing is an admirable training in this respect.

22. **Imperfections.** The Vicar does not seem to have much approved either of the piquet or of the boxing.

25. **Eat short and crisp.** The words *short* and *crisp*, as applied to cakes, have much the same meaning—*crumbling easily* (a great virtue in cakes). *Eat* is past indicative: we always use the form *ate*. The use of the active verb to suggest the passive meaning is curious. Compare, "this tastes sweet."

26. **They were made by Olivia :** that is, Mrs. Primrose remarked that they were made by Olivia.

27. **Well knit :** well mixed, all the ingredients being properly compounded so as to produce a clear, consistent liquid.

33. **Extremely of a size :** of very much the same size, almost equally tall.

34. **Tallest :** yet another superlative for comparative.

48. **Limner :** portrait-painter.

50. **A head :** for each person. Head for person is part for whole: fig., metonymy or, more precisely, synecdoche. Metonymy is the figure of speech by which the name of one thing is used instead of that of a related thing. Synecdoche is a special name for those cases of metonymy in which the name of a part is used for that of the whole.

53. **This stolen march upon us.** To steal a march upon a person is to gain an advantage over him without his knowledge. The idea is that of an enemy approaching unobserved.

59. **Thing** is in apposition with the idea of the picture as suggested in the preceding words of the sentence.

60. **In life** : an Irishism meaning *at all*. Goldsmith's Irish birth and upbringing are responsible to his many Irishisms, which are by no means blemishes in his work, but rather add to its vigour.

Composition : arrangement. This word and *variety* are used absolutely,—“there *being* no variety,” etc.

In the world : at all. This too is an Irishism, but has now become current everywhere as a colloquialism, particularly in questions such as, “What in the world is the matter?”

68. **Hit** : suit : now not used in this sense.

72. **The Stomacher** was worn by ladies of the 15th–17th centuries. It was the front portion of the upper garment, and was often richly embroidered, and even set with jewels.

73. **Cupid**, the god of love, was the son of Venus, the goddess of beauty and love.

74. **Gown and band** : academical gown and the band worn round a clergyman's neck. There is much humour in the idea of Venus being thus confronted by an eighteenth century clergyman, and presented with books advocating “strict monogamy.”

76. **The Amazons** were female warriors in Greek mythology.

78. **Joseph** (obsolete) : a woman's riding dress, with buttons down the front.

Laced : diversified, adorned (as if with lace). The gold and the flowers, like Mrs. Primrose's diamonds and Sophia's sheep, were to be the product of the painter's imagination.

104. **Robinson Crusoe's longboat**. A ship's *longboat* was the largest of the life-boats which it carried. Robinson Crusoe (in Defoe's story) wanted to escape from his island in the longboat, which had not been wrecked with his ship.

106. **A reel in a bottle**. Since the reel is larger than the neck of the bottle it cannot be got out. It could be got in only when the bottle was in process of manufacture.

107. **It** : the picture. The canvas had of course been taken into the kitchen in a roll, before it was stretched out and stiffened.

118. **Improves** : increases.

128. **Discover...addresses** : find out whether “his intentions were honourable,” that is, whether he intended marriage.

125. **Sound.** The original meaning (still, of course, current) is to test the depth of water by a sounding-line or other apparatus. Hence comes the figurative sense, to try to ascertain, indirectly, a person's sentiments or intention. The word is not from the same derivation as the other verb *sound*, "to make a noise."

143. **Of it:** a redundant phrase, colloquially used. It is frequent in such slang expressions as "He has made a very good thing of it there" = "he has greatly prospered there."

145. **Warm fortunes.** For the sense of *warm* see note on Chap. XIV., line 172.

153. **Novelty.** The word has the irony with which the Squire would naturally talk to the unintelligent Mrs. Primrose. So far from being novel, her remarks were exceedingly hackneyed.

165. **Parts:** talents. Now obsolete in this sense, except in dialect.

179. **A manager**—to manage his household affairs. Not a modern use.

181. **Good bread:** used to suggest comfort in general.

202 **Prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams:** carry out the idea of "terrifying the Squire with a rival," namely Farmer Williams.

CHAPTER XVII.

24. **Supporting:** keeping up, showing.

41. **Your ill-placed passion:** your love for the Squire, who does not deserve it.

60. **That day month:** idiomatic phrase for the day exactly a month later.

76. **Competence:** prosperity. We often use "a competence" for "enough to live on comfortably."

78. **Ostentation:** show, display (such as she would be able to indulge in if she married the Squire).

90. **Cider-press.** Cider is a drink made from apples, the juice being squeezed from them in the cider-press.

92. **Death and the Lady:** a sombre ballad.

108. **Thrum:** to play on an instrument in a haphazard manner—not the careful playing of tunes or accompaniments.

An Elegy. These verses, like the ballad in Chap. VIII., are of course Goldsmith's own.

109. **Good people all.** Old ballads had been customarily sung in the streets by "ballad-singers" (see Chap. XI, line 38), and Goldsmith is here imitating the form of these: hence this address. Many of the old ballads were humorous, but their humour was scarcely of the type of the verbal quibbles in lines 112, 116, 120. The title "Elegy" is humorously chosen, for an elegy is properly a very serious poem—usually a poem of lament for the dead, and a lament for the death of a living person is a parody of the elegy. The fun of the first three quatrains lies in the unexpectedness of their last lines.

118. **Islington:** a part of London.

115. **Still:** always (old sense).

A godly race he ran. To "run the race" of life is a frequent figure, suggesting the effort required to lead a good life.

116. **Whene'er he went to pray:** whenever he went to church. This completely changes the meaning of the preceding line, just as the fourth line of the next stanza takes away the idea of generosity to the poor.

125. **Pique:** now seldom used chiefly in the sense of vexation due to wounded pride—as here.

133. **It.** A common feature of ballads was the insertion of such unnecessary pronouns.

143. **Here's Bill's health:** I drink to Bill's health.

151. **The Grogams:** evidently Mrs. Primrose belonged to this family.

154. **Vulgar:** simple and common, lacking in elevation. Nowadays the word is usually one of condemnation—*rude, objectionable in speech and manners*. It is, however, derived simply from the Latin *vulgus*, the common people.

Pleases me better. The Vicar had a healthy dislike for the artificial poetry of his time.

156. **Petrify us:** literally, turn us to stone—that is, take away, by their artificiality, all feeling, whereas the proper function of poetry is to arouse feeling.

At once: at the same time.

157. **Detest and praise:** hate for their unreality, while we feel bound to praise them for the artistic skill which they display.

Put. We should say *pass*.

160. **A lady loses etc.** The most famous poem of this kind is Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. The criticism is perfectly just.

161. **Muff:** a warm soft cover for the hands. It is usually made of fur or skins, and is carried by ladies. It has room for both hands, and for such articles as a purse.

161. **Her lap-dog.** The keeping of lap-dogs was a craze among the ladies of the time: see *The Rape of the Lock*.

164. **Ranelagh Gardens** were a very fashionable place of entertainment in London, and musical performances were given there.

165. **Come down to us:** come down to the country, reach us here. It is common to speak of going up to London, or going down from London to the country or some less important town. Similarly in the speech of an Oxford or Cambridge man "going up" or "going down" always refers to going to, or leaving, the university town.

165. **Are familiar:** deal with familiar themes, and in ordinary language.

166. **Colin meets Dolly, etc.** Pastoral poetry is referred to. *Colin* is a typical name for a "swain" (a rustic), and *Dolly* for a "nymph" (a word commonly used in pastorals for a rustic maiden). Dialogue is a traditional feature of pastoral poetry. The pastoral, in spite of Moses, and in spite of its affectation of simplicity, is a highly artificial form, which originated with the Alexandrian Greek Theocritus, and has followed his tradition, more or less closely, ever since.

167. **Fairing:** a present (such as ribbons) brought from the fair.

168. **Nosegay:** a small bunch of flowers (from *nose* and *gay*).

169. **Go to church—** to be married.

174. **There.** Properly we should have a noun, to correspond to *place*.

175. **It:** Ranelagh.

175. **Furnishes us.** At Ranelagh acquaintanceships would be made which would often ripen into marriage.

181. **The Spanish market:** the market in Fontarabia. There may have been an annual "marriage-market" in Fontarabia: at any rate the annual market for women-servants might well have given this impression.

194. **Competence:** see note on line 76.

I think myself happier now, etc. With great art Goldsmith raises the Vicar to this pitch of happiness just before his happiness is to be shattered by the terrible news about Olivia. In particular he boasts that the family from generation to generation has known no stain, while Dick is almost at the close with the news that Olivia has stained its honour for ever. This happiness and confidence before disaster is of the nature of tragic irony; and the contrast thus produced is one of the devices most commonly and powerfully used in tragedy. Note how the effect is increased here by the Vicar's question, "Where is my darling Olivia?" and by his loving words for her (suggesting her absolute innocence) "that little cherub."

212. **Was for coming back:** see Chap. V., line 84.

219. **Taking back,**—away from Heaven.

234. **Read our anguish into patience:** see note on Chap. V. XX, line 47.

239. **Your reverend character:** the character suiting a clergyman. Reverend, which means worthy of reverence, is used instead of Mr. in a clergyman's name.

241. **Villain as he is** means "though he is a villain." "Villain *that* he is" would mean "since he is a villain". The two phrases are often confused.

245. **More than human:** divine. It was Christ who said, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you, and persecute you" (*Matthew* v. 44). Thus the Vicar even prays that Heaven may forgive the Squire.

246. **Blessed . . . taken away.** Job, when he had lost his sons, said, "The Lord gave; and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord" (*Job* i 21). He was the Old Testament type of resignation in great sorrow, and naturally his words occur to the Vicar's mind.

247-8. **Hath:** the form commonly used in Biblical English.

255. **Had she but died:** a conditional clause (if she had but died) used as an explanatory principal clause, and expressing a wish. The meaning is—if she had but died it would have been better.

257. **In other worlds than here:** not in this world, but, after death, in Heaven. For the use of *here* where in strict grammar a noun is required to correspond with *worlds*, compare *there* in line 174.

264. **She never.....affections:** we never tried to influence her affections.

267. **Bring your gray hairs to the grave.** The phrase *your gray hairs* is used, by metonymy, for "you, a gray-haired man." She too has in mind a sentence from the Bible. In *Genesis* xiii, 38, Jacob says to his sons,—"Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

271. **Ill-supported:** not consistently maintained, passing.

Sallies: outbursts. By derivation *sally* means a *leap*: its original and common use is for a sudden and short attack by troops rushing out from a place of protection; and it is sometimes used figuratively for a sudden flash of wit or fancy. **Enthusiasm:** passion. The modern meaning is *passionate zeal*.

278. **To darken the doors** of a house is a common phrase, particularly in negative sentences such as, "Never darken my doors again" The meaning is "enter the house," and *darken* refers to the obstruction of light as a person enters.

290. **The child of simplicity:** caused by simplicity (ignorance of the world)

CHAPTER XVIII.

8. **Seat:** mansion:—A common word is *country-seat*.

13. **Did by no means satisfy me.** We should now say either "did 'not by any means satisfy me". or "by no means satisfied me," for in modern prose the form of the verb with the auxiliary *do* is used only when the word *not* is used, or in questions, or when great emphasis is intended.

13. **Satisfy:** convince.

16. **Open:** frank, candid.

39. **Her fancied deluder:** the man whom I fancied to have deluded her, *i.e.* Mr. Burchell.

85. **A person.** He like the former givers of information, had been sent by the Squire to get the Vicar as far out of the way as possible.

69. **Indigence and frugality:** the poor and frugal: *fig. metonymy* (here, abstract for concrete).

60. **Laid me down** The use of the personal pronoun for the reflexive is archaic, and common in the Bible.

63. **Constitution:** physique.

68. **Cursory** (adjective) means "in passing," "on his way."

69. **The philanthropic bookseller:** John Newbery who was famous for the publication of children's books, and who published some of Goldsmith's works and probably lent him money. His nephew, Francis Newbery, was the publisher of *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

St. Paul's Churchyard, a street in London, was famous for its booksellers and publishers,

78. **But:** we should use *than*.

75. **The history of one Mr. Thomas Trip:** one of Newbery's books for children. It was called "Tommy Trip's History of Beasts and Birds." Some think it was written by Goldsmith.

85. **Refractory to the hand of correction:** rebellious against the hand of God, who sent my troubles to "correct" (chastise) me.

95. **Still:** always.

102. **Strolling company** was a frequent term for a touring party of actors.

108. **The shortest cut:** the best shortener of the journey. A "short cut" is a way that is shorter than the ordinary one: e.g., a path across the fields is a short cut if it cuts off some of the distance that would be traversed by road.

111. **Disserted:** "held forth," spoke at length. We use the noun *dissertation*, but not the verb *dissent*.

115. **The Drydens and Otways.** Dryden and Otway were among the leading dramatists of the latter half of the 17th century, and thus the phrase means "the leading dramatists."

119. **Rowe (1678—1718)** was a great editor of Shakespeare, and himself no mean dramatist.

Are. According to strict grammar the plural cannot be defended, for no argument can make the subject *manner* a plural. Goldsmith however uses the plural *are* because he means "Dryden's manner and Rowe's manner," two different things. It is a "contraction according to the sense."

120. **Our taste has gone back a whole century**—that is, a whole century behind the time of Dryden, back to the Elizabethan period to which Fletcher and Jonson, as well as Shakespeare, belonged. Goldsmith had little real appreciation even of Shakespeare, and little sympathy with the Shakespearean revival. He was a curious blend of Augustan and "romantic," and in drama his preferences were all for the Augustan. Compare Chap. IX, line 54, and see note there. See also Introduction.

122. **Go down**—with playgoers; that is, are popular among them.

124. **Overcharged**: exaggerated.

130. **Pantomime**. Originally this word meant a player who performed his part without speaking (that is whose part consisted of "dumb show"), or a play or scene consisting of dumb show. In our day it means a heterogeneous dramatic entertainment, making no pretence to art, and including music, dancing, and a great deal of buffoonery: it is commonly presented at Christmas time, chiefly to delight children. Goldsmith here uses the earlier sense, but sarcastically, suggesting (what strangely enough, he believed) that the plays of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson are lacking in art and demand of the actor the same sort of violence and affectation as is found in dumb show (compare "starts and attitudes," line 138). Goldsmith preferred a much quieter and more restrained sort of drama, and particularly hated buffoonery. He did not realise how carefully Shakespeare avoided mere meaningless buffoonery. His audience loved it, and certainly received it from most of the Elizabethan dramatists, and Shakespeare himself had to provide scenes of boisterous mirth; but his fools are not buffoons but real characters and his clown-scenes are on a much higher level than those of his contemporaries.

Mr. Austin Dobson quotes from Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* the following comment upon the acting of the day: "One player shines in an exclamation, another in a groan, a third in a horror, a fourth in a start, a fifth in a smile, a sixth faints, and a seventh fidgets round the stage with peculiar vivacity."

138. **Imitators**. Drama, according to Aristotle's definition, is *mimesis* (imitation).

138. **Starts**: sudden, violent movements.

140. **Shrugged into popularity**. A *shrug* is a slight and momentary raising of the shoulders,—a gesture used to express various emotions. So with the verb *shrug* in the phrase "to shrug the shoulders." *Into popularity* expresses the result of the action of the verb: the shrug gave popularity to the play. Compare Chap. V., line 47, and Chap. X., line 64.

142. **The gripes**: pain in the stomach.

Congreve and Farquhar: the chief writers of comedy in the Restoration period. The chief characteristic of their work was brilliance of dialogue, and Goldsmith much preferred theirs to the Elizabethan comedies.

144. **More natural**: much more like that of ordinary life. Wit of course implies artificiality.

149. **Without** : outside.

153. **Offered** : intransitive use,—appealed, presented itself.

154. **Common room**,—as contrasted with “private room.”

156. **Chaplain** : see note on Chap. VII., line 7.

157. **Masquerade character**. A masquerade (Spanish *mascara*, a mask) means a ball at which masks are worn, hence false show, pretence. Hence the phrase means “my assumed character,” “the part I was to play.”

158. **Upon informing** : we should expect “upon *my* informing.” So also with *asking* in line 136. See note on Chap. XIV., line 178.

159. **In any sort** : in any way.

164. **Nothing less than . . . at least** : tautology, since *at least* simply repeats the sense of *nothing less than*.

Parliament-man : member of Parliament.

CHAPTER XIX.

11. **In easy dishabille**. *In dishabille* means “negligently dressed.”

16. **The Monitor, the Auditor, the Daily, etc.** : names of newspapers and other periodicals.

17. **Replying** may be nominative absolute, *I* being understood. But more likely this is simply one of Goldsmith’s unrelated participles.

26. **Cornwall**. He betrays himself here, for in Cornwall there are no coal-mines.

27. **Its guardians** : the periodicals.

34. **Advise with** : seek advice from, consult.

36. **Another guess manner** : quite a different manner. *Guess* is a corruption of *guise*, and means *kind, sort*; and *of* is omitted before *it*. This word *guess* is obsolete, and has no relation with the other noun of the same spelling.

38. **Pillory** : a wooden frame, with holes through which the head and hands of an offender were put as a punishment. It was last used in 1837.

39. **The weaker side of our constitution** : the throne, which has gradually become weaker than parliament.

40. **The sacred power** : the Vicar believed in the divine right of kings—that is, believed that they were appointed by God, and

that the people had no right to depose them. For a discussion of the question from this standpoint, see Dryden's *Abraham and Achitophel*, Part 1, lines 753—810.

42. **Ignorants** : not now used as a noun.

44. **The subsiding scale** : the scale that is already the heavier : that is, they support the stronger party.

53-58. These lines are ironical.

59. **Levellers** : a party of the time of the Civil War, who contended that all should be equally eligible for office.

61. **It would never answer** : it would never do : it would never answer to (suit) actual conditions. The Vicar rightly contends that all men can never be placed upon a level, for men are totally different in capacity and character.

68. **Entailed**. A property is said to be entailed upon certain inheritors when it cannot be diverted from them. Thus the word is here used figuratively to suggest that submission is an inheritance which men cannot avoid.

83. **And whose** : modern grammar demands the omission of *and*, since there is no preceding relative pronoun.

Must ever.....subordinate orders : must always press most heavily upon the classes immediately below the king.

89. **The State may be . . . monarchy**. The power of the throne, says the Vicar, may be "undermined" in three ways (1) because of the special circumstances of the state; (2) because of the nature of its laws; and (3) because of the desires of the rich men of the state. He develops each of these three causes in its turn. The first corresponds to lines 93—107; the second to lines 107-116; and the third to lines 116-120. The general argument of lines 93-120 is as follows.—

(1) Sometimes *the circumstances of the state* are such that wealth is accumulated and the rich become still richer. This happens when foreign trade brings in great profits. It is only the rich that can afford to trade abroad; and, besides sharing the profits of internal trade, they absorb *all* the profits of external trade. As their wealth thus increases they become aristocrats, and tend to diminish the power of the king.

(2) **Various laws** also help to bring about huge accumulations of wealth, and thus lead to rivalry with the king, and the diminishing of his power.

(3) The very rich man has all he wants, except power, and therefore he sets himself to gain power. This he can obtain only by

encroaching upon the power of the king. Thus *the rich man's desires* also tend to undermine the kingship.

102. All the emoluments. This does not mean (what it appears to) that all the emoluments from internal industry go to the rich, for in line 104 the words "the poor have but one" mean that this is the source of the income of the poor also. The meaning is that besides the profits of external trade the rich have *all their share* of the profits from internal industry.

103. Two sources : external trade and internal industry.

106. Aristocratical : governed by a privileged class. The Vicar suggests that privilege is ultimately based on wealth.

111. Shall only marry with the rich. In reality there was no such law. But in cases in which, by law, the consent of both families was required, it amounted to the same thing, since a rich family would be most unlikely to permit a marriage into a poor one.

113. From a defect of opulence : from lack of wealth. At that time a "property qualification" was required of a member of parliament. He must be a landowner of substantial income.

114. Wealth is thus...ambition. A wise man would not naturally long for wealth; but he does so, since without it he cannot serve his country in parliament.

119. In purchasing power. *Power* is the object of the verbal noun *purchasing*.

120. Differently speaking : "to express the matter otherwise:" "in other words."

121. Purchasing the liberty of : paying for the service of.

123. Contiguous tyranny : tyranny close at hand. Compare *The Deserted Village*, lines 303-4:—

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of *contiguous pride*?

127. A Cartesian system : an orderly arrangement of objects according to the principle propounded by Descartes (pronounced Day-cart), a great French mathematician and philosopher (1596—1650). Descartes held that the universe was a system of vortices—a vortex being a collection of particles revolving round a single axis: for instance the solar system was one vortex, the earth and the planets revolving round the axis of that system. Each orb (each star or planet) was the centre of a vortex: the earth for instance was such a centre, and the moon, revolving round it, was part of its vortex. The vortex was controlled by the influence of the central body. Thus here the state is considered as containing

a number of rich men, each of whom is a centre of a vortex—the poorer people who depend upon him.

138. **Without . outside.**

136. **The very rabble.** This phrase is used to correspond in sound with "the very rich," and make an effective contrast, but it does not correspond with it grammatically. In "the very rich," *very* is an adverb, while in "the very rabble," *very* is an adjective, meaning *real*. Thus *the very rabble* means "the real rabble," "the very lowest people."

147. **Give his voice in state affairs :** vote in elections to parliament.

146. **Ten times less than was judged sufficient :** one tenth of what was judged sufficient.

149. **It is evident, etc. :** if the property-qualification for voters be thus lowered, people of much lower classes will be able to take part (by voting) in political affairs.

152. **Will follow, etc.** As a matter of fact the last thing that the labouring classes of the present day (who have votes) would think of doing is to vote as the rich want them to.

153. **Therefore :** the conclusion—that the middle classes, who are the strength of the state, should whole-heartedly support the monarchy,

156. **He divides .. beneath them.** The rich and great have to spend much of their energy in coping with the king ; but for him they would be able to spend it all in crushing the middle classes.

159. **May be compared, etc.** In this figure, a town is surrounded by enemies. The governor of the town, however, is not in it, but is coming up with an army, behind the besiegers, to relieve the town. The besieged are the middle classes: the besiegers the wealthy classes: and the governor the king.

162. **An enemy over them .** an enemy whose attack is imminent.

163. **Specious :** attractive but deceptive. (Latin *species*, appearance).

164. **Sounds :** promises that sound well but hold no truth.

165. **The governor from behind :** the governor, who is coming up behind them. *From behind* is an adverbial phrase, qualifying "coming".

173. **The anointed sovereign.** The English king, at his coronation, is anointed with oil, this being a survival of the Jewish custom. It is a religious ceremony.

176. **An infringement.....the subject**—because it leaves the wealthy classes freer to interfere with the classes beneath them,

177. **Done much**—to *undermine the monarchy*. The Vicar considers that these terms, though in themselves noble, have been used to rouse foolish and irrational enthusiasm.

188. **Had lengthened this harangue.....breeding**. However this may be, such a "harangue" has no place in a novel. Goldsmith could not resist the temptation of expressing his political views through the mouth of the Vicar.

188. **Jesuit**. The Jesuits are a Roman Catholic order, the "Society of Jesus," founded in 1540 by Saint Ignatius Loyola. They had been great royalists and Jacobites: hence the application here. A further condemnation is implied in the word since the idea of craft and intrigue was popularly associated with the Jesuits.

189. **Out he shall pack**: colloquial, meaning "he shall be forced to hurry off." *Pack* suggests the getting together of one's property before departure.

194. **Gazetteer**: used in the original meaning, a writer for the "Gazette" (the official newspaper). The modern meaning is, "a geographical dictionary."

195. **Lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes**. The French peasants commonly wore wooden shoes, and hence "woodenshoes" came to be used colloquially for Frenchmen. Thus the phrase means, "tamely submit to the dominance of French influence." France had always been the refuge of the Stuart princes, and of their adherents, the Jacobites; and though all danger of further Jacobite risings had by this time disappeared, their memory, and the assistance given them by France, still created a strong influence in the minds of the common people. Thus to "lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes" represents extreme support of that divine right of kings. As for the writer in the "Gazette," he might well use these words as an official supporter of the reigning house, against Jacobites, for instance. "Saddled with wooden shoes" is a mixed metaphor, to be excused by the fact that the original sense of *saddle* is here forgotten, and the word is simply used in its common figurative sense, "to burden."

204. **The gentleman**. The phrase does not mean that particular gentleman, his master. It is used simply as a class term, like "the fool" in the current phrase "play the fool." Similarly in Chap. I, line 55, we have "the traveller," "the dependant."

211. **Are your most humble servants**: used ironically. See note on Chap. VII, line 84.

216. **Apprehensions**: realisation (not now to be used, in this sense in the plural).

281. **Turn away**: dismiss.
254. **Sensibility**: sensitiveness.
258. **Matches**: offers of marriage: not now so used.
267. **The Fair Penitent**: one of the best-known plays of Rowe (Ohap. XVIII., line 119).
272. **Bid so fair for**: showed such promise of.
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56. **Lie three in a bed**: sleep in the same bed with two others.

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163. **The easy simplicity...periods.** George uses these words with smiling irony ; but to Goldsmith's own work they are particularly applicable and here he is certainly thinking of his own struggles to make a living by literary hack-work.

167. **Philautos, philalethes, phileleutheros, philanthropos** : pseudonyms used by writers of the day. They mean respectively, lover of self, lover of truth, lover of liberty, lover of humanity.

175. **An infringement.....the subject**—because it leaves the wealthy classes freer to interfere with the classes beneath them.

177. **Done much**—to *undermine the monarchy*. The Vicar considers that these terms, though in themselves noble, have been used to rouse foolish and irrational enthusiasm.

183. **Had lengthened this harangue.....breeding**. However this may be, such a "harangue" has no place in a novel. Goldsmith could not resist the temptation of expressing his political views through the mouth of the Vicar.

188. **Jesuit**. The Jesuits are a Roman Catholic order, the "Society of Jesus," founded in 1540 by Saint Ignatius Loyola. They had been great royalists and Jacobites: hence the application here. A further condemnation is implied in the word since the idea of craft and intrigue was popularly associated with the Jesuits.

189. **Out he shall pack**: colloquial, meaning "he shall be forced to hurry off." *Pack* suggests "the getting together" of one's property before departure.

194. **Gazetteer**: used in the original meaning, a writer for the "Gazette" (the official newspaper). The modern meaning is, "a geographical dictionary."

195. **Lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes**. The French peasants commonly wore wooden shoes, and hence "woodenshoes" came to be used colloquially for Frenchmen. Thus the phrase means, "tamely submit to the dominance of French influence." France had always been the refuge of the Stuart princes, and of their adherents, the Jacobites; and though all danger of further Jacobite risings had by this time disappeared, their memory, and the assistance given them by France, still created a feeling in the minds of the common people. Thus to the extreme support of that Jacobite doctrine—the divine right of kings. As for the writer in the "Gazette," he might well use the word as an official supporter of the reigning house against Jacobites, for instance. "Saddled with wooden shoes" is a mixed metaphor, to be excused by the fact that the original sense of *saddle* is here forgotten, and the word is simply used in its common figurative sense, "to burden."

204. **The gentleman**. The phrase does not mean that particular gentleman, his master. It is used simply as a class term, like "the fool" in the current phrase "play the fool." Similarly in Chap. I, line 55, we have "the traveller," "the dependant."

211. **Are your most humble servants**: used ironically. See note on Chap. VII, line 84.

216. **Apprehensions**: realisation (not now to be used, in this sense, in the plural).

NOTES.

231. **Turn away** : dismiss.
254. **Sensibility** : sensitiveness.
258. **Matches** : offers of marriage : not now so used.
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172. **Deplored** : sympathised with (not now to be used in this sense)

175. **My unfortunate paradoxes** : that is, their unfortunate fate,

200. **The left hand** : the left-hand seat,

201. **Chariot** : stately carriage : now used only of a car employed in ancient fighting or of a triumphal car.

206. **Stand godfather** : see note . Chap. I, line 89.

219. **With the easiest address imaginable** : with the greatest ease and skill.

234. **Her bully** : a ruffian employed to take care of her,

Sharper : swindler, cheat.

275. **Awful** : full of awe . now used only for "awe-inspiring."

279. **Valet-de-chambre** . see note or Chap. XI, line 83.

281. The expression *use her title*, and *as how that*, are atrocious English. The author wishes to suggest that the typical "great man" is a very vulgar person after all.

321. **Monastic** (adjective used as noun) . monk,

325. **Wreaked her injuries on their own hearts**. By their restless impatience they were really punishing their own hearts, instead of Fortune, for the injuries which Fortune had done them. *Their* ought grammatically to be *his*.

348. **Punch** a drink made of wine or spirits with various other ingredients.

352. **Sell me to the plantations** . . ., as a slave, to work on the cotton plantations in America,

354. **Of bread**, *i.e.*, of bread-winning,

360. **The deuce** (the devil) *is in it* (the matter) : meaning, "it is very astonishing."

364. **To distraction** . to the point of ecstasy : enormously,

381. **Fairly** . actually, without hesitation.

389. Goldsmith seems to have been a student of Louvain University for a time; and he too was an "Irish student."

394. **Aesop** lived in the sixth century B. C. and was the slave of a certain native of Samos. The fables traditionally ascribed to him were not in reality written by him; and the legends of his history are mythical. The story here referred to is that Aesop, when starting on a certain journey, chose the bread-basket as his burden; and his foresight became evident as the bread was

gradually consumed and the burden became lighter. The word *like* is used very loosely, suggesting simply a comparison between the case of George and that of Aescop.

401. **Desideratum** (Latin): something desired, something lacking.

409. **Florins**. The value of the florin was something under two shillings.

414. **I had, etc.** So Goldsmith had trudged the Continent paying his way by means of his flute-playing.

441. **Retreat of venal hospitality**: abode of hospitality that is not freely offered, but has, in some way or other, to be paid for.

448. **Intaglios**: carved gems. **Antiques**: relics of ancient art.

450. **Stepped into taste and a large fortune**. Having become rich, he sought to become fashionable, and "taste" in artistic matters was a prime element in "fashion."—*Taste* is abstract and *fortune* is concrete; thus *stepped into* is used in different senses with the two objects. The figure by which one word is applied to two others in different senses is called syllepsis; and another example of it is "see him or happiness," Chap. XIX, line 247.

454. **Cognescento** (incorrect Italian): connoisseur. *Cognoscento* should be *cognoscente*.

460. **Perugino**: an Italian painter, 1445—1524.

474. **Shrug**. Here that *shrug* is intended to suggest the difficulty of coming to a conclusion. See note on Chap. XVIII, line 140.

477. **Assurance**. self-confidence (with a suggestion of impudence). See note on Chap. XI, line 147. Some editions, however, read "a more supported assurance," in which case the meaning of *assurance* is "a positive declaration" (as to the work of art), and "more supported" means "strengthened by more evidence."

479. **Mellow**: subdued, lacking in harshness.

491. **Proviso**: condition, stipulation.

502. **Turn to account**: bring a profit.

507. **That he would not observe**: but that he would observe: without observing. *That* is a conjunction.

510. **Arrived**: an unrelated participle.

522. **Country**: Italy.

526. **Convents**: monasteries.

528. **Adventitious** : who happens to arrive.

529. **He can claim, etc.** The monasteries had always been hospitable to wanderers : see Tappan's "In Feudal Times," Chapter VIII.

531. **In this manner, etc.** This was just how Goldsmith obtained his knowledge of humanity.

535. **I found, etc.** Goldsmith's idea is that in a monarchy the richer classes, having to cope with the king, are not left free to oppress the lower classes; while in a commonwealth (republic) they can do as they like. See Chapter XIX.

536. **In "To live in"** a form of government is a curious expression. We should rather say *under*.

537. **Riches . . . freedom** : money brings liberty, while the poor are always slaves. This seems a more natural interpretation than Mr Macmillan's—"those who pretend to be free from freedom are usually rich men who are trying to increase their power at the expense of the throne."

544. **Going forward** : being planned.

552. **Many-headed** Each man has his own preferences.

555. **Shrugs** . see Chap. XVIII, line 140.

556. **Only on the stage** . that is, they were quite unnatural, and never found in real life.

559. **In keeping** : already assigned to one of the actors. We could not use the phrase in this general way : we should have to say "in some-one's keeping." Another idiom is "in keeping with" : in accordance with.

CHAPTER XXI.

HEADING, is coeval with : lasts as long as, depends upon.

40. **Seeming composure** : apparent calmness (not disturbed by Miss Wilmot's preference for his rival).

42. **Instances** : requests. Not now so used, but often used in the singular, meaning request, proposal, suggestion : "at the instance of Mr. X., this course was adopted."

47. **Interest** : influence.

53. **Ensign's commission**. An ensign's was the lowest rank among commissioned officers in the army. This title no longer exists; nor are military commissions bought and sold.

63. **Wanted** : lacked.

70. **To use dispatch** : to hurry. **Another** : another applicant for the vacant commission.

77. **Any way** : we should say, " *in any way*."

82. **Sacred king** : Charles I, as appears from the reference to Lord Falkland.

When loyalty.. a virtue. The intensely royalist Vicar ironically suggests that now-a-days loyalty is considered a vice.

85. **With Lord Falkland**—who was killed in the battle of Newbury in 1643. Here is another example of Goldsmith's carelessness, for the time of the events of the story is about 1760, and this reference would make the Vicar at least 117 years old.

92. **His late bounty**. Of course he only wanted to get rid of his rival, but the simple Vicar is always ready to ascribe good intentions.

122. **Three parts** : three quarters ; the idiom is Latin.

124. **Soak** : slang for "absorb liquor."

126. **What she would be at** : see Chap. X, line 108.

128. **Courtesy** : the same word as *courtsey* in Chap. V. line 69.

131. **Is going out of the windows** : is going to rack and ruin, is being stripped quite bare (through her husband's laziness).

132. **Dunned** : pressed to pay their bills.

133. **He'd as lief eat that glass** : he would as willingly eat that tumbler. *Lief* is an adverb = willingly.

134. **Above stairs** : we now say *upstairs*.

137. **By** : to judge from.

140. "**Slow and sure**" is a proverbial expression.

148. **Cross**. Certain old coins had a cross on one side. Hence *cross* was often used for "a piece of money." Hence the idiom used here (now obsolete).

146. **That** : get it. Compare Chap. XVII, line 91.

147. **Bag and baggage** : slang for "with all she has," suggesting violent expulsion. Absolute use, as in the similar phrase, "neck and crop."

151. **Sussarara**. There are two explanations of the origin of this word. (1) It may be a corrupt form of *siserary*, which is itself a corrupt form of *certiorari*. *Certiorari* is a legal term, meaning a writ from a higher court calling for the records of a case tried in a lower. This may be said to expedite justice, and thus

the meaning of *sisserary* and *sissarara* may be hurry (2) *Sussarara*, *sisserary*, may mean "a blow," in which case the notion of violence would be added to that of hurry. Mr. MacMillan, who favours this interpretation, quotes from Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, which gives another form of the word,—"I fell in love all at once with a *sisserara*," in which sentence, however, either sense would do. Some, though deriving the word from *certiorari*, give it the sense of "a blow."

152. **Take**: are liked. The derivation-meaning of the word is to touch, and a frequent meaning used to be to *charm*, in a bad sense: e.g. Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV iv. 33, "he blasts the tree and takes the cattle." Hence the modern slang use, as here, to charm (in a good sense), please: e.g. "I was quite taken with its appearance."

159. **Pack**: see Chap. XIX, line 189.

160. **Thou**: the contemptuous use, as in Chap. XV, lines 161—3. See note on Chap. X, line 37.

162. **Trumpery** worthless creature. Compare Chap. XII, line 163.

163. **Take up**. occupy.

Gross or coin. The two words express the same thing. See note on line 143.

171. **Any way**: however guilty you are.

180. **To be a reproach to so much goodness**: to bring discredit on one so good as you. *Goodness*—abstract for concrete (metonymy).

To be: for being: gerundial infinitive of cause.

185. **Abroad**: outside.

199. **Talked ourselves into**: see note on Chap. V, line 47.

219. **Abandoned** vicious. Contrast line 166, where it means *forsaken*.

223. **Directed those reproaches, etc.**: see note on Chap. XV, line 22.

236. **Papish**: Roman Catholic.

241. **A priest in orders**: a 'legitimately ordained' clergyman. The Vicar recognises the Roman Catholic priest as an accredited clergyman, though he did not belong to his own church.

247. **All the laws of man**. By the law of the time, the mere ceremony of marriage, even at the hands of "a priest in orders," did not constitute marriage in the eyes of the state. But the Vicar regards marriage purely as a religious sacrament, and

thus considers his daughter truly married: he cares nothing for the merely legal aspect of the matter.

246. **Adamant** (by derivation, "that which cannot be tamed") is the name of a legendary substance, impenetrably hard.

Tables of Adamant: records made of adamant.

265. **This law is right.** Do you agree with the Vicar? Would it, for instance, be wrong to deceive a man who is about to commit a crime, if the deception would prevent the crime? and would Olivia really have been wrong to break her promise in the present case? One is sometimes placed in circumstances where one has to choose between two evils, or between two "goods" (and the rejection of that which is good is evil).

268. **Contingent**: uncertain.

270. **Commission**—of sin,

Which is allowed to be guilty. The antecedent of *which* is *interval* (not *advantage*); and the meaning is "which interval is agreed to be a period of guilt even by those who, disagreeing with me, think that the 'interval' when it comes wipes out the guilt of the 'commission'."

271. **Called away**, by death. The Vicar's ethical ideas are curious. He considers that we get no credit for the good purposes of our actions if those purposes are not achieved till after our death!

274. **I interrupt you.** The Vicar sometimes becomes comically conscious of his own loquacity. Compare Chap. XIX, line 183.

220. **Baronets** rank above knights, except Knights of the Garter, and their title of *Sir*, unlike that of a knight, is hereditary. Theirs is the lowest order with hereditary title.

300. **At.** We should say *to*.

305. **Painful**: because they are gone for ever.

CHAPTER XXII.

1. **Behind me**: on a pillow. See note on Chap. X, line 127.

15. **Books . . . companions.** Compare Southey's poem on "His books."

20. **From.** We should now say *of*, as in line 43.

28. **And now . . . sensations of pleasure.** As in Chapter XVII, the Vicar is made particularly happy just before misfortune comes. See note on Chap. XVII, line 194.

31. **Outwent my haste**: went faster than I walked

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to the work of an actual historian (Mr. MacMillan suggests Guicciardini, 1482—1540, whose *History of Italy* was translated into English in 1755), or simply invents the passage.

114. **Know.** We cannot now use *know* in this sense of *find out, ascertain*.

121. **Visiting** : paying visits.

140. **Unsheltering** : not providing sufficient shelter.

146. **Exchange situations**—with the Squire.

162. **Over-wrought** : carried too far.

167. **It would have been unjust, etc.** It would not have been fair to the rest of the family to go on talking seriously simply to comfort Olivia, who refused to be comforted.

168. **Satisfactions.** The plural is here used, though the noun is abstract, because the satisfaction of more than one person is referred to. We should now use the singular.

CHAPTER XXIV.

3. **Honeysuckle bank** : bank where the honeysuckle grew.

10. **Corroding** : literally, *eating away*.

11. **Pleasing distress.** Fig., oxymoron (the figure of apparent contradiction).

18—25. It is absurd to imagine Olivia's mother asking her to sing this song, which must now have been so painful to the singer.

33. **Making up to** : approaching : not now used in this sense.

40. **Calling** : profession.

56. **It** : your happiness.

61. **Alarmed**, in the general derivative-sense of *aroused*, not the specific modern sense of *roused to fear, frightened*.

67. **Suffer** : tolerate.

74. The bond for the £100 lent by the Squire for the purchase of General Commission: Chap. XXI. The bond having been transferred to the attorney, he, not the Squire, was now the Vicar's creditor.

79. **Driving for the rent** (an Irishism): confiscating property on account of non-payment of rent.

108. **Fittest** : another case of superlative for comparative.

111. **The blow** : the seduction of Olivia.

118. **Those instruments.** The cat's-paw was a ball with four iron spikes so arranged that one spike always pointed upwards when the cat's-paw lay on the ground.

140. **Mental confinement** : imprisonment of the mind. His mind will not be free if, against his conscience, he remains reconciled to the Squire.

142. **A charming apartment** : our own hearts.

144. **Intrepidity** : fearlessness.

154. **Making**—their way.

162. **Want** : am deficient in.

178. **Use dispatch** : hurry.

CHAPTER XXX.

21. **Were incapable of containing** : could not help showing.

35. **Flock**. 39. **Pen my fold**. By a common figure, the priest is spoken of as a shepherd, and his parishioners as his flock. When a flock have been gathered into the fold, the fold is "penned" (shut). The Vicar considers that at the Judgment Day it will be his task to collect and lead to the other world the worthy among his flock.

40. **Wanting** : missing.

41. **All repentance wholly repentant**. For this notion compare *all repentance*, Chap. XI, line 134.

56. **Felons** : criminals. This mixing of felons with unfortunate debtors was one of the many evil features of the prison-arrangements of that day. The great reformation, John Howard, began his work about ten years later (see Chap. XVII, line 68 and following).

65. **Apprised** : informed.

66. **A perquisite** is something received, over and above one's wages, by virtue of one's position. Here it means customary gratuities : it was, of course, usual for a new prisoner to distribute some money among the other prisoners there.

68. **If (he were) good**.

85. **Knowing** : intelligent.

99. **Sage ancient** : wise writer of old times. *Sage* is an adjective, and *ancient* a noun. The "sage ancient" seems to be (like the "historian" of Chap. XXIII, line 37) a myth; and Goldsmith himself takes up the saying.

101. **Ton kosmon, etc** : somewhat incorrect Greek for "Take away the world, if only you give me my comrades."

104—112. See Chap. XIV, lines 115—124.

126. **Coiner** : one who makes false money.

155. **Heavenly Corrector**: God, who sends misfortunes upon men to "correct," (chasten) them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

15. **Lie**: as in Chap. VI, line 72.

41. **Against**: as in Chap. III, line 138.

52. **A future and a tremendous enemy**: God, who would finally condemn them at the Day of Judgment.

67. **The service**: the prayers and scripture readings appointed by the Church for that day of the year.

69. **Groans of contrition burlesqued**: comic imitations of the groans of repentant sinners.

76. **Calculated**: likely.

77. **Previously**: at the beginning of the "exhortation" (sermon).

86. **What signifies?** What is the good of?

88. **Scurvily**: foully. (Scurvy is a disease due to unsuitable food).

96. **Another master**: God.

98. **After robbingprotection**. An illustration that would greatly appeal to his audience.

105. **Will not let you loose after the hangman has done**: will keep you in Hell after death. *Has done* probably means "has done this," that is "has let you loose," "has finished with you."

124. **Common**: used by all (the prisoners). The "common prison" is the room mentioned in Chap. XXV, line 56.

182. **Pretty tolerable**: fig. litotes.

149. **At**. We should omit this word.

151. **Mark**: literally, "target" (deception being the projectile aimed).

153. **Your white stockings, etc.** See note on Chap. XII, line 175.

154. **Disparagement** is nominative absolute—"no disparagement being intended to your parts."

155. **Parts**: abilities.

157. **Have been too many for me**: have got the better of me.

169. **Knowing** in the sense of *cunning*.

171. **When (I was) but seven years old**.

173. **Cocked my hat**: see note on Chap. XII, line 58.

Loved the ladies: became a "gallant."

176. **In my own defence.** Even if he remained honest no one would trust him and thus he could not prosper: he therefore adopted a career of dishonesty, where people's distrust would not harm him.

184. **Tricky** (colloquial): tricky.

194. **Had hit upon**: had thought of.

195. **Material**: important.

CHAPTER XXVII.

9. **Excuse me** (for expressing a different opinion).

11. **Returns.....bosom.** The kindly giving of good advice enriches the giver (with virtue), even if the advice be rejected.

19. **Gulf**: of sin and damnation.

29. **Which** is ungrammatical, having no antecedent.

30. **Would cry**: made a practice of crying. *Would* suggests repetition.

Amen: a Hebrew word, meaning "so be it." It is used at the end of prayers, being uttered, in many cases, by the congregation who thus join in the petitions that have been uttered by the priest.

38. **More universal** is a faulty phrase since there are no degrees in universality.

46. **Address**: skill.

Sensibility: feeling.

48. **Temporal**: see note on Chap. II, line 1.

53. **Cribbage**: a card-game.

Tobacco-stoppers: for closing the bowl of a pipe.

54. **Idle industry**: fig., oxymoron. Compare Chap. XXIV, line 11.

55. **To work** depends on *setting*, not on *chase*.

58. **Appointment**: arrangement (obsolete in this sense).

72. **Formidable**: terrifying. Punishments cease to terrify men, and to deter them from crime, when they become so common as to be ordinary and familiar occurrences of life. Mr. Macmillan quotes from Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, Letter LXXX: "Since punishments are sometimes necessary, let them at least be rendered terrible by being executed but seldom; and let Justice lift her sword rather to terrify than revenge."

78. **Find or make men guilty.** The prison life was such as to turn even an innocent man into a criminal. A debtor, for example, might not be morally "guilty," but his association with "felons" (see note on Chap. XXV, line 58) was likely to make him so. Similarly, one who was already "guilty" was likely to be made much worse by his stay in prison (lines 74-76).

77. **Places of penitence** : the place of "penitentiaries"

82. **The increasing punishments** : the law is a verbal noun, governing *punishments*. We should say "the increasing of punishments."

83. **Social combinations** : states.

84. **Capitally punishing offences of a slight nature**. See note on Chap. VI, line 234. *Capital punishment* is punishment with death.

90. **Natural law** : the laws of nature as contrasted with those made by a state. It was a common theory of the time that before the existence of states men lived according to nature, without any legal restrictions; and that, when this "natural law" was found unsatisfactory, they made a compact, or "contract," to obey certain laws, framed for the common good. This is the 'social contract' idea, with which the name of Rousseau chiefly is associated.

96. **It is not his own** : it belongs to God.

98. **Court of equity**. In a court of law, decisions must be made strictly according to the letter of the law. A court of equity is a higher court, not thus bound, but judging simply according to the principles of justice. There are many cases in which certain circumstances, of real moral importance, cannot be *legally* considered, but *equity* takes them into account. The word *equity* simply means *justice*.

105. **Myriads** : vast numbers (from Greek *myrioi*, ten thousand).

108. **Savages**. Goldsmith is here verging upon that absurd theory of "the noble savage" which was often associated with the "social contract" theory. It suggested that in the most primitive times man was both freer and better than in later times when statecraft and priestcraft had interfered with him.

115. **Held capital** : considered punishable with death.

123. **Paled up** : enclosed, defended, as if with "palings (fences)."

134. **This distinction . . . morality**. People cannot remain moral if they cannot do good if there were greater and smaller offences; that is, between degrees of moral guilt.

135. **The multitude of laws**. It is not exactly the *number* of the laws that Goldsmith is referring to, but the fact that *many* of the laws punish small offences too severely, and therefore should not exist. If such laws were cancelled the number of the laws would of course be decreased.

144. **The restrictive arts of government** : methods intended to restrain . . . the repetition of offences, not to take vengeance . . . for what they have done.

147. **Held** : considered.

Dross....refiner. *Dross* is the waste matter which is separated from a metal in the process of refining. Goldsmith suggests that these "creatures" are not really "dross," but are like the original compound of true metal and dross: they only need the refiner to melt them away.

149. **Stuck up for long tortures.** *stuck up* in prison to suffer long tortures. *Stuck up*: colloquial.

Lest luxury.... pang: lest the rich should suffer even a moment's unhappiness (*e.g.*, through theft).

151. **Sinew** strengthen.

153. **As that.** Two constructions confused—(1) "as not to be commended by perseverance," (2) "that perseverance cannot commend them."

154. **A man may see.... dying for it.** "a man's crime may be made his *last* crime by our causing him to repent instead of by our killing him."

155. **Very little blood.... security.** As cement binds together the stones of a building, so the "blood" of executed criminals may be said, figuratively, to make firm the building of our security. Goldsmith says that much less blood will do.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

3. **Having communicated.** unrelated participle, or perhaps even absolute with "I" understood.

10. **Tense:** tightly drawn; "it had a strained look."

20. **Here:** in this world.

27. **To acknowledge my daughter a prostitute**—he would be doing this if he recognised the prostitute as being with another woman.

29. **Credulity:** over-trustfulness (which led you to believe of the Squire.)

36. **By:** beside us.

40. **She** ought grammatically to be *her* (in apposition to *child*).

50. **For:** we should say *from*.

51. **Though:** even if.

52. **From hence.** *From* is unnecessary ("redundant"), since *hence* means "from this place."

80. **Wish him married,** etc. The Vicar's stern devotion to morality is illustrated by the fact that he is more concerned about the morals of the Squire than about the happiness of Miss Willmot.

88 Instrument : document containing a contract. The Squire was nevertheless afraid that the Vicar might tell Miss Wilmot about his first object of Olivia, and thus prevent his marriage. He might have revealed the Vicar had the latter signed a document agreeing to the marriage. See Chapter XXIV, where the purp^{se} of his visit was so great that the Vicar did not interfere with this.

68 My daughter's life, etc. If she died, the Vicar would have no reason for giving his consent to the marriage, and would therefore recover his liberty. Mr. Jenkinson fears that Olivia cannot live long.

76. My life for it : I wager my life.

79. ¹⁰Wanted: lacked

90. "Here (I began to think).

115 "Entreated to read" we should say "entreated to be
allowed to read."

115-128 These lines show how well Goldsmith understood the thoughts of children

125. Now . Now that, since now.

138 Present him up...tribunal: compare Chag. XX^o
lines 38-40

165. Attorney : legal representative.

100. He said, etc. Mr. Thornhill has been irritated by the letter and puzzle, and will show no mercy. He probably considers that in prison, the Vicar can do little to harm him.

177. And we should now use *a*. Compare Chap. I, line 50.

193. *Ware.* See note on Chap. VII, line 125.

235. **Lieutenancy.** An ensign, on being promoted, became a lieutenant. —There is a very careless mistake here: 'lieutenancy' (line 25, col. 1) says nothing about a lieutenancy.

252. Upon . on pain of losing.

260. **Three**—because of having tempted him to take a murderous revenge. **Endless ruin:** eternal damnation.

265. Insensible : ignorant.

139 Robbed, stolen (with violence). It is not now correct to use *rob* in the sense of "steal," though this is a common error. We can say, (1) "to rob a person," (2) "to plunder his property," (3) "to rob a house," etc. (4) "what it contains," (5) "rich," (absolutely). It is *wrong* to say, "he has robbed my money."

278. "Harmless" in common parlance quite the modern sense, which stresses the comparative - not doing any harm")

270. Composure. He means the serenity that comes from innocence.

281. **Whatever your happiness may be at home.** For the ironic contrast here, see the last Copy XVII, line 194.

285. **Is countermanded.** has had its orders cancelled.

287. **Companies :** social gatherings : obsolete so here.

291. **You know whom :** Miss Wilmot.

292. **Successful**—in winning Lady G—'s love.

298. **A errant little baggages.** *Errant* is a fault term in *errant* (= wandering, erring), and "from its use in phrases like 'errant ship' it has generally become a general term used with other terms of abuse." (*Century Dictionary*). It means *lawless, unbridled, lawless*, a slang term for a worthless woman, is often used playfully, as here.

307. **Is exempted .. suffer unconsciously from** (ignore, in view of the indifference of George's affairs. Contrast "Is this thy happiness?" in line 823.

311. **Which :** singular (in spite of the plural antecedent *babes*, because the two children are thought of as a single inheritance.

324. **The manner you return.** *In which* is understood after *manner*, and nowadays we should insert these words.

345. **Arrogate (to yourself) the justice of Heaven** take upon yourself Heaven's task of giving judgment upon men.

346. **That must soon descend, etc.** Since it is sinful to curse others, he who does so is really cursing himself.

357. **When I received, etc.** This reveals the unconscious irony in lines 248—256, where Mrs. Primrose thanked God that she had not received this letter.

360. **An order to meet me.** a challenge to fight me in a duel.

383. **Desperately :** mortally (so badly that his life is *despaired of*).

367. **The statute :** the law against murder (since killing is the object of duelling).

369. **Find them** (illustrated) *in your example*.

377. **We will take our flight together :** our souls will fly to Heaven together.

CHAPTER XXII.

HEADING. **That, etc.,** "the chapter shows that, from the nature of pleasure and pain, it follows that the wretched," etc.

8. **Hope :** we should say "hope for."

13. **Universal felicity.** In this sentence the Vicar seems to suggest that in "the great system" (the universe), which is "perfect," happiness ultimately comes to all (in the next world), and forgives his doctrine of the everlasting damnation of the wicked. Perhaps, however, by *universal felicity* he does not mean the happiness of all, but (what is meant also by *perfection* in line 15) "the general well-being of the universe," which well-being need not imply the happiness of each of its parts.

17. **Imperfect** The being that is imperfect is, naturally, unhappy. The Vicar is wondering why a God who is all-loving has permitted the existence of sin and suffering in the world. He is baffled by it, and he confesses himself baffled by this profoundest of all philosophical problems.

25. **Religion** reveals truths to which philosophy cannot attain by its purely rational methods.

26. **Amusing**: in the obsolete sense of *interesting*, as in Chap. XXIII, line 81 and other places.

30. **Destroy each other**: contradict, gully each other. According to the first view, length of life is a blessing; according to the second, its shortness.

37. **Has been making himself...here**: has, by his virtue in this world, secured a heavenly life after death.

39. **Shrinks from his body**: shrinks suitors (with fear) as he leaves his body.

40. **Has anticipated...Heaven**. The thought of his sins produces agony (of terror) even before Heaven takes vengeance upon him.

58. **The Author of our religion**: Christ.

64. **It diminishes their pain here**—since they have the consoling thoughts of eternal happiness in Heaven.

70. **Man of sorrows**: a Biblical phrase. In *Isaiah* lili, 8, Christ is prophetically referred to as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

72. Understand *with* before *but*.

75. **Breach**: for this figure of the besieged town compare Chap. XIX, lines 158—167, and Chap. XX, lines 126—8.

81. **Contrasted enjoyment**: happiness in Heaven contrasted with their remembered miseries on earth.

84. **The parable**: *Luke* xvi. A rich man, Dives, and a poor man, Lazarus, die, and the former goes to Hell and the latter to Heaven. Dives begs that Lazarus may be allowed to go and moisten his burning tongue with water, but is refused, with the words,—“Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things and Lazarus in like manner evil things: but now here he is comforted and thou art in anguish.” That this contrast

between the present and the past was an addition to Lazarus' happiness may be inferred, but is not stated in the parable.

92. **To** : we should say *with*.

102. **What the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded.** *What* is the *internal* (cognate) object of *exceeded*—"the excess which the 'temporal' may have exceeded;" that is, *what* means "the amount by which the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded (through its intenseness), that of the poor,"—For *temporal*, see Chap. II, line 1.

115. **Elastic** means originally *springy*, *flexible*, and an elastic atmosphere is clear, buoyant, invigorating (not full of moisture like the air of a dungeon).—*Elastic* is a transferred epithet; the atmosphere itself, not its sweetness, would be elastic.

125. **Of all men the most miserable** St. Paul said that, if there were no life after death, he would be "of all men the most miserable" (being feeble in body, and persecuted) : see *1 Corinthians*, xv, 19.

138. **Unconfined as air** : as boundless as the air. *Unconfined* agrees with *air*, not, as has been suggested, with "some indefinite pronoun understood."

134. **Carol over** : sing right through.

136. **The form of Goodness** : God—absolute Goodness.

150 **Still** in this line and in line 169 has very nearly the sense of *also*—a curious use.

151. **Shortly** : soon.

161. **The view**—of himself, death.

Like his horizon. As we proceed on a journey the horizon never comes nearer : it seems to recede as we advance.

164. **Luxuriant** does not mean *luxurious*. Its literal meaning, is exuberant in growth, overabundant (of a plant) : hence the figurative meaning here—over-prosperous, spreading and flourishing in pride.

CHAPTER XVI.

Note how, in this chapter, all things come right, as by magic, one after another. See Introduction.

5. **Must be obliged** : tautology, since *be obliged* includes the sense of *must*.

8. **Bade him farewell, and be mindful** : bade him "to fare well," and to be mindful. The Vicar has in mind the derivation of *farewell*, though grammatically the word remains a noun, governed by *bade*.

9. **The great duty** : to die with Christian fortitude.

10. **Me** : see note on Chap. XVIII, line 61.

18. **For that** : we should now, in prose, omit either *for* or *that*.

70. **Postilion** : a driver seated on one of the horses.

80. **Near** : we should use the adverb, *nearly*.

81. **At this time** : we should use "by this time" in this sense.

95. **Our cheer** : the hospitality we can give you.

103. **In** : consisting of.

111. The first *thousands* refers to pounds, and the second to suitors.

121. **Cordials** : reviving drinks.

122. **Stretch a little** : be a little extravagant.

126. **Remarkably assiduous**. He recognised Sir William Thornhill. Compare "unusual submission" in line 1-1.

146. **Replying** : either unrelated participle, or else nominative absolute with *I* understood.

167. **A certain philosopher**. Seneca has a saying similar to this.

171. **A superior air** : a look befitting his superior position.

182. **For which you once had my reproof** : see Chap. XX, lines 251-7.

188. **Is it any diminution, etc.** is the guilt of the gambling cheat lessened by his saying that in the process of cheating another, he has risked his own stake (counter) ?—The idea is, that the risk taken by the evil-doer is no mitigation of his evil-doing, and the gamester's case is taken as an illustration. Thus the risk taken by the duellist does not lessen the guilt of killing his opponent : he is just as guilty as the murderer who takes no risk.

204. **Justice done a worthy man**. In the active "They do a worthy man justice," *justice* is direct object, and *man* indirect object, of the verb *do*. In the passive the sentence may become, "Justice is done a worthy man," and *man* remains the indirect object of the verb. Here we have not the indicative *is done*, but simply the participle *done*, but the relation of *man* is the same.

210. **Amusing** : entertaining, delightful.

211. **Intentions** : we should use the singular.

215. **Taxed** : accused.

222. **Interest** : influence.

223. **Senates listened with applause**. Goldsmith is thinking of a line in Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, where the poet, writing of the tranquil and undistinguished life of the rustic poor, says that it was not their lot

The applause of listening senates to command.

The Senate was the chief deliberative body of Rome, and thus the word is used to suggest such bodies as the English parliament.

225. **But loyal to his king.** Compare the reference, in Chap. XIX, line 80, to "champions for liberty" whose idea of patriotism implied *disloyalty* to the sovereign.

242. **Frighted.** Our verb is not *fright* but *frighten*.

250. **His own**—not a wig. The wearing of wigs was then customary.

268. **At farthest**: at most.

272. **As I am in the commission of the peace**: as I am a justice of the peace (a magistrate).

278. **Secure you**: keep you safe (from rebuke or punishment for letting a prisoner go out of the gaol).

Assiduity means the constant attention *paid* by one person to another. Compare *assiduous* in line 126. For another sense, see Chap. XXXI, line 200.

287. **Veteran**: soldier of many years' service; applied playfully to the child.

288. **Forgot**: abbreviated participle. We use the full form *forgotten*.

301. **Before we had well dined** before we had quite finished dinner.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HEADING. Benevolence. the kindness of the Vicar's family to "Mr. Burchell."

2. **Wanted**: lacked.

10. (How is it that) **his daughter (is) vilely seduced, etc.**

15. **Object that**: an obsolete use but in accordance with the derivation of *object* ("to throw against"); to "object an offence to a person" was to "cast it up" against him, that is, to charge him with it. The modern meaning of *object* suggests, not making a charge but simply aversion or rejection or both, or the statement of an opposing argument. The uses are: (1) I object to him; (2) I object to it; (3) to this argument I object that (then follows the statement of a contrary argument).

That: the refusal of young Primrose's challenge to a duel.

20. **Not quite as your father...soul of honour.** Sir William's brother (Mr. Norchill's father), being the very ideal of honour, would not have refused such a challenge. Sir William is much against duelling, yet he feels that, sometimes "honour" demands the acceptance of a challenge. There is a certain deliberate irony in "prudently" (line 19) and "it has my warmest approbation" (line 28).

NOTES.

265

77. **Tyburn**: the place where criminals were hanged.
86. **Our prisoner**: Baxter.
102. **The coat**: part of "the clothes he now wears" (line 91).
106. **What a viper.. bosom!** A common figure, from a fable of Æsop in which a man is killed by a viper which he has been warming in his bosom.
110. **He shall have it.** Compare Portia's words to Shylock. "Thou shalt have justice,—more than thou desirest."
131. **A piece of my mind**: a common phrase for an utterance that is candid, and displeasing to the hearer.
151. **His prosecution**—of the Vicar.
185. **Nor can I go on...accidental meetings.** A novelist or a dramatist is always allowed to avail himself, to a certain extent, of coincidence, which, indeed, plays a considerable part in life; but some of the coincidences in this story strain our credulity too far. The circumstances that led to Miss Wilmot's appearance at this precise moment (just when it suited Goldsmith's purpose) are so improbable as to be absurd, and this paragraph about the frequency of "accidents" is a desperate attempt on Goldsmith's part to remove our sense of the improbability.—The student will observe the careful and moderate use of accident in the great tragedies of Shakespeare.
186. **Fortuitous concurrence**: chance coming-together (of events): coincidence.
193. **Numbers must want**: many must do without.
207. **You take a pleasure.... secret**: unconscious irony.
209. **Find**: used absolutely, in exclamation.
220. **Goodness!** a common exclamation.
222. **Captain**: an error on her part. He was only an ensign, but she probably knew little about terms of military rank.
223. **His new-married lady.** *Lady* in the obsolete sense. "wife," as in Chap. I, line 68.—The falsehood that George was married to another would plunge her in despair, and she would be the more likely to consent to marry Mr. Thornhill.
229. **Would die a bachelor**: would remain unmarried all his life.
246. **Valet-de-chambre**: see note on Chap. XI, line 86.
256. **Decorums**: considerations of proper behaviour: not now used in the plural.
258. **Discover**: reveal, as in Chap. VIII, lines 12 and 229.
281. **From goes with hopes**, not with *were left*.
282. **Turn and face his pursuers**—like an animal at bay.
290. **Assiduity**: persistence (in saving).

The articles : the document stating the mutual arrangements involved in the marriage contract.

A bond for her fortune : a bond consigning her fortune to Mr. Thornhill.

293. **Possessed :** either unrelated participle, or nom. absolute with "I" understood.

302. **My hand :** myself, a common example of synecdoche.

308. **To convince.** Obviously he really loves her since he wishes to marry her even now that she has lost her fortune.

309. **Mr. Wilmot now entering :** nominative absolute. We should omit *he*, and make *Mr. Wilmot* the subject of *seemed*.

312. **Finding :** participle used as in line 293, and in numerous other places.

317. **Want :** lack.

An equivalent. The marriage of his daughter with the Squire would be, in Mr. Wilmot's eyes, a satisfactory return for the fortune, since he greatly valued the wealth and social position, which would belong to Mr. Thornhill's wife.—He was a very "worldly" man, and cared little for his daughter's happiness.

318. **Wormwood :** as bitter as wormwood.

335. **Promise**—to secure George's promotion, which would of course bring an increased income.

361. **There are two words to that bargain :** there are two ways of thinking of it—yours (that it holds good), and mine (that it cannot be carried out).

366. **Makedemand :** askquestion.

367. **I am sorry for that.** ironical, like the professions of friendship in the next lines, and in lines 418, 422.

369. **Fellow-sporters :** obsolete.

375. **Begging your pardon** is a common idiomatic phrase, and *begging* agrees with "I" in the understood words, "I say that."

387. **Squibs** are fireworks used by children. A squib consists of a paper tube filled with explosive, and bursts when a light is applied. It makes a loud enough noise to frighten a child, but does no harm. Thus the word is used figuratively here for "very alarming in sound but quite harmless."

386. **I am surprised (I wonder),** not now used with an indirect-question clause.

391. **Some one**—of the ladies seduced by him.

406. The antecedent of the pronoun *that* is the words "I returned to me to be my comfort in age."

408. **Honest :** "virtuous" (for she has been properly married).

409. **The other** : any woman in the room with whom Olivia may be compared. "Whoever the other may be."

418. **That there** : an ungrammatical phrase used by uneducated people.

Of renown : prepositional phrase, used as adjective, *renowned*.

424. **Went and got** ought grammatically to be *gone and got*.

425. **Fast** : firmly.

426. **The cloth** : a frequent phrase for "the clergy," who wear a distinguishing form of dress.

431. **Come down** : a vulgar phrase for *pay*.

435-6. From Congreve's play, *The Mourning Bride*.

452. **By submitting** : by your submitting. According to modern grammar, *your* must be expressed : otherwise *submitting* would refer to the subject "I."

456. **To bear** : to come to pass (as desired) : obsolete.

463. **Want** (for he was financially dependent upon his uncle).

476. **Extraordinary** : beyond the "bare competence."

477. **Set** : formal.

479. **Aggravate his meanness** —by insincere expressions of gratitude.

489. **She was now made an honest woman of** : the passive (whose clumsiness is characteristic of Mrs. Primrose's speech) of "has now made an honest woman of her." — *He* is used as in line 408.

491. **That honour** : the honour of kissing Olivia.

494. **Open** : frank and generous.

504. **Miss Sophia, etc.** This is not in accordance with Sir William's kindly nature; and his own love for Sophia would prevent him from torturing her in this way. Goldsmith's "etc." is here by his design for the dramatic effect produced at line 524.

524. **I think I must have you myself.** Here again Sir William is made to speak "out of character." He would never have taken Sophia's consent for granted, and here at least he would have done so with his air of condescension. But it must be remembered that the social equality and liberty of women was not then as it is now.

529. **Mistress** : sweet-heart.

530. **For himself alone** : not for his wealth. Compare Chap. XIII, lines 105—108.

541. **Lady Thornhill** : the future Lady Thornhill—Sophia.

543. **Done** : undergone. See note on *did* in Chap. I, line 8.

544. **Gentleman** : valet : obsolete.

CHAPTER XVIII.

4. **The settlement** : see Chap. XXII, line 389. Mr. Macmillan rightly remarks, "As the settlement was a promise made to Mr. Wilmot, it is difficult to see how George Primrose could release his father from it." This is another example of Goldsmith's carelessness of thought.

5. **In his favour** : in favour of his future wife, and therefore naturally in his own favour.

"To let one know" is a common phrase for "to inform one."

6. **Failed** : a common term for *become bankrupt*.

8. **Effects** : property.

18. **Licences** . marriage-licences.

29. **This mystical occasion**--marriage being a mystical or the church. Compare Chap. XXI, lines 240--248.

30. **Homilies** . sermons. *Thesis* means a treatise on some particular subject--here, marriage.

47. **Had as good** : we should say, "had as well."

53. **Honest** : see note on Chap. VI, line 3.

59. **To** : we should say *for*.

62. **But** : than : obsolete use.

69. **Gave them half a guinea apiece** . This was really what he went out to do, but he was told of the young people before making them happy.

76. **At the side-table**. Dependants would not sit at the chief table with their master, but at the "side-table." Mr. Thornhill, as a "dependant" was a paid dependant, but was usually allowed to sit with his "master."

82. **Regret** : a feeling of deprivation : longing.

84. **Relent** : forgive him--and join him as his wife. These sentences seem to suggest that Mr. Thornhill is a good-natured, forgiving character, and will ultimately be happily united with her. The suggestion is made because Goldsmith wants to achieve happiness for every member of the Vicar's family, and Oliver is only loved by Mr. Thornhill.

85. **I am not apt to digress thus** : unconscious irony of a humorous kind, as Oliver constantly indulges in digressions.

86. **Our ceremonies** : our care to adopt proper procedure. See lines 85--48.

88. **A matron** here means a woman who has been married for some time.

91. **Indiscriminately** : without any "order of precedence."

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